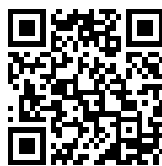

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI.

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 2, 1808.

No. 1.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from vol. V, page 406.)

LETTER XXVII.

My dear F—,

IT is now time that I should say something to you of the history of Geneva, which I will do, depend upon it, in as few words as possible, passing rapidly from the time of Cæsar to the last revolution; and rather pointing out to you the particular subjects and periods upon which you ought to seek for information if you are so disposed, which I confess to you however, that I hardly believe you will be, than attempting to convey it.

Cæsar desirous of stopping the Helvetii from leaving their country, hastened to Geneva, then a

town of some importance, but as the theatre of the war was speedily removed to a very distant quarter, he says nothing of a place which it would have been so agreeable to us to have had a description of from such a hand: this being the case, you must be satisfied to take a step of nearly five hundred years, when Geneva, which had shared in all the calamities, that assailed the declining age of the Roman empire, became the capital of the Burgundians, and the residence of the great king Gondebaud, who erected walls, which are yet to be traced; built himself a palace, which thirteen hundred years have not destroyed all remains of; and published a code of laws.

It was from Geneva that his niece set out in an ox cart, the genteel equipage of those days, to join her husband Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy, whom she had the glory and satisfaction of converting to the Christian faith; he could not however, (this great

conquerour, who, with all his abilities and knowledge of war, was a selfish, treacherous and cruel tyrant) have made much progress in the mysteries of the faith he embraced, when he declared, that if he had been at Jerusalem with his valiant Franks, our Saviour should not have been put to death.

In process of time Geneva became annexed to the German empire, and acquired the privileges of an Imperial city, and the bishop who had been originally entrusted by the emperor with the administration of the government, was gradually converted into a sovereign, owing however, his election to the people in conjunction with the Chapter of St. Peter, and depending upon the general sense of his good conduct for the preservation of his power; by a convention in the year eleven hundred and twenty-four, the bishop was left in possession of the essential rights of sovereignty, whilst the count of the neighbouring county of Genevois, who had originally been an officer of the empire, and had been appointed to administer justice at Geneva, in the name of the emperor, with whom the bishop had been in a long continued state of warfare and disputes (similar to those which for so many years distracted Italy between the Papal and Imperial power) retained a portion of the executive authority in the person of his representative the Vidomne. The indiscretion of a succeeding count, who divided his territories by will, and the resentment of one of the coheirs, who had taken shelter in a distant country, first brought the house of Savoy in contact with Geneva, and the people having unfortunately invoked the interference of a count of Savoy on the occasion of some internal disagreement, that enter-

prising family were never afterwards without a pretext for vindicating their just claim, as they presumed to call it, in a share in the administration: at one period the rival counts of Genevois and of Savoy appear to have divided the affections of the people, and to have made war upon each other in the town itself; toward the end of the fourteenth century however, I find Geneva in a state of perfect tranquillity: the counts of Genevois had become extinct and those of Savoy had renounced all pretensions to anything more than the powers of the Vidomne, whilst the bishop being chosen by the people and the chapter, was in several instances an enlightened and benevolent sovereign: one of them fortified the town according to the rules of art in those days, and another, a Genevois by birth, of the respectable family of the Fabri, which is still in existence, gave good laws and a constitution to the state; the bishop and the clergy on the one side, and the magistrates, as representing the people on the other, divided the rights of sovereignty between them in the manner that the sun and moon are made to rule in the first book of Genesis—the bishop ruling by day, and the people by night.

The passage of the pope through Geneva in fourteen hundred and nineteen, was an unfortunate circumstance: it happened to be at the period of an election to the bishoprick, and his holiness, as if recollecting a branch of his prerogative, which had been hitherto overlooked, assumed the right of appointing upon the present instance, and secured the right of election on all future occasions to the chapter, exclusively of the people; a subsequent regulation made it necessary that the canons should be noble,

and it was ever afterwards by no means difficult for the house of Savoy now become Ducal, and in possession by inheritance or purchase of the whole county of Genevois, to influence the election, which they so managed as to render the bishoprick little better than an appendage to their family. In fourteen hundred and forty four, duke Amadeus, known in history by the name of Pope Felix the 5th, the same whose life at Ripaille became proverbial, and who had the good sense to sacrifice an empty title to the repose of mankind, administered the See of Geneva, though not, I believe with the title of bishop; he confirmed the privileges of the people, and conducted himself in every respect with all that moderation, which marked his publick character: but the bishoprick was upon succeeding elections, or as they might more properly perhaps be termed appointments, very unworthily filled, and not unfrequently by minors, or dissipated young men. The contests which ensued between the duke or the bishop, and the people, and which cost the lives of several distinguished individuals of merit, prepared the minds of men in some measure for the important change which shortly after took place at the reformation: this great event was promoted by a variety of causes, but principally by the ignorance and immorality of the clergy, by that connexion which invariably exists between civil and religious liberty, by the powerful influence of Berne, and by the personal character of the celebrated Calvin. The learning of this distinguished reformer, for such it was in that age, was prodigious, but his learning and his fervent piety, were contrasted with the utmost bigotry and intolerance, and

as he laboured under a complication of disorders, he very naturally considered this world as a mere state of trial, and confounded the liberal amusements of life with the works of the devil. He was fierce, presumptuous, irascible and unforgiving, but sincere and constant in his affections, for he had affections, and was even married: zealous in the great work to which he thought himself called to by Providence, simple and unaffected in private life, and strictly disinterested.

It is difficult to conceive how one head and one hand could have been equal to all he performed, to the numerous sermons, dissertations, commentaries and letters which he wrote and published. The execution of Serval, the circumstance of all others the most inexcusable in his conduct, might have been so obscured in such a mind by religious fanaticism, as to be deemed by himself a meritorious action, and we ought no more to appreciate the merit of those who have lived and acted in former times, according to the opinions and prejudices of succeeding ages, than we ought to try a man for actions committed in one country, by the laws and usages of another. It is probable, says Montesquieu, that if we had lived in the time of Caligula, and known all the circumstances of the case, we might not have thought it so extraordinary that he appointed his favourite horse to the honours of the consulship.

It was on the fourteenth of July, fifteen hundred and thirty-five, that the Protestant faith was established by law in Geneva, to the great satisfaction of the people, with the exception of about fifty families, who quitted the city; the far greater part of the clergy also remained attached to the ancient faith, as did the nuns of St. Claire,

* who heroically resisted the offers held out to them, and moved off in a body to a distant convent in Savoy; one of these good ladies has left an account of her departure from Geneva in company with the sisterhood, of all they saw upon the road, and of the events that marked, what may be called, their first appearance in the world. I have seen this, and found it extremely interesting, notwithstanding some absurd miracles, that it relates, and a violent and bitter sentiment of enmity, which it breathes throughout against the enemies of the Roman church.

It was thought proper by the magistrates, that one of the most popular of the new preachers should give a proof of his eloquence at the convent, that he should represent to the nuns, who were, much against their will, assembled for that purpose, the superiour advantages of those proper enjoyments which awaited them in the world, over the useless mortifications to which they had condemned themselves: but the pious maidens heard him with impatience, and dismissed him with contempt; they preferred the cause of truth, accompanied as it was with danger and with poverty, to all the allurements of the world, and having assembled in the cemetery and poured out their hearts in a last and solemn farewell to the departed sisters, they followed their superiour, each with a little bundle and a prayer book under her arm, and were conveyed by a guard as far as the frontiers.

"The world was all before them where to choose

"Their place of rest, and Providence their guide."

The astonishment of those who had passed their lives in seclusion, and now beheld the common ob-

jects of the world for the first time, must have been amusing to such as were better informed; many of them are said to have mistaken the cattle and sheep, which were wandering over the fields, for wolves and other wild beasts that they had read of.

Exhausted as the city was by continued exertions in defence of their independence and of their very existence, it was necessary to inculcate the most rigid economy, and to enforce it by sumptuary laws; of these you may form a very just idea by looking into Keate's account of Geneva: there is something ludicrous, perhaps, at first sight in making the sort of lining, which a gentleman may have to his coat, or the size of a lady's hoop, or the duration of a ball, or the number of guests at a wedding supper, the objects of legislative interference; but you must consider that independent of that general economy, which was the first object of such laws, it was essential to prevent that degree of envy, which might have been excited by a difference of living or appearance, where the whole nation was brought together in so small a space, and where union and good order, and somewhat of republican simplicity were so necessary to their preservation.

The morals of the people were placed under the protection of an ecclesiastical court, called the consistory, who took cognizance of all improprieties, and inflicted penalties in proportion to the offence, and while Calvin himself presided at the board, you may easily conceive that the interference of such a body could not fail being troublesome, and even oppressive; there was something in their zeal for virtue, which looked too much like hatred

and revenge, it was stern and unrelenting, and the publick who compared such moroseness with the amiable defects and pleasant vices of the Romish clergy, began to regret the change which had taken place, so that the personal courage and perseverance of Calvin became as necessary in the great work of reformation, as his religious zeal and his learning; there certainly existed in those days a singular degree of libertinism in Geneva, either owing to the bad example of the inferiour clergy of the Romish church, or connected with that relaxation of principles, which seems to be the effect of all great revolutions in every country: but the peculiar object of religious indignation was the crime of dancing, which Calvin in particular could never overlook: it so happened that once in *Christmas* time the lady of the captain-general was tempted by the sound of a sacriligious fiddle, and deviated from the paths of virtue into a dance in company with one of the principal magistrates of the state; three days confinement in the common gaol was the punishment inflicted upon the lady, and her relations having resented the indignity, a quarrel ensued, the government took part in it, and this miserable affair of an accidental dance at *Christmas*, ended in the ruin of a once powerful and distinguished family.

The government of Geneva during this period resided in four *Syndicks*, who were annually chosen by the people, in a council of twenty-five, who together with the *Syndicks*, held the executive department, and in the council of two hundred, who were supposed to represent the nation or general council, which was assembled at stated periods, or on very particu-

lar emergencies, and the members of which were satisfied to be saved the trouble of a more particular attention to the affairs of the state. Strangers who offered themselves were for a moderate price admitted as *Bourgeois*, and their children born within the city were entitled to all the rights of citizenship, which addition to the other privileges of *Bourgeoisie* enabled them to fill offices under the government; there were other distinctions arising from residence or birth within the city, and to this variety of interest, these various sorts of people residing within the same walls, and upon a different footing, the republick owed in process of time, a part of those disturbances, which frequently rendered it necessary that the neighbouring powers should interfere: there were also other sources of unhappiness.

LETTER XXVIII.

As long as the common enemy hovered around the walls, and the independence and religion of the state were exposed to danger, the strong sense of one common interest kept all parties united, and the duke of Savoy contributed to the internal tranquillity of Geneva, as Hannibal did to that of Rome; but the event of the *Escalade*, which like the battle of Zama, put an end to the hopes of an inveterate foe, left the people of Geneva leisure to discuss a number of speculative points, and to examine the principles of their government, comparing what they had hitherto acquiesced in, with the rights to which they felt themselves entitled, and which they had in great measure enjoyed previously to the reformation. The civil wars of England too, which ended so fatally for

Charles the first, had roused the attention of all Europe to the inalienable rights of man; in France the flame was soon smothered, but in Geneva, where the instinct of liberty remained, and where the accession of exiled Protestants encouraged a spirit of discussion and resistance to arbitrary power—where the means of obtaining a liberal education were accessible to all, the contest very soon assumed a serious appearance, and as is but too natural, was accompanied with faults on both sides; the people had a right to require, that more than a limited number of the same family should not be members of the administration at one time; that the laws, by which alone their lives, their property and their honour could be secure, should be published, and not remain in many instances a mere matter of disputable tradition; that the judicial should be more distinct from the executive power; that the council of two hundred should not be altogether independent of those whom they were supposed to represent; that no taxes should be imposed, which the nation, convened for that purpose, had not consented to; that there should be stated, though perhaps distant periods, at which they were to be convened, for the purpose of a general supervision of the government, and that remonstrances might be presented whenever the signatures of a certain number of citizens could be procured, and the sense of the nation taken upon the grievances they referred to; these demands, many of which were extremely reasonable, though easily admitting of being carried to excess, were accompanied by others as ill advised, and seditious, and the popular party suffering their zeal in a good cause

to degenerate into what had more the appearance of fanaticism, would in the event of their success on many occasions have exposed the government to all the weakness and disorderly fluctuation of democracy; unfortunately too, the harsh spirit of Calvin in matters of criminal jurisprudence, seemed still to hover over the city, and to have inspired the magistrates in the condemnation and punishments of particular individuals, who had rendered themselves obnoxious by taking the lead in opposition to the government. In succeeding years the picture exhibited by this little republic became still more afflicting; the different parties had several times recourse to arms, the blood of citizens was spilt by their fellow-citizens, and it became more than once necessary that the neighbouring powers should interfere: the calm produced upon these occasions was generally but of short duration, the long promised code was still to make its appearance, other grievances remained unredressed, the natives, such as had no claim but what arose from being born within the city, were clamorous to be admitted to the Bourgeoisie, and the ministers of the court of France, with no very liberal views, seemed to promote the internal discord of the republic, by all those means which their power and their near neighbourhood gave them. At length in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-two, the aristocracy or government party finding themselves too weak to struggle any longer against their opponents, invoked the mediation of the Swiss Cantons, of France, and of the king of Sardinia, and the consequence was, that after a useless parade of opposition, where no effectual opposition could be made, the democrats were

compelled to submit: there now succeeded seven years of peace and prosperity; the aristocrats were left in possession of the government, and though furnished with an armed force, which precluded all opposition, they administered the laws with mildness and equity, the expenses of the state were made to fall upon the rich, and no one could complain of any act of oppression; such of their former opponents as chose to return, were received with open arms, and nothing was left undone which could promote the welfare and even splendour of the state. But it is not to be expected that the citizens of such a small state, where the people had always been in the habit of reasoning upon their privileges, and discussing the rights of man, and where from the late rapid accumulation of their fortunes in the French funds, great numbers had scarcely any other employment, would long remain tranquil spectators of the important revolution, which was going on in France: to the tumults of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, there succeeded a formal change of government, in seventeen hundred and ninety-one, of this there are various opinions, but it appears to me to have very happily combined all that was essentially useful in the particular modes, which had so long excited the attention and divided the opinions of the people, and it had certainly acquired their confidence, when in the following year the French army under Montesquieu approached their walls: the close connexion between Geneva and their powerful neighbour has existed for two centuries; they had assisted Henry IV. in his war against the duke of Savoy, and had been content, as in the union

between the giant and the dwarf in Goldsmith, that whilst the king bore away by far the greater part of the honour and the profits of the union, the blows should fall on them; they certainly neither 'shared in the triumph, nor partook the gale,' the good natured monarch gave them kind words however, and their independence remained secured, though sometimes trifled with, and more than once insulted.

At length in the year ninety-two, Brissot who for the sins of mankind was placed by Providence, in some measure, at the head of the French republick, actuated, by an unnecessary and outrageous zeal for what he called, and perhaps thought liberty, determined to surround France with a chain of smaller republicks, and the minister of the French finances, an exiled Genevan, blinded by resentment against the party which had banished him in seventeen hundred and eighty-two, endeavoured that one of these should be composed of a certain portion of Savoy, with Geneva, the government of which was to be new modelled for the occasion, as the capital. The general of the French army however, feeling ashamed of the orders which had been forced upon him, and not very sanguine of success on a first attempt, delayed to carry them into execution, and the people of Geneva, laying aside all political differences rallied around their magistrates and prepared to defend the sacred inheritance of their forefathers.

"They ask'd no omen but their country's cause."

In this awful moment, the French government which had as yet some degree of reputation to preserve, acquiesced in a treaty, which they would not approve, and withdrew

their forces from the neighbourhood of the city; but flight alone could save Montesquieu from their vengeance, and the attempt on Geneva was only suspended to be shortly after renewed in a more fatal manner: France it was declared by the convention; had never held any other object in view, but a general participation of privileges and advantages among all the people of Geneva, and without wishing to intermeddle with the concerns of any government, was yet ready, at all times to stretch forth the hand of brotherly assistance to the aggrieved and oppressed of all nations. In this manner was the apple of discord thrown into the very bosom of the republic; for no sooner was it apparent, that France had laid aside all idea of force, than their promised friendly interference was looked forward to by all those who felt themselves deprived of an entire participation of privileges by the laws of the state. The natives who had not yet been admitted as Bourgeois into the sovereign council of the nation, the peasantry of the neighbourhood, and even such persons as were accidentally residents, began to clamour for equal rights, and to assume the democratick manners and bloody cap, and coarse language of the lately emancipated French; to these were joined those outcasts of mankind known by the name of Mountaineers, or Marseillois, whom Soulvie, the French minister, an apostate priest, let loose from time to time as a pack of hell-hounds kept ready for the occasion; others might contend for rights and privileges, but the object of these men was to degrade all that had been deemed respectable, to insult the great, to mollify and affright the pious, to plunder the rich, and with very

little or no care of what might be established afterwards, to subvert and confound all present institutions. It had been better for the republic perhaps to have resisted the evil in its infancy, and to have incurred without fear the threatened interference of France; such violence might have awakened the Swiss from their fatal lethargy, or at the worst the citizens of Geneva, either perishing with arms in their hands, or submitting as prisoners to the fortune of war, would have bravely done their duty, and a ray of glory might have gilded the last hours of their political existence. The wiser and more prudent of the state thought differently however, the majority yielded to the minority, the government was suppressed, a temporary administration established, a convention of the people called, and after a year of fluctuating decision, a constitution was agreed to, in which, the genius of democracy had been allowed to gratify its utmost caprice.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

Nature and religion conspire in teaching us the sublime and consoling doctrine of the resurrection of the body. It was prefigured to the infant world before the flood, by the translation of Enoch: to the laws under the legal economy by the exaltation of Elijah; and it was gloriously confirmed to Christians in these latter ages, by the triumphant conquest of the great captain of our salvation, who ascended through the gates of death to immortality and life. But it is pleasant to the sincere believer, to find the doctrines on which he leans for hope, accordant with the light of nature. Perhaps it is gratifying to our pride, which even in re-

ligion does not always desert us, to see the foundations of our faith, though resting on the sure and holy rock of revelation, established on the basis of reason. To the most interesting truths of scripture, nature then presents us with some striking intimations. She shows us that the resurrection of the body is perfectly analogous to the common course of her operations. If to the deformity and barrenness of winter, succeeds the verdure and beauty of spring; if the crawling, loathsome worm is transformed to the gay and gaudy butterfly; if the feeble, ignorant infant is raised to the mature, the intelligent, the perfect man, may we not hope that after death, we also shall be changed; that our corruptible shall put on incorruption; that our mortal shall be clothed with immortality?

Should it be said that these changes, however important, affect only the system to which we at present belong, and that we cannot argue from what we are *now*, to what we shall be *hereafter*; let it be remembered that we act from such deductions in the most common concerns of life. If in this world we are raised from weakness to strength, from ignorance to knowledge, and even from depravity to virtue, may we not hope, that God, who careth for man, will raise him by his power, in another, from mortality to glory, from human imperfection to angelick purity, from earthly happiness to Heavenly bliss?

It is thus that nature and religion echo each other's voice in teaching us this interesting truth; and what the one has clearly revealed in the book of inspiration, the other has inscribed in legible, though less explicit characters, on the face of her works.

Decision of character is as important to the consistency, as to the success of life. There are few qualities of the magnanimous kind, which men regard with more respect, or which may be said to carry so much before

it as this. We cannot but look with some reverence on the man, who boldly seizes the path of duty or action, and notwithstanding perpetual obstacles undauntedly pursues it; even if his pursuits are such, as religion forbids us to approve, yet we are compelled to admire the unyielding perseverance, the ardent boldness, with which he always accomplishes them. It is singular how soon habit and resolution will form this character. A peculiar constitution of body united to strong powers of mind and to favourable circumstances of life, have undoubtedly been possessed by those, who have displayed it in its boldest form—But *poverty* and *desertion* have produced it in many, from whom we might have looked for nothing but weakness and irresolution. The ivy, which has been unable to entwine itself around the trunk of an oak, has been seen to shoot forth its branches as vigorous and strong, as those on which it attempted to rest for support. Unfortunately, those who have been most remarkable for decision of character, have chiefly been on the wrong side of virtue—Their splendid unyielding villainy has served the ruin, while it has extorted the praises of the world. Marius, Cataline, Cortez, and Cromwell, with the long list of daring infernals have, it is to be feared, been always more numerous than the Washingtons.—Had their boldness, their perseverance, and ardour been exerted in the cause of virtue, how glorious would have been their triumphs; and we should not now have cause to lament, that Providence had in judgment sent such scourges into the world, to show us the danger and worthlessness of mere intellectual power, when separated from moral goodness.

It is not only to a prevailing principle of avarice, it is also to the malignant influence of party spirit, that we are indebted for our humble rank in literature. Wherever party spirit is permitted to engage and alienate the

mind, jealousy is an invariable concomitant. It may be true indeed, "that jealousy in a particular sense, has done more for the preservation of political freedom, than all the rest of the virtues united"—But when this jealousy extends itself to an enmity against science and literature, when it becomes opposed to everything that would exalt itself by genius and learning; when with a sacrilegious hand it would tear the well-earned laurel from the brow of virtue, and hurl it from its just and honourable eminence, it becomes an evil, which every good man is interested to destroy. Let such as embrace these absurd doctrines, or who would so far deviate from common sense as to adopt such a conduct, remember, that the literary, and above all the virtuous few ought never to be the object of fear or envy. Let them remember, *that the philosophick mind will not be ambitious of honour, which depends on the inconstant breath of publick favour, and that virtue will always with conscious pride reject that power, which virtue does not give.*

For The Port Folio.

MEMOIRS OF BARON DE BSENVAL.

From the German and French.

These memoirs exhibit a sad picture of immorality in France during the reign of Louis XVth, and particularly towards the latter years of it: but they are written in a natural and unaffected style, and will be read with avidity—the Baron is the officer whose life was saved at the solicitation of Mr. Necker, on his return to Paris, when recalled at the united request of all orders; it was almost the last instance of that great minister's credit with the people, nor did it forever save the object of his humane interference from a trial,

where he with great difficulty escaped the fury of the popular party.

The Baron de Besenval, was a Swiss by birth, who entered young into the French service. While yet a youth he obtained permission to lead the forlorn hope at the attack of a redoubt, that was situated on an almost inaccessible rock, and was at the head of the remaining few who gained the parapet of the work: the party had been exposed during the whole of the assault to a most murderous fire, and were rather wavering, when the baron, turning with a smile to the men who were scrambling up immediately after him, *Morbleu*—grenadiers, said he, we shall gain some hard knocks, I find, but who would stay here a moment if there was nothing to be gained? The effect of these few words, and the fearless gayety they breathed, inspired his followers with new spirit, and the redoubt was carried. With many distinguished qualities, he was not without his faults, and among them was a certain, short-lived indeed, but outrageous violence of temper on some occasions, and nothing can give a better idea of his character in this respect than the following anecdote:

He had a servant about him, a valet de chambre of the name of Blanchard, who having been in the service of the baron's father, had grown grey in the family, and now remained attached to it rather as a friend than as a domestick. No indulgence was omitted which could soften the infirmities of age to Blanchard, nor any commission required of the good old man, but such as might afford him exercise and amusement. It once happened that the baron, who was a connoisseur in flowers, had pro-

cured a beautiful Cape jessmine; it was in full bloom, and he destined it as a present to the queen. Having removed it into a vase of ornamental China, he placed it carefully on the sunny side of his terrace, giving it in charge to Blanchard, and directing that it should be watered in the evening—but unfortunately the hand of poor Blanchard was unsteady, the watering pot fell from his grasp, the jessamine was crushed, and the vase demolished: at this dreadful moment who should enter but the baron; transported beyond all bounds at the catastrophe he was witness to, he loaded his poor old servant with invectives, and drove him from his presence. But scarcely was this violent scene over, and the baron left to himself, than he began to reflect on the impropriety he had been guilty of; he *would* have condescended to any excuses, but Blanchard was gone to bed, and to every inquiry that was made returned for answer that he was indisposed.

After a feverish and sleepless night, the baron had risen earlier than usual, when Blanchard entered his chamber—I am come, Monsieur Le Baron, said he, to ask a favour of you, it is, that you would permit me to retire to my own home, and live with my relations: How, said the baron, with somewhat of his former violence, do you think of quitting me then? No, sir, you shall not quit me; we must die as we have lived together. Ah! Monsieur Le Baron, that cannot be: I every day see, I feel, that I am become odious to you; I am grown too old to be of any use here, and my slowness and awkwardness, can only serve to excite the violence of your temper. You have been the most generous and best of

masters; you have made me rich beyond my hopes: I shall be near you; I shall have the happiness of seeing you frequently, but being no longer called upon to fulfil the slightest duty, or execute even the smallest commission—we shall avoid these cruel scenes which cannot but be fatal to the health and to the repose of both of us. I see then, replied the baron, with tears in his eyes, I see that you are determined we shall separate. Be it so then, but observe sir, you were attached to my father, and served him long and faithfully. Your wife was my nurse, and took care of me when an infant: you have been longer in the family than I have, and if one of us must turn out, it must be I. I will go then, nor will I return, till you love me well enough to bear with my infirmities. So saying, he snatched up his hat, and was already hurrying towards the door, when Blanchard threw himself before him, and would have gone upon his knees, had not the baron prevented it; he pressed the good old man in his arms; they promised with mutual tears, to forget what was past, and swore that nothing should ever separate them. N.

The king of Portugal, grandfather to the present Prince Regent, would certainly in any other rank of life have been considered and treated as a madman. Never were religion and irregularity of life so singularly blended in any individual, and there was in many other respects a humorous originality in his character, which gave rise to some very ludicrous scenes: it was his custom when he went to matins at the Dominican church,

which he did every morning, to carry a stout bludgeon in his hand, and this he was sure to throw at the head of any of the Monks, who were seen to nod: it was the duty of a lay brother upon these occasions, to fetch the bludgeon as a spaniel does a ball, and to restore it to the royal hand. He was fond of conversation and by no means insensible to the charms of wit. Speaking before his courtiers one day of the absolute power of a king, the marquis of Pantelina, a nobleman of the first rank, who was present, ventured to say that there might be some limits to the obedience of a subject, but the king would allow of none—there could be none, he said, and if I ordered you, addressing himself to the marquis, if I ordered you to jump into the sea head foremost, it would be your duty to do so. But where are you going, added he, perceiving that the marquis, without replying, was making towards the door—I am going sire, said the skilful courtier, to learn to swim.

There was no resisting such an answer, and the king with all his gravity of character and seriousness of discussion, was obliged to join in the general laugh.

N.

Nothing, it is well known, contributed more to that general dissatisfaction which prepared the minds of men for the revolution in France, than the deranged state of the public finances under Louis XV. It is to the vices of that indolent and luxurious monarch, that his posterity may in a great measure attribute the evils which have overwhelmed them. Madame de Pompadour mentions in one of her letters, that a new minister, who plumed himself on being an honest man, had begun

his reform of the king's household by an inquiry into the number of pairs of breeches which his majesty might use in a year. I think said, the king, as I am often on horseback, I may possibly use a pair in three or four days—that, sire, said the minister, would amount to but ten or twelve dozen pairs in a year, and here is the bill of your majesty's tailor, in which you are charged nine hundred. The minister then went to the king's daughters, and found upon inquiry, that they were charged fifty sous a pair for their gloves, instead of twenty. He began well, as she observes, but there were greater reforms to make than of breeches and gloves. The Duke de Choiseul has told me, says the Baron de Besenval, that the king once asked him what he thought the carriage they were then riding in might cost. I think, sire, says the duke, that such a one might be had for six thousand livres, but it probably cost eight thousand—You are very far indeed from the sum, replied the king, this carriage does not cost me less than thirty thousand.—Some days after when they were alone in the king's cabinet, the duke took occasion to refer to the conversation which had taken place about the price of the carriage, and to press his majesty to consent to some regulations which might put an end to such a system of waste and robbery—I know, replied the king, I know as well as you do, my dear friend, that the abuses in every branch of the public expenditure, as well as of my household are enormous—but too many persons, and persons of great and powerful connexions are too interested in their continuation to leave a possibility of correcting them. Every new minister has made the attempt to no

purpose, and the Cardinal de Fleury himself, who was all-powerful, and whose habits of life were economical did not venture to carry any part of his plan of reform into execution; take my advice therefore, submit with a good grace to what you cannot prevent, and do not pretend to amend what is incurable. It is singular, that what the most powerful and popular ministers of France, did not venture to undertake, should have been effected by Mr. Necker! By an individual whose birth in a foreign country, whose situation in life, and whose religion might, it should seem, have excluded him from all prospect of ever being placed at the head of the French nation. Never was there a happier instance of the weight of private character, and of the effect which plain good sense, disinterestedness, and a well understood economy, may be of in retrieving the finances of a nation. But it was too late—the political machine of France was already, as Mr. Necker has expressed it, in rapid motion towards destruction, and all his efforts served only to prolong the fatal moment.

N.

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

“A widower aged forty-five, without children or followers, enjoying five thousand francs a year, and a decent house, wishes to marry a young lady between twenty and twenty-four years, of a reputable family, bringing for her portion good morals, a very agreeable person, and a mild character.”

“A young man, without actual fortune, but having a person and education fit to appear in any company, and an amiable character, such as may please any reasonable and sensible woman; of respectable parents, who were formerly very rich, and are still at their ease, but have a numerous family; aspires to hope that he may find, by the means of this journal so fertile in

propositions of all kinds, a lady generous enough to seek his acquaintance, choose him as a husband, and share her fortune with him.”

“A young woman, aged twenty-four, very prudent and laborious, sprung of a decent family, gaining between three and four francs a day by making toys for children, with a portion of fifteen hundred francs, and a handsome *trousseau*,* wishes to unite herself with a decent young man of good conduct, who has a fixed situation, and established house.”

“A girl aged twenty-five, born in the country, and of simple manners, though she has lived in Paris for six months, wishes to find a husband in the working class. She has no fortune, but a very handsome *trousseau*, and some ready money; nor does she wish for a fortune, but health, talents, sobriety, and above all probity; and would prefer a husband occupied in sedentary labour. She is singularly handsome, and in the most complete health.”

“A young woman aged seventeen, beautiful, fresh, well educated, rather in a solid manner than in the taste of the present day, but in consequence of the revolution, absolutely without fortune. She would prove a prize to a man of mature age, who would prefer to fortune with a taste for dissipation, pure manners, a charming person, and an inclination for the cares of a household. This young woman belongs to one of the best families formerly eminent in the law.”

“A young lady aged eighteen, fresh and beautiful as a new blown flower, and endowed with all the graces and talents which increase the charms of beauty, but without fortune, in consequence of disasters which have happened to her parents, is offered by them to a man of sensibility who would share with her a decent existence.”

“A young man of twenty-nine years, of good birth, and belonging to a respectable family, which has procured him a careful education, so that he profits of several agreeable talents which produce a decent subsistence, can only offer them together with his person, which, without vanity, may please a reasonable woman, such as he would desire, who must be amiable, and possess an easy income. Her age is wholly indifferent.”

* The *trousseau* is a packet of female dress, which a bride brings on her marriage.

"A widower aged forty-three, without any incumbrance, of a handsome stature, oval face, brown hair and beard, florid complexion, large black eyes announcing the mildness of his character, mouth of a middle size, with white teeth in perfect preservation; born of honourable parents, and having received an education in the liberal studies, of a very easy character, though reserved till he knew his company, lively, and not fond of expensive and noisy pleasures, but of those which he finds at a charming country house, where he lives in the neighbourhood of Versailles, and possessing a clear income of three thousand francs, wishes to marry a lady between thirty and thirty-six years of age, of similar inclinations, either unmarried or a widow without children, without natural defects, and preferring, like him, a rural life, with nearly an equal fortune."

"A bachelor aged sixty, but as fresh and healthy as possible at his age, having a character and education which render him still amiable in society, desires to marry a lady between the age of twenty and thirty-five, and of an agreeable person, that is to say, a genteel figure, regular features, beautiful eyes, a pretty mouth, adorned with fair teeth well arranged and very white, in fine, a rosy complexion, and free of all bodily defects. This bachelor will pay no attention to fortune, his own being fully sufficient to procure for a beloved companion all the comforts that a solid education, virtuous soul, and grateful heart can require."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful dirty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

CHARACTERS OF MONTESQUIEU, VOLTAIRE, ROUS- SEAU, AND BUFFON.

(From the *Journal de Paris*.)

Four bright lamps are now totally extinguished in France. They were suspended in the Temple of Genius; and from the bosom of this kingdom diffused their extensive light all over the universe. One, after having dis-

sipated the clouds that enveloped the causes of the grandeur and decline of the Roman empire, threw a new and splendid light over the immense volumes of law; with the great Montesquieu that lamp went out. Brilliant and beneficent rays, with due gradations of heat, like the solar ones, issued from the second lamp, which gave new charms to the sciences, and explained them in a clear and seducing manner. The arts found in this effulgent light an amiable and sure guide. History was taught a quick, steady, and lively march; Poetry all the *eclat* and splendour of the celestial mansions whence she springs. Philosophy appeared clad in the soft allurements of the graces, and man felt stronger emotions of humanity. Voltaire's death extinguished this wonderful lamp. A flame, now devouring like those of the tropicks, now soft as the genial rays of blushing morn, now melancholy, tender, and affecting, as the fair beams of the Cynthean goddess, enflamed the enraptured soul with the holy enthusiasm of virtue, and cast over morality the attracting colours of voluptuousness. The country smiled with such bewitching charms, that man longed to partake of rural toils and sports. At the appearance of this powerful flame, soon vanished barbarous prejudice, the origin of bondage and of tyranny. The unnatural shackles that confined children were broken with the chains that enthralled the mind; Heaven, and the august countenance of the Almighty, stood then confessed before astonished man, who became good, humane, and happy, in the charming visions of hope. Rousseau's breath the fostering name abated, but a new star, by Nature formed to spread a wondrous light over all her works, began to shine with a majestic and unparalleled lustre. Its course was marked by pomp, its motion by harmony, its repose by serenity. All eyes, even the weakest, were fond of contemplating it. From its refulgent car it spread over the universe; and as God assembled in the narrow space of the ark all the

works of the creation, so this great luminary reunited on the banks of the Seine, the animals, the vegetables, and the minerals, that are dispersed in the four quarters of the world. All forms, all colours, all riches, and all instincts, were offered to our eyes and our intellectual faculties. All things were developed, all things were ennobled and adorned with splendour, interest, or grace. But a sable funeral veil is spread, alas! over this bright and wonderful star. Nature silently mourns her loss. With Buffon's life ended the fourth lamp, and nothing remains for his surviving admirers, but the sentiment of their loss, and the despair of repairing it.

THE GALLANT GAME COCK.

Extract of a letter from an officer on board his majesty's ship *Superb*, on her passage from Jamaica :

"Having given you these additional particulars of the action off *St. Domingo*, I must now beg leave to relate an anecdote of an English game cock. You must know, then, that on the *Superb's* poop deck was a large wooden fabrick, forming an oblong hollow square, and so constructed that the upper apartments served for marine arms, and the lower for poultry; now it happened, in the very hottest of the battle, whilst we were closely engaged with the three decker (*l'Imperiale*) that a forty-two pounder double headed shot, broke through this useful compound structure, destroying no less than twenty-seven stand of arms, as it since appeared, and making terrible havock among the feathered race, splinters, bayonets, broken muskets, &c. &c. prevailed in all directions. When, lo! from the midst of this "confusion words confounded," up sprung this gallant cock, till then "unknown to Fame," and perched on the spanker boom, crowing exultingly. Another shot cutting the boom in two close at his feet, now drove him from his post. Indignantly retreating a few paces aft on the broken poop, again he fixed his stand;

and thence, ever and anon, was heard his clarion voice to sound amid the "din of war." This appears strange, you will say, and yet it is not altogether singular. A circumstance, nearly similar, I have heard, took place in the Marlborough on the memorable first of June, 1794: I say nearly similar, because in that instance the bold bird was found to be safe; whereas, our little hero was found on examination to have received many severe contusions, and to have lost an eye ere he extricated himself from the melancholy ruins of his fallen house, and the sad wreck of his mangled messmates. Hardly had the battle ceased when some of the brave men whose dangers he had shared, introduced him to our notice, with an earnest request to save him from the dire hand of our poulterer. Soon we saw him caressed by all, and decorated with rings and ribbons. Never is he to die the death so common to his kind—and this he seems to know; for so perfectly tame is he become that he will perch and crow on one's arm, feed from the hand, and even admit, without fear, of being fondled like the gentlest lapdog. So much for our favourite bold Chanticleer."

London paper.

MERRIMENT.

When Mr. S— was studying the law in the Temple, his circumstances were (like Miles's Boy's) not the best in the world, he often translated and scribbled for the booksellers—to support a gentleman-like appearance; but like Charles Surface, *justice could not keep pace with his generosity*, and he was consequently exposed to the insult, and pressure of many creditors.—Among the rest appeared a very devil, who watched his motions in such a manner, that our good hearted debtor was obliged to keep his room. As he had many companions to whom he would not refuse admittance, he had a square hole cut in the door, with a slider, and opposite to it he placed a looking-glass in such a situation, that on his servant's removing the slider, he could see who called on him, and give his directions accordingly. A gentleman asked our orator, what was his reason for placing the glass in that situation? He archly replied, That, sir, is my *dun-ometer*.

The following lines, of a date as far back as the Marquis of ROCKINGHAM's administration, deserve, perhaps, a better fate than oblivion.

To the Commons declare, if you can without shocking 'em,
That they're all fast asleep—and the Minister's *Rocking 'em*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

The following is an imitation of some verses to Melancholy, by the celebrated Count de Segur, authour of the *Life of Frederick*, &c. The Annual Review of A. Aiken, speaks of the original in a very complimentary manner. If you approve of the English verses, you will oblige the writer by inserting them in your Miscellany.

Oh, Melancholy, Love's sweet balm,
What bliss thy languor does impart;
How I enjoy thy pensive calm,
When far from her who fills my heart.
Unhappy he, who never knows,
The charms of tender, softest grief;
What joy love's silent tear bestows,
What luxury in such relief.

To tenderness art thou allied,
Daughter of love, be ever near,
In sweetest sadness by my side,
And I will greet thee with a tear.
Oh! come, and with bright fancy's aid,
Recall the joys which now remain,
The features of my cherish'd maid;
Regrets are mine, and ceaseless pain.

When morning blushes in the east,
My sorrows constant wilt thou see;
Come, when the orb of day's at rest,
And still my tears shall witness thee.
To ease my pangs, and give relief,
Oh! come, receive my bursting sighs;
Absent from her, they charm my grief,
All other pleasure from me flies.

When first my passion Sylvia blest,
Thy pensive form the nymph betray'd;

Robed in thy garb, love stood confess'd,
And told me more than smiles had said.
Tortur'd with doubts, distrust and fears,
I ne'er believ'd she lov'd again,
Till tender sadness fed with tears,
Told, that we felt a mutual pain.

The murmuring of the pebbly tide,
The silence of the forest shade,
The verdant turf, in flow'ring pride,
The feather'd musick of the glade,
A thousand pleasures give with thee,
Of faded joys remembrance knows.
For bliss recall'd in ist pleasure be,
And from the mem'ry pleasure flows.

Then come, thou soft and tender pow'r,
O, often come and be my guest,
The tears you cause to flow each hour,
Give sweet sensations to the breast;
Say can the lover without fears
Enjoy the bliss which love bestows,
And wait the wish'd return endears,
When the fond swain no absence knows?

The charming languor soothes my heart,
And all is a bliss before unknown;
Thy tears consoling joys impart,
Congenial to my grief alone,
May lovers bow before thy shrine,
And thou propitious ever be,
Whether a favour'd one is thine,
Or wretched, offers vows to thee.

CHOICE OF A WIFE.

I ask not Beauty—'Tis a gleam
That tints the morning sky;
I ask not Learning—'Tis a stream
That glides unheeded by.

I ask not Wit—It is a flash
That oft blinds Reason's eye;
I ask not gold—'Tis glittering trash,
That causes many a sigh.

I ask good sense, a taste refin'd,
And our with prudence blended;
A feeling heart, a virtuous mind,
With Charity attended. OPQ.

NUPTIAL.

Married in Boston on Tuesday morning, at Trinity Church by the Rev. J. S. J. Gardiner. ANDREW DEXTER, jun esq. of this town, to Miss CHARLOTTE MORTON, daughter of the Hon. Perez Morton, of Dorchester.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Oswf.

Vol. VI.

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 9, 1808.

No. 2.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For *The Port Folio*.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 8.)

LETTER XXIX.

My dear E—,

THE long wished-for revolution was now established, a new order was to commence, and those days of virtue and happiness, which have never perhaps existed but in the fancy of poets, were to roll on in never-ceasing succession. The popular party however, or what shall I call them, the jacobin, mountaineer, or if you please, the diabolical faction, were afflicted at the return of anything which resembled government. They had proceeded to every sort of outrage and even to murder during the year of the temporary administration, and felt oppressed at the idea

of submitting even to those laws which had been made to suit their wishes, and which were administered by men after their own hearts.

There arrived about this period from Paris, a Genevan, who though born of reputable parents, and well educated, and marked as yet by no disgraceful conduct, had caught from Robespierre the flame of democratic fury against everything that is respectable in society. It was no difficult matter for such a person to work upon the passions and prejudices of a set of wretches, already prepared for evil, to procure their concurrence in asserting, that there was a conspiracy of aristocrats ready to declare itself, and that the liberty of the people required prompt, vigorous and severe measures; unfortunately too they felt strong in the concurrence of opinion and in the promised support of the French minister, and knew that a body of troops would be marched to their

assistance at the first word: it was on the night of the eighteenth of July, seventeen hundred and ninety-four, that the attack was made; almost all the most respectable or opulent persons of the city, to the number of five or six hundred were torn from their families and confined in gaol; the next morning there appeared a proclamation, declaring the nation in insurrection, and investing with full powers a committee of seven persons—the first act of whose administration, was to erect a revolutionary tribunal for the trial of traitors; it was now no difficult matter for every one who had an offence to avenge, or a benefactor whom he was tired of seeing to get rid of, or a debt to pay, or who had felt humbled at the ease and opulence, and even the domestic happiness of a neighbour, to swell the list of the proscribed with such names as he thought proper to propose, and that time might be given for the exercise of all this petty vengeance, the citizens in insurrection were declared to be in the pay of the state, and a provision for their families was to be made from the funds of the proscribed: the members of the constitutional government meanwhile either timidly withdrew from the scene, or complained of violence, whilst they secretly encouraged these outrageous proceedings, and the minister of France who had been waited upon by a formal deputation, congratulated his brethren on the glorious effort by which they had re-assumed their natural rights, and while he regretted that the hand of justice had been so long delayed, he assured them of the approbation of France, and promised them as far as it might be necessary, the assistance and concurrence of the great nation.

Figure to yourself now, my dear —, a band of wretches seated on the bench of justice, in all the studied squalidness of jacobinism, amid bottles and glasses and pipes and pistols and drawn sabres; passing sentence upon their unhappy countrymen, beneath the shelter of that very roof, where the magistrates of the nation had frequently presided at those feasts, which for a time gave all Geneva the air of a numerous, a united and joyous family. Conceive how bitter the change must have been to the victims, and to the spectator, who was not lost to all human sensibility: Conceive what must have been the feelings of the wives and children of those in danger! As no shadow of proof could be found in confirmation of the general charge of conspiracy against the state, new allegations were made against the prisoners; some had been always known to be aristocrats, their very charity had proceeded from a desire of improper influence; others were known to have invoked the mediation in eighty-two, or to have prevented the friendly entry of the French in ninety-two: one promising young man fell a victim to what it was supposed he would be if suffered to live, and every subterfuge was made use of to evade the well-known wish of a great majority of the people in favour of particular individuals, whom this tribunal of blood had determined to destroy. It does not appear that Robespierre had been ever desirous of annexing Geneva to the French republic; he thought France too extensive or at least too populous already, and provided the people tormented and destroyed each other, he was satisfied, while his worthy representative Soulavie, kept himself employed in a way that he best understood:

he was always caballing with and encouraging the insurgents, and for his amusement he burnt upon one occasion the prayer books and bibles of the Ambassadors's Chapel, in the court yard of his hotel, and threw the crucifix out of the window; of the persons arrested a certain number were heavily fined and imprisoned; several were banished, and eleven were executed—of these last, two were of my acquaintance when I lived formerly in Geneva, the first of them, Prevost, had filled more than one important office with credit, had been always attached to the popular side in the civil dissensions of his country, until the dangerous tendency of their measures became apparent, and had particularly distinguished himself in the treaty with general Montesquieu. His conduct was calm and dignified before the tribunal and in prison; he was prepared to meet his fate, and on his way to the place of execution, he found means to throw a paper into the crowd, with an invocation, that the person into whose hands it fell, would deliver it to his widow; a copy of this interesting paper is now before me, and I will endeavour to give you a translation of it, which shall be as literal as the idiom of the two languages will permit of; it will remind you a little of Anne Bolyn's last letter to Henry VIII, inasmuch as there is expressed in both, a natural attachment to life, a submission to the decrees of Providence, and all the conscious pride of injured innocence.

LETTER XXX.

Prevost's Letter.—"It is but too probable, that I shall never again see my wife, my mother, or my children! Heaven knows what I

suffer at the cruel separation! No one had ever more reason to be attached to life than I had. These dear objects of my affection will remain impressed on my heart to the last moment of my existence. To my wife, my most tender, my best of friends, I return thanks for the happiness she has blest me with. I leave her miserable, but not without means of consolation, for she will reflect that her husband died honourably; and that his conduct has been such, as will secure to his memory the esteem of all men, when the present unhappy delusion shall have passed away. He has defended himself with firmness, and is not conscious of having deviated from propriety in the course of his defence. Dearest mother, if I have been at any time a source of satisfaction to you, how many sorrows am I not unfortunately the cause of? You will weep for me, and some dear friends will join their grief to yours, but, let there be a term to sorrow, and let it be your pride, my mother, that my road through life has been a course of honourable pursuits; judge of the efforts I am obliged to make to buoy myself up above those feelings, which would deprive me of the resolution I have occasion for, of the resolution which my honour requires, and which I hope to preserve to the last moment: what I have said is but a small part of what is labouring at my heart. My dear son, let not the example of my fate deter you from that frank and candid manner which has led to my destruction, but beware of all connexion with publick affairs. You have an important trust to fill; upon you devolves a sacred duty towards your mother: let every attention, let your whole conduct contribute to sooth her

afflictions, and those of your grandmother. And you, my dear little Louise, do you, whom infancy exempts from a great deal of what you would have suffered, think frequently of your father's fate, and let it urge you to be attentive to your mother; let her want no consolation which it may be in your power to bestow. I am far, my dearest, best of friends, from forgetting your relations on this solemn occasion, and dread the consequences, for the health of your father, embrace him for my sake, as also your dear mother and sister. My dear sister, to your care I recommend my wife, animate her to bear her woes with patience and resignation; her children claim a right to her attention, and now dear wife, dear tenderest friend, I press you to my heart, adieu!"

Another of my acquaintance was Naville, a man distinguished for a warm heart, a brilliant imagination, indefatigable study, and the gift of eloquence: his days had been divided between the public service and the blessings of domestick life; but disapproving altogether of the change of government which had taken place in February, ninety-four, he lived retired in the country and amused himself in the education of his children, and by experiments of agriculture. He was not a person to be overlooked upon the present occasion, and when dragged before the tribunal, where murder and robbery had assumed the sacred name of justice, he still retained that ascendancy, which nature and education had given him, he vindicated the measures of the administration which he had been a member of, he pointed out the future horrors of a guilty conscience to those who should con-

demn him, and passed a more fearful sentence upon his judges than the one he was compelled to listen to, "You will die," said he, "without daring to cast one look towards Heaven." Confiscation, plundering, and fines, went hand in hand with murder; for the promoters of these shocking scenes had felt from the first the necessity of keeping up the delusion of the people by idleness and dissipation, they had themselves shared the profits of the moment, and encouraged by their example a general departure from all decency and morality: money obtained by such unjust and barbarous means was not likely to be well husbanded, and the fact is, that at least three hundred pounds a day were for a short time expended in pay to the citizens in insurrection, in national festivals, and in supplying the wretches who acted as judges, with the materials of that almost continued intoxication, which kept them insensible to the dictates of justice, and deaf to the groans of their fellow-citizens: when I reflect upon the fatal change which took place as if by enchantment in Geneva, and placed an amiable, an industrious, and enlightened people at the mercy of a sanguinary banditti; when I recollect that this was brought about by the adoption of French principles, and by the cooperation of a French resident and carried on in imitation of the conduct pursued by the French government, I cannot but be grateful that Providence listened not to the prayers and wishes of perhaps two thirds of America, and of nearly all Virginia, which would have given victory to the fleet of Robespierre over that of England, and placed us at his mercy; for with the instruments he

might have set in motion, how could we in the south have resisted his displeasure? Judge by the fate of St. Domingo, of the scenes we should have been exposed to and of the fate that awaited us.

For The Port Folio.

POLITICAL.

With some disgraceful exceptions, at the commencement and during the hottest of the French Revolution, the Political and Literary Journals of the Continent, as well as in the Island of Great Britain, have been conducted with great ability. Mere mechanics, beerhouse politicians, or infants, prattling about the rights of man, have never presumed, in Europe, to conduct the PUBLIC VEHICLE OF INFORMATION, a machine, which demands all the dexterity, all the versatility, and all the power of genius. For this arduous, laborious, ungrateful, and highly responsible service, talents of a superiour order have been always considered indispensable, by the *Judices Selecti*. Among the excellent papers from which even the literary pride of Edmund Burke did not disdain to borrow aid, when he was employed as the annalist of Europe, was the *Leyden Gazette*, which, for many years, was published under the very able direction of Mr. Luzac, a scholar, a philosopher, and a politician. The literary world has recently had occasion to deplore his loss, but his successor, of whose name and country we are ignorant, seems to follow him by no means with the step of the tottering Iulus. The new editor neither disgraces the well-earned reputation of the paper, nor the respectable name of Luzac. A few recent numbers of the *Journal Politique* are now before us, and, as the modern French say, we hasten to publish a translation of certain state papers, which have been bandied about between the Burgomasters of Amsterdam, a *fief-fregicide*, and one of the brothers of Bonaparte, who, in the grand masquerade at the last political carnival in the Low Countries, personates the part of a King. We will venture to affirm, that the eager curiosity of inquisitive Boyhood was never more delighted by a delicious peep into the show-box of a Savoyard than our old-fashioned and well-principled readers will be at this curious picture of Dutch degradation and Corsican insolence. This monstrous exhibition, the ill-favoured offspring of new-fangled conceptions of politicks will be view-

ed with the strongest emotions by every philosophical as well as political reader.

UTRECHT, 15th April. The arrival of His Majesty at Amsterdam, retarded almost two years, by numerous circumstances, and fixed for the second of this month, not having taken place, the city of Amsterdam asked permission to forward on its part, by deputies, an Address to the King, to entreat His Majesty not any longer to defer his arrival, and to accept the City Hotel of Amsterdam and declare it the *Palais Royal*, in order to secure to the Capital the advantage of being always the residence of the sovereign; an advantage to which it has an indisputable right. His Majesty having graciously acceded to this request, a solemn* deputation, composed of the Burgomaster, &c. had the honour on Sunday last, to be presented to the king by his excellency, the minister of the interior, and to address to his majesty the following discourse:

SIRE,

Admitted to the honour of appearing in your august presence, the deputies of your beloved and faithful Capital, seize with eagerness, the opportunity of renewing to your majesty in the most solemn manner, the expression of the sentiments of respect, love, and gratitude, which attaches them to your sacred person†.

Authorized by the Burgomaster, the *Wethouders* and *Vroedschap*-

* Solemn enough! to be under the necessity of yielding their rights and liberties in this servile manner. It is the funeral of their liberty.

† This is as respectful as any democrat could wish, and emanating from one of the hot-beds of liberty and equality, may be supposed to approximate the acme of perfectability.

pen,* and also by the entire magistracy, we come, SIRE, to beseech your majesty to consent to give the most magnificent edifice in the city, the most magnificent employment it can ever have†. We come, as interpreters of the sentiments of our countrymen, to offer your majesty the City Hotel, and to beg he may be pleased formally to accept and declare it the *Palais Royal*, and thus assure us that it shall hereafter, and forever,‡ have the honour of being the residence of the sovereign.

Placed at the head of our countrymen, we come to fulfil a duty very grateful to our hearts, in entreating your majesty to be persuaded that their most ardent prayers unite with ours, that it may please the Supreme Arbiter of our destiny to enable us long to enjoy the happiness of seeing your majesty among us, and of respecting and cherishing in him a king, who, since his elevation to the throne, has never ceased to love and protect us.

Yes, SIRE, we are firmly convinced that all that commerce suffers by the hard measures required by the situation of Europe; all that our city (of which commerce is the only support) suffers at this time, would be infinitely more painful, if the rigorous measures adopted by your majesty in the highest wisdom, had not in view

the salutary object of avoiding greater evils; of concurring to bring back the common enemy to a more moderate system; and of at length insuring us a peace, stable, advantageous, and honourable, which alone can heal our wounds.

Assured of the paternal sentiments of which your majesty has given us so many proofs, we place, with entire confidence, our dearest interests, and those of our countrymen, in your hands, SIRE.*

The moment your majesty shall make his entry into Amsterdam, will be a moment of happiness and consolation for all, and particularly for us, SIRE! May your majesty, deigning to employ the zeal that animates us to execute his orders, be pleased to place us in a situation to contribute to bless his name, as that of a tender father, whose unceasing care constantly watches over the welfare of his children.

(Signed)

J. Wolters van de Poll, Burgo-master.

W. Van Brien en van de Groot-Lindt, Wethouder.

Wm. Willink, Wethouder.

Jan Van de Poll, Vroedschap.

T. A. Van Iddeginge, Vroedschap.

W. Rendorp, Vroedschap.*

The King replied in the following terms:

GENTLEMEN,

I have been sensible from the moment of my accession to the Crown, that the general interest imperiously required that your city should become my Capital;

* His French-Corsican Majesty may not hope to pronounce these words; but, by turning over a Dutch-French dictionary, he may learn their signification.

† A federalist would take this to be *quizzing*! This comes with bad grace from plain Dutchmen.

‡ They seem to be unwilling again to run the circle of Revolution. It will be singular if this stipulation should bind their posterity, and preclude them the sacred rights of insurrection and rebellion.

* Perhaps these were once foremost democrats; now employed in the honourable business of begging and praying a foreigner to accept the Crown, and put an end to distresses brought upon themselves by themselves, but which they have not the ingenuity and talents to avert.

one of my first acts was to declare it such: I hoped that a maritime peace would enable me soon to put it in possession of the title I had given it, and which it shall always retain; unfortunately a General Peace appears to be still distant; my whole people suffer by the duration of the war; your city suffers the most; in this state of things I ought, and I wish, to be nearer its distresses and its wants. I shall no longer oppose the solicitations of my beloved city and the necessity of my being in its bosom.

Gentlemen, tell your countrymen that I am impressed with the pleasure they express to see me among them; that I willingly accept the offer they have requested you to make authentically in their name, but that I insist upon the condition that all the expense it may create shall be paid by the Crown, until some years of peace, and the re-establishment of the finances shall enable the publick treasury to build a new palace, and to restore that of the Hague given to the inheritance. I wish Amsterdam then to take back the palace, that it may become again the City Hotel: if your city does not possess a suitable one, worthy of my Capital, I shall cause one to be erected after the conclusion of peace*.

I wish you to make known to the minister of the interior all the establishments and improvements which are essential. I hope my people see me with satisfaction. I wish my presence may be useful to them and never a burthen.

Gentlemen, I will prove to you the confidence I have in my beloved city and in you, to whom I have confided the government of it, by acquainting you with the motives that have delayed, and those that have accelerated my arrival in spite of the concern with which I behold the situation of commerce, of navigation, and of industry.

We cannot conceal from you, that a continual state of war renders the situation of this country critical in several respects; it has become daily more so, in consequence of the posture of European affairs, since the commencement of my reign. I have found you torn to pieces by faction, the principal and most destructive enemy of this country; abased for twenty years by numerous misfortunes; having during that epoch almost lost its independence and manifested in that space of time, longer by events than by years, symptoms of dissension, the condition of a conquered people, rather than the great character which appertained to their ancestors, and which might yet become theirs: under these circumstances, gentlemen, what hope of success can I have—a stranger to your language, your manners, and your affairs? I should have still resisted, and more happily withstood the force of events which give me a task so difficult to accomplish, if I had not had the consolatory expectation that the nation in general, and each individual in particular, would second my efforts; if I had not relied upon the entire confidence of the nation; if I had not hoped to view around me, in the most intimate union, all orders, classes, and conditions; in short, if I had not thought so well of an enlightened, brave, persevering, and loyal people as to believe that each person

* These disturbers of the world's repose, flatter us with the hope, that they will become quiet, and that we may expect peace some day. May it soon happen.

would consider the general interest as his first concern, which necessarily comprises that of the individual. Devoid of these sentiments could I have had the expectation of upholding this country, called to independence in a season of peril, after numerous changes and distresses? No. In order to surmount these obstacles, to elevate Holland to the rank assigned it by the virtues of your ancestors, their active and constant industry, their courage, and entire devotion to their country, I cannot dissemble, gentlemen, you must abandon that state of indecision, of stupor, of apathy, of distrust, of discouragement, which, if it is dangerous in times prosperous and calm, becomes grievous and fatal in other circumstances. Faithful to my declarations, I make, and I shall unceasingly make new efforts to avoid the worst evils, seeing that not anything now favours the execution of the plans I had formed to meliorate the condition of the country: Indeed, gentlemen, in a limited Monarchy, according to my idea, and as I wish it, if the King can discern and, promote virtue and happiness, it is only when there is really a nation, a people; when the general is uniformly considered before the individual interest; when the most eminently distinguished men encompass, enlighten, support, and defend the throne. If this is true, a country in which the Prince is entirely isolated from his people must be soon lost. Is it not equally certain, that if every person alienates himself from the sovereign, when there should be a national, a public spirit, all must perish still sooner: particularly when, whatever may be the issue of events, ages must pass away before the small states can be able to sustain themselves by the strength

of right and equity alone, amid the clashing of more potent interests. The obligations of the Prince are indeed great; but those of the people are still greater: the former must expire with a brief and fragile life; the latter are as constant and durable as society itself, of which they are the chief bonds. Convinced of the truth of these observations, and knowing how ruinous and irreparable may be the least hindrance, the least deviation from the only system that can save the country, I wish to abridge delay as much as possible, and hasten to consolidate my government. I have always sufficiently esteemed and relied upon the inhabitants of my chief city to think they could greatly contribute to the success of my efforts for the welfare of the nation of which they constitute a very considerable part: my choice naturally falls upon it; when the Constitution of the country is no longer either Federal or Republican, when the change has become so great, I could wish the site of my Capital to be such, that it might become forever that of my successors; no city in the kingdom can be envious of seeing the Palaces of your Kings established within your walls: I wish to show the nation the importance I attach to commerce, and to the most commercial city in the kingdom; I wish to prove to it that I am acquainted with its true interests; I wish my successors may never think otherwise: I wish the inhabitants of the Capital to know that the title is not a vain name; that if, on my side, I assure them I shall greatly distinguish and do much for them, on theirs, they ought to set an example to the rest of the kingdom; they ought to manifest the sentiments the nation should possess and exhibit; they

THE PORT FOLIO.

ought constantly to be the most zealous and the most strenuous defenders of the throne. I could wish, as there is but one state, that there might be but one grand Capital.

In fine, I hope to find among you persons now experienced in the different branches of government, that I may more easily and speedily effect establishments necessary to exalt and support the rank of the nation among the most enlightened and best constituted: which will require great and persevering efforts. I am aware of the magnitude and difficulty of my undertaking. Of course I calculate upon the aid of all enlightened, upright, and true friends to their country: I trust my confidence will prove well founded. Should it be otherwise the fault cannot be attributed to me, for all my time, all my thoughts, all my efforts are exclusively devoted to the interest and the affairs of the publick.

Thus, gentlemen, I shall soon be among you: I have spoken with the confidence those merit to whom I have entrusted the administration of my Capital; the fulfilment of my intentions; the inquiring into every practicable improvement; the causing my authority to be respected and cherished; the promoting of publick and private security, and a rigid execution of the laws. I do not doubt you will accomplish my designs, and that I shall be soon convinced of the good you have effected. Meantime, gentlemen, I receive with pleasure the sentiments you express. Tell your countrymen, that the attachment and approbation of the nation, and particularly of my beloved city, is the object of all my actions, and the sweetest recompense of all my ef-

forts. I feel for their sufferings; I suffer more than they; I am occupied solely in endeavouring to diminish them: and when a general peace shall console the people and suffering humanity; when they shall have repaired their misfortunes and forgotten them, I shall still remember all the hardships experienced in the beginning of my reign.

From the Providence Gazette.

THE ADELPHIAD.

The literary world has lately been gratified by a new acquisition from the pen of James Montgomery. In a small volume of poems he has given us more than an equivalent for our money, and he who delights to amuse the *tedium vite* by a dalliance with the coy damsels of Parnassus, and neglects this opportunity, voluntarily foregoes an enjoyment which good fortune has thrown in his way. That strange and capricious thing, called genius, which has eluded so long the definitions of philosophers, may here be known by its effects. The muse of Montgomery first pours her tears over the fate of unhappy Switzerland, and then indulges herself in several freaks under the shade of the cypress tree. If an author's page affords an evidence of his life (a position which the Rambler seems disposed to controvert) Montgomery is unhappy. The reader will find, throughout the whole volume, a tender melancholy prevailing, and not unfrequently deep touches of the pathetic. Thoughts widely distant are brought together with such facility of combination, that the reader will often involuntarily shut the volume, and contemplate, in retrospect the wide extent his fancy has travelled over in two lines. For instance:

"Have you lost a friend or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?"

The poem entitled *The Wanderer in Switzerland*, begins with a beautiful abruptness, and the muse, before her pupil knows whither he is going, hurries him into the depths of desolation and gloom. After he has thus visited the scene of her incantations, he is wrought upon by a variety of conflicting passions, horror, pity, admiration and despair, and is dismissed at last

with unavailing tears for the country where the muse has conducted him. There is a little coincidence between a passage of this poet, and Dr. Goldsmith's Traveller; where the same country is described; but in the hands of Montgomery its splendour remains untarnished:

"Dear is that hill to which his soul con-
forms,
And dear that rock that lifts him to the
storms;
And as a child, whom scaring sounds mo-
lest,
Clings close and closer to his mother's breast;
So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's
roar,
But bind him to his native mountains
more."

Goldsmith.

"Born in freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage;
Nurs'd at freedom's stormy breast,
Liv'd my sires from age to age."

Montgomery.

How solemn is this description of an
Alpine-night!

"So when night, with rising shade,
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till in hoary gloom array'd,
All the giant mountains sleep."

On the perusal of the following lines,
every disciple of the muse feels a chill, as
if the vital blood was for a moment sus-
pended in his veins.—Let the reader bear
in mind that he is now in the midst of a
battle:

"On their country's dying bed
Wives and husbands pour'd their breath;
Many a youth and maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death."

The scriptural passage, that "they shall
beat their swords into ploughshares, and
their spears into pruninghooks," meets a
singular appropriation in this poem, which
favours more of poetry than piety. The
bard, speaking of a sword, exclaims,

"This, the weapon they did wield
On Mongarthen's dreadful day;
And through Simpack's iron field
This, the ploughshare of their way."

The happiness and tranquillity of the
ancient Swiss are thus forcibly represented
by one of the most endearing images in
nature:

"There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest,

*Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast."*

The following bold and expressive
thought brings to the mind of every Ame-
rican the prospect of his own native Alle-
gany:

"High o'er Underwalden's vale,
Where the forests front the morn;
Where the boundless eye might sail,
O'er a sea of mountains borne."

A friend, much respected and beloved,
has stated an objection to the measure of
the verse, and conceives it incompetent,
from its brevity, to express the grandeur of
the subject. This objection is not confined
to the verse, but embraces the whole plan
which the authour has adopted. Horror,
consternation, despair, and in fact all the
deep passions, are always expressed by
short sentences: for the mind encompassed
by such whirlwinds, has no time soberly to
consult the whole measure of its miseries,
and therefore gives vent to itself in broken,
short, and interrupted accents of distress.
Had the authour changed the plan of his
poem, and given his readers an epick nar-
rative of the events, *while he himself appear-
ed to describe them*, this measure would
have been undoubtedly improper. This,
however, is not the case; personages them-
selves, the immediate sufferers, are made
to utter their distress while under the ut-
most pressure of it, and they do it in a me-
asure admirably adapted to agitated narra-
tion. It is unnecessary to justify by prece-
dent, a principle that demands no precedent
to justify it; or we might cite the first scene
in Macbeth, where the "weird sisters"
perform their incantations in the same
measure. The reader, without one word
more of comment, is left to judge for him-
self with what success that measure is
applied.

W.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

The following trial exhibits the caprici-
ousness of the human character, in so stri-
king a view, that if we had not found it on
so grave a record, as in the proceedings of
a court of law, we should have been indu-
ced to consider it as a romance.

SURRY ASSIZES.

GUILFORD, Aug. 9.

CROWN SIDE—*Before the Lord Chief Baron.*

CRIM. CON. AND BIGAMY.

Eleanor Whitford was indicted for
that she at Gretna, in Scotland, inter-

married with John Whitford, on the 26th of November, 1801, and afterwards, at the parish of St Mary, Lambeth, in the county of Surry, on the 19th of May, 1806, feloniously intermarried with Robert Jacques James, her former husband being still alive.

This was a case which excited a considerable degree of interest, as it was understood to involve the legality of a Gretna Green marriage. The defendant was a young lady of handsome person and elegant manners, and her appearance at court excited considerable sympathy on her behalf in the spectators in court.

After she was arraigned, and had faintly uttered her plea of Not Guilty,

Mr. Curwood rose to address the Jury. He began by stating that the melancholy duty devolved upon him, which he assured the jury he executed with most painful sensations, to conduct the prosecution against the prisoner at the bar, for a crime, which if substantiated against her, degraded her from her rank in life, which the law had declared a felony, and which might subject her to be transported from her native country, an associate of the vilest and most profligate of mankind. The case which he had to lay before the jury was of a most extraordinary nature, and differed very far from the class of cases which usually presented themselves for the consideration of a Jury.

In general those who were arraigned for this crime were of the lowest orders of society, who had no knowledge of their moral duties, or of the consequences of deviating from them. Such was not the case of the prisoner at the bar; she had been well educated, and ought to have been refined to a better sense of her duties, and impressed with the importance of their observance. She was the daughter of a man of respectability, and of some importance in the town of Basingstoke, and in the year 1801 she was addressed by her husband, who solicited her hand in marriage. For what reason, the Learned Counsel

said, he was not informed, but her father was averse to the match, and refused his consent; but the addresses of the young man were not disagreeable to her mother, and other parts of the lady's family; but it being found that no intreaty would soften the obduracy of her father, the young couple eloped to Scotland, and were there married according to the forms and ceremonies of the Scottish law. Upon their return they were reconciled to her father, and the husband commenced business as a linen-draper, at Southampton; at that time he was about twenty-five years of age, and the prisoner scarcely eighteen. They continued at Southampton until the year 1805, when business not succeeding, he was obliged to relinquish his situation and come to London. Here he certainly was obliged to live on a reduced scale. He obtained a situation as a managing man at a wholesale linen warehouse in the city, and took a small house for his wife at Kennington. They resided together in apparent comfort and happiness, he going out early to his business in the morning, and returning in the evening. They continued this course till about March last, when one evening, returning, he found that another bed was put up in a spare room, and, upon inquiry, his wife told him that she had let this room to a most respectable old gentleman, who had taken the room to lodge with them. In the evening the new lodger made his appearance, he seemed above the age of sixty, and of most gentlemanly manners, and was therefore gladly received by the husband, as a welcome inmate. From such a man he could suspect no injury, and none but the most suspicious could have thought his wife in danger in such society. However, so it was, that after a very short time, he found his wife strangely altered in her behaviour towards him. She appeared disgusted with him, and miserable in herself. He intreated her to reveal the cause of her uneasiness, and then, no doubt to con-

ceal her own guilt, she affected to say, that his behaviour was unkind, and she had reason to suspect his fidelity. He endeavoured, by every soothing attention, and by increased kindness, to convince her that she had formed an erroneous opinion, and had apparently succeeded, for, on the 18th of April, when he left home they parted with marks of more than usual kindness: but it so happened, that being taken ill that day, he returned home much earlier than was customary. He found his wife from home, and on the mantle-piece was a letter addressed to him to the following purport:—"Sir, I have taken my own name of Miss Howard, and shall ever after disown that of Whitford, which I am fully satisfied I never was entitled to. I thank God for it, for I hold it in utter abhorrence."

Yes, said the learned counsel, no doubt she then held it in utter abhorrence. While she was pure and uncontaminated she held it not in abhorrence, but when she had deviated from the path of virtue, she no doubt abhorred the name of the man whom she had wounded by the most cruel of all injuries. She did not return home that night, but the next morning her husband received a message that she was at a neighbour's house, and desired to see him. He accordingly attended, and then she exhibited a gleam of remorse for her misconduct. When she saw her husband, she exclaimed, "Whitford, you cannot, will not forgive me." At that time he did not know the extent of his injury, but immediately she confessed that she had dishonoured his bed, and complained that James, their lodger, had seduced her from her duty. All she requested was, that her husband would restore her to her parents, which notwithstanding his injuries he promised he would do. Of short duration was her better resolve, and so true was it, that when the bounds of virtue was once transgressed, and the mind became familiarised with guilt, that it acted without remorse, what in its pure state it could not contemplate

without horror, for in a few weeks after this event she publicly married her hoary seducer, and for that act she now stood arraigned as a criminal at the bar of justice, to answer for the crime. The learned counsel concluded by stating, that he should call his witnesses to prove his case. The punishment, if she was found guilty, would be apportioned by the superior wisdom of his lordship; but there remained yet this consolation for the unhappy woman at the bar, that she was tried before a judge, who always tempered judgment with mercy.

David Laing; the Greta Green parson, was first called. He stated, that he performed the ceremony over the prisoner and her husband, in his way; that was, he read nothing but he said something off the tongue, and authorized them to cohabit together.

The Lord Chief Baron said, he would not admit this as a marriage. He asked him what he was. He replied a tobacconist. His lordship observed, that a fellow or two, like the witness, did these sort of things, but both himself and the parties were liable to punishment.

Mr. Curwood said the marriage was irregular; but that did not vitiate it, though it subjected the parties to punishment. He understood by the Scotch law, there were two species of marriages.

Lord Chief Baron.—"I cannot take your understanding of the law of Scotland; I must have it certified by the lord advocate, or one of the judges of the court. There is no doubt but a valid marriage in Scotland, or in China is valid any where; but the law of every foreign country must be certified. If you have any advocate of character I will receive his testimony."

Counsel.—Will your lordship permit the witness to give evidence of the law?

Lord Chief Baron.—No; certainly not. I will not receive the law of Scotland from a tobacconist.

The prisoner was accordingly acquitted for want of evidence.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

Elegant Edition of BLACKSTONE'S
COMMENTARIES.

This work, in two editions, (8vo. and 12mo.) was commenced in June 1807, and prosecuted with success until the 17th of January, at which time the third volume was nearly completed.

On that day a fire, which began in an adjoining store, reached the printing office of the publishers, and consumed three fourths of the second 12mo. volume, the third volumes of both editions, and all the paper and other materials for the fourth volumes. The printing apparatus was also in a great measure lost: two presses having been burnt, two others materially injured; a great part of the types destroyed, and those which were saved, rendered imperfect and almost useless.

Thus have the publishers been deprived of a great proportion of this valuable work; and a new and elegant printing apparatus. A circumstance which adds peculiar weight to this calamity is, that owing to another recent and very heavy misfortune, they had been deprived of all their other property. The completion of this work, therefore, was their only remaining hope.

Under the pressure of these repeated misfortunes proposals are offered for the publication of the work. It is the only mode which remains to the publishers; and should this fail, the sheets which are not consumed will be more than lost, as they are pledged beyond their value for moneys already expended on the work.

The first volume is presented as a specimen; by which it will be perceived, that, while gratifying the better feelings of the heart in relieving the unfortunate, the subscribers will entitle themselves respectively to a

valuable set of Books, accurately and elegantly printed, and cheaper than any other Law Book published in this country.

☞ Money in advance is not made a condition of this subscription; but the whole, or any part of the sum, will be highly acceptable to the publishers.

Portland, January, 1808.

GALLANT ACTION.

Gibraltar, May 24.

The following particulars of a most brilliant achievement performed by his majesty's frigate *Sirius*, captain Prowse, on the coast of Italy, have been received from an officer on board the frigate, and may be depended upon. We publish them without comments: no praise can heighten the merit which the bare unadorned account bespeaks in the gallant commander and his brave crew.

H. M. S. Sirius, April 26, 1808.

"On Thursday, April 17, we gained information from a vessel we boarded at sea, that a French national squadron, consisting of one ship, three brigs, one bombard, and five heavy gun vessels had sailed, that morning, from Civita-Vecchia for Naples. We immediately made all sail in chase of them, and at four o'clock, had the pleasure of seeing them from our mast head, and cleared ship for action; at six o'clock saw them very plain from our deck, under easy sail, and apparently determined to wait our attack; at half-past six they hove to, and at seven we commenced action on both sides within pistol shot; at eight observed several of the enemy's vessels much damaged, and running in for the land, we still in close action with the ship and three brigs; at a quarter past nine, the ship ceased firing, and hailed us to say she had struck. I am sorry that we could not take possession of some other vessel, the night being so very

dark, and our ship crippled and close to the land. However, we have given them something to remember us. The ship is la Bergere, and now with us at Malta. They mounted in the whole ninety-three guns, and six hundred and sixty-one men, which you will see by the list of them I send you. I can assure you we found enough to do with the whole of them—for the water was so smooth that all their guns told; and for a frigate, like the Sirius of thirty-six guns, and only two hundred and sixty men, to have ninety-three guns, and six hundred and sixty-one men against her, it was serious indeed. Captain Prowse has lost his nephew (Mr. Adair) a very fine young man; his brother was killed on board the Victory with Lord Nelson; he was captain of the marines. I am sorry to say that we had nine killed and twenty wounded."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and jocular ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE TOOTH-ACH.

A Man there was, who Fortune's blessings
quaff'd,
And sure he had no reason to complain,
Had not Dame Nature, as she view'd the
draught,
Made his poor teeth too sensible of pain.

Sometimes it would the form of grandeur
take,
Swelling his cheeks to a majestick size;
And oft it would assume a meaner make,
And like a bruiser close up both his eyes.

In short, in every shape that tooth-ach
owns,
He luckless felt and knew it still the
same,
And midst a useless burst of speaking
groans,
He tried all recipes that art could name;

Had stew'd his chops in vinegar and ginger;
With mustard blister'd them, the pain to
check;

And when provok'd by too severe a twin-
ger,

He ate red-hot wild turnips by the peck.
Galen had call'd, and Esculapius too,

To try their mental and their manual
force;

But nought avail'd which they could say or
do;

They broke the teeth, and left the suffer-
er worse:

To time and patience then was left the cure,
Whose motions, though but slow, are al-
ways sure.

One day this man, entirely free from pain,
Rambling on horseback o'er a neighbour-
ing hill,...

Fancied he heard in accents wild and shrill,
The voice of anguish flit across the plain.

He thought he guess'd the cause—with
eager haste

He spur'd his courser to a gallop's
speed;

And as o'er fence and wall the sound he
chas'd,

Soon gain'd the house from whence it
did proceed.

There, as he stopp'd, a woman he espied,
Whose wailings added to the general
clatter;

So, springing from his horse, he breathless
cried;

La! help us—say, good woman what's
the matter?

My son (she cried) by a most dreadful fall
Has broke his leg—no comfort can the
youth take.

Poh! said the man (remounting) is that all,
I really thought the fellow had the
TOOTH-ACH!

THE CONCEITED FLY.

'Twas in the charming month of May,
(No matter, critick, for the day)
When Phœbus had his noon attain'd,
And in his blaze of glory reign'd,
A FLY, as gay as e'er was seen,
Chad for in azure, jet and green,
Gay, for his part, as birthday beau,
Whose soul is vanish'd into show,
On PAUL's fam'd temple chanc'd to light,
To ease his long, laborious flight.
There, as his opticks gaz'd around,
An inch or two their utmost bound,
He thus began:—"Men vainly tell
How they in works of skill excel:
This edifice they proudly show,
To prove what human art can do.
'Tis all a cheat—before my eyes
What infinite disorders rise!
Here hideous cavities appear,

And broken precipices *there* :
They never us'd the plane or line,
But jumbled heaps without design."

He ceas'd contemptuous; and, as *FLIES*
Discern with microscopick eyes,
From what he saw he reason'd right ;
But how inadequate his sight
To mark the building from its base,
The pillar-pomp the sculptur'd grace,
The dome, the cross, the golden ball,
Much less the grand result of all !

So impious *WITS*, with proud disdain,
REDEMPTION's hidden ways arraign,
Deem it beneath a *BEING* wise ;
And judging with their insect eyes,
View but a part, and then deny
Th' *ETERNAL WISDOM* of the sky.

For The Port Folio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Lucan's Works I never saw,
but a little volume of Flores Poetarum some time ago fell into my hands, in which, among other exquisite morsels, I met with a passage, or rather a little poem, from that authour, (for I suppose it to be an entire composition, by way of epigram, upon some *old man* of Verona) which pleased me so much that I attempted an imitation of it. If you should think it worthy of a place in your very respectable Miscellany, the writer, to be sure, would be gratified; and he flatters himself that he shall have some credit, at least with your classical readers, for introducing the original to their notice.

M. L.

Felix, qui propriis aevum transegit in arvis,
Ipsa domus puerum quem videt, ipsa senem ;

Qui bacculo nitens, in qua reptavit arena,
Unius numerat secula longa casae.
Illum non vario traxit fortuna tumultu,
Nec bibit ignotas mobilis hospes aquas,
Nec freta mercator timuit, non classica miles,

Non rauci lites pertulit ille fori.
Indocilis rerum, vicinae nescius urbis,
Aspectu fruitur liberiore poli ;

Frugibus alternis, non consule computat annum

Autumnū pomis, ver sibi flore notat.
Idem condit ager solem, idemque reducit,
Metiturque suo — orbe diem ;

Ingentemque meminit parvo qui gramine quercum,

Aequaeumque videt consenuisse nemus

IMITATED.

Happy the man, who, satisfied at home,
From his own dwelling never learnt to roam,

And bending now with age, on the same floor

Of native earth, on which he crawl'd of yore,

Marks with his staff, a calculation rude,
And tells the years his rural cot hath stood.

He with no rage of rambling folly curst,
E'er toil'd at bar'rous streams to slake his thirst,

For love of gain ne'er plough'd the wintry wave,

Nor risk'd his life among the madly brave.

The bar he ne'er frequented, for he thought

That right by wrangling was too dearly bought.

Heedless of bustling life, e'en the next town,

With all its wealth and vice, to him is still unknown.

Looks he abroad? The scenery of the sky
An unbought pleasure offers to his eye :

By crops alternate, not by calendars,
He measures time, and ascertains the years.

In mellow fruits the fall is manifest,
Gay flowers the spring sufficiently attest,

And even the hours he practically knows,
Assign'd to food, to labour, or repose.

To him his fields appear to occupy
Th' extent of day, and meet the bending sky.

Proportion'd to his wish, his little round

He scans with joy, nor craves a larger bound ;

Of things remote incurious, and at ease,
Repos'd beneath contemporary trees,

Fondly compares their period with his own,
Together young—together aged grown.

For The Port Folio.

The ensuing lines composed on the writer's eighteenth birthday, (November 5th, 1807), and referring to some incidents of his life, have been published in the *Luzerne Fédéralist*, (Wilkesbarre). One line of the last verse was omitted at the Press; for which reason, as well as to see it preserved in a favourite Miscellany, it is offered to *The Port Folio*, by one of the Editor's many admirers.

Coronation of Love.

In the vale of the south all verdant and gay,
 Delightful as Love, and as fair to behold,
 In the Hall of her Temple, the Goddess
 of May,
 Reared her altar of crimson, green, velvet, and gold.
 There flowers festooning, light, waving,
 and blooming,
 The valleys perfuming, around her they bring;
 Here richly parading, there wantonly
 braiding,
 Adorning, and shading, the palace of
Spring.
 The lords of the forest had gathered
 around
 The high-born magnolia, palm, cedar
 and pine,
 For the canopy evergreen Laurels were
 found,
 And the columns were graced with the
 promising vine:
 There the far-foreign flowers were brought
 by the Hours,
 In vestments and bowers by nymphs to
 be wove:
 The birds all enfolden, in white, blue,
 and golden,
 All wing for beholding the Crowning of
Love.
 On the throne of enchantment the young
 angel stands,
Spring-brought; with her virgins luxu-
 riant and fair,
 A garland envoven by beautiful hands,
 Buds and blossoms united, with true
 lover's hair.
 The daughters of Flora, the rose in its
 glory,
 The lily so snowy, from garden and
 grove,
 Their beauties all lending, combining and
 blending,
 Rejoiced in attending the crowning of
Love.
 Summer came with her halo; she blushed,
 and she smiled,
 And Autumn her gold-headed branches
 did bring;
 But lo! desolation: all howling and wild,
Winter marched with his storms through
 the palace of *Spring*.
 Wild, wild, and unsparing, with meteor
 eye glaring,
 The wide valley baring, he came in his
 wrath,

Exultingly viewing winds wasting and
 strewing,
 Loudly reared on the ruin the King of
 the North.

CARLOS.

From Hafiz, Gazel 1.

In my bosom the Loves and the Roses com-
 bine,
 Light and glad is my heart in the banquet
 of wine:
 My beloved surrenders the blessings I
 crave,
 And the monarch of nations this day is my
 slave!
 Boy, listen! no flambeau, no high chande-
 lier
 Do we ask to illumine the assembly of love,
 For the moon of the cheeks of my angel is
 here,
 And her eyes in their splendour and
 majesty move.
 In the chamber of dalliance burn no per-
 fumes,
 No spices shall smoke in the banquetting
 rooms;
 For, O! can the musk or the spices com-
 pare
 With the odours embalm'd in my fav'rite's
 hair.
 Speak not of the savours of some foreign
 land,
 Of sugars, of honey, or even of wine;
 For the lips of my love are more luscious
 and bland,
 And sweeter, still sweeter, when press'd
 unto mine.
 I list to the flute and the harp in its song!
 Thy voice is by far more enchanting than
 those;
 I look on the wine as it passes along,
 But thy sweetness excels both the wine
 and the rose.
 Seat not thyself, Hafiz, but on thy love's
 seat;
 Be the wine in thy cup, let the night-
 ingales sing:
 'Tis the season of roses and jessamines
 sweet,
 Drink, kiss and be gay—'tis the banquet
 of spring.

CARLOS.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI.

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 16, 1808.

No. 3.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 21.)

LETTER XXXI.

My dear E—,

THE death of the tyrant Robespierre arrested the operations of his admirers and followers in Geneva, and the revolutionary administration, which had so timely or rather so cheerfully submitted to the insurrection of the mountaineers, now resumed its functions, and still acting in imitation of the parent government, proceeded to punish some of the inferiour agents of the party, not as guilty of the crimes, which they really had committed, but as anarchists and as conspirators against the independence of the republic in conjunction with Soulavie, who had lately

been recalled: but the object of Soulavie had rather been mischief and destruction than reunion; and Robespierre had taken credit for having respected the independence of Geneva, in opposition, perhaps, as much as from any other motive, to his rival Brissot: it was not until 1798 that the danger became imminent; for the Directory had expressed a wish to annex Geneva to their Republick, and the Resident who had succeeded Soulavie, entered with zeal into the project, and left nothing undone which could effect the execution of it. The trade of the city, which depended upon a free passage through the neighbouring territories of France, was burthened with difficulties and restrictions, and the utmost vigilance and severity were exercised to prevent the entry of provisions; even the navigation of the lake was obstructed by batteries and armed vessels, and Geneva was made to suffer in time of peace, and from a

friend and ally the most intolerable of those evils, which are ever inflicted in time of war upon an enemy: the Genevans would it was expected, become in time tired of their own independence, and beg to be released from it, but neither threats nor inconveniences, nor even promises of more splendid times could gain upon their patriotism; even the revolutionary magistrates, who though relieved from the despotism of the violent mountaineers, still governed more by clubs and illegal associations, than by law, were attached to the independence of the state, and that single merit seemed to make amends in the minds of their unhappy countrymen, for all the cruelty and injustice that had been perpetrated; they were like the uncle in the play, when he forgives all the faults and follies of a nephew, who had refused to sell *his* picture: and never surely had a people more reason to complain: to the revolutionary tribunal of ninety-four, had succeeded a commission of liquidation, which proceeded very deliberately to inquire into the circumstances of every individual, to scrutinize his political sentiments, and to levy a tax upon him in relation to both: of this the lower classes felt nothing; they were already reduced to penury by that idleness and those habits of dissipation which the revolutionary government had promoted and encouraged, and by the total stagnation of trade; the inhabitants of the subject-territory could not be made to understand how a revolution, from which such blessings had been promised, could occasion such a demand for money; the democrat could not be called upon for pecuniary sacrifices, after all the personal services he had ren-

dered; the aristocrat, in short, the Genevan attached to the ancient order of things, who had done nothing for the revolution, was to pay for all, and that insult and mockery might be added to injustice, the publick were told in a proclamation, of the close connexion there was between poverty and liberty, and how essential it was to the existence of all free states, that there should be a perfect equality of condition—the demands of government were in many instances equal to thirty and forty per centum of the supposed capital of individuals, and a large portion of their property was to be sold at any price in order to raise it: numbers were ruined by this tyrannical exaction, others preferred leaving every thing at the mercy of these robbers, armed with the powers of law, and the city once so gay, so thickly inhabited, so much the seat of happiness, and so commercial, became in all the upper part of it, but a gloomy collection of empty houses, with here and there a solitary citizen plodding his way home along the grass-grown streets—his situation there was sad indeed: Trade and manufactories were now at an end, the funds of France paid no interest, or paid in assignats, and the general distress was increased by want in all the bitterness of humiliation: one respectable father of a family, whom I frequently see, has told me that he maintained his wife and children by copying; luckily for him he wrote a good hand, and there was always some plan of a constitution, some new law in agitation, which it was necessary to have a fair copy of before it could be printed: in another family, which I also know, and which had, for many years, lived in decent plenty,

the great object of their solicitude was to be provided, beforehand, with as many bushels of potatoes, for they aspired to no other food, as would last them through the winter. Such were the blessed effects of that revolutionary spirit which had been represented as likely to give rise to a better era in human affairs, and of which you must have heard a great many of your friends speak in terms of great admiration. Heaven grant that the dreadful lesson may have its proper effect, that we may be taught in time the danger of lodging power where there is no responsibility of property, and of letting loose the lower orders of society to prey at large and gratify every vicious passion at the expense of their fellow citizens. The body of the people seemed, during the gloomy interval of four years which succeeded the insurrection of ninety-four, to be, however, recovering from their insanity; those who had acted as leaders to the rest felt themselves called upon to explain to the world, in the best manner they could, the conduct they had pursued; and all, with at least a very small exception, remained attached to the independence of their country: but the revolutionary party, not taught experience by the evils which had overwhelmed France, nor by the scenes of misery and distress which they had witnessed at home, nor softened by the tacit agreement which the majority seemed desirous of entering into, to forgive and to forget all that was past, continued to interfere in an illegal and tumultuous manner with the administration of government, and affected to be distinguished by emblems upon their flag of reunion, and in the celebration of their festivals, which

are too horrible for description; they proceeded to such lengths at last, they rendered themselves so odious and oppressive, that the Resident of France, who had been always anxious to find a pretext for annexing Geneva to the great Republick, assigned their conduct as a reason why the Directory should intervene and protect the good and ancient allies of France from such a scene of brutal ferocity, and such domestick tyranny: and yet this was the very party, these were the very men, whom this very Resident had presented to General Buonaparte on his passage through Geneva but six months before, as the steady friends of liberty and social order! But it was necessary, it seems, if he meant to keep his employment, that he should promote the views of the Directory, who had lately expressed their desire of a union, as they were pleased to call it, with Geneva, and who were known to pursue their purposes, upon all occasions, with unrelenting perseverance: they had forgotten, or perhaps they were ignorant of the language held the year before by the Resident Resnier, when he presented the standard of France to the administrative council of Geneva; it was a solemn pledge, he said, which the great nation now gave of their friendship to the sister Republick, whose freedom and prosperity they would always cherish and protect. The Resident Adet, who preceded Resnier, had expressed himself to the same purpose—"France, he said, whose liberty is now established upon a basis never to be shaken, can never cease to love and to respect the liberty of others; far from seeing their independence insulted, each weaker state would find in France its best

defender." The utmost, however, which the general council, now open to nearly all who chose to be of it, could be brought to consent to, was, that a committee should be appointed to devise such measures as might best contribute to strengthen the bond of union with France: they were willing indeed under the specious name of a closer connexion to make every sacrifice but that of their political independence; they offered to place their means of defence and of subsistence, and the regulation of their custom-house in the hands of French agents, provided that what little would then remain of independence could be respected, and with that view the committee addressed the resident in terms of the most pathetick eloquence: But the savage, unprincipled ravisher was not to be so moved—Geneva, though disgraced by internal faction, though disarmed, depressed, impoverished, and almost depopulated, was a victim not unworthy the voracity of his masters: a corps of troops had been kept in readiness for that purpose, and on the 16th of April, 1798, while the sovereign council was in session, and about to decide on the powers of the committee, a party of Hussars entered at the same moment each of the three gates, disarmed the guards, paraded in military form through the city, and established themselves as in time of war: all that could now be done was to procure a sort of capitulation, in which the expiring republic stipulated for a few advantages, the principal of which was that the Genevans should retain the direction of those funds, that had been appropriated by their ancestors to the encouragement of learning, and the maintenance of the poor; thus expiating in some

degree the crimes and irregularities of the last six years, by this final exercise of their independence in behalf of charity and of science. France was now meanly possessed "of a mere lifeless violated form," but the world was told, that the directory had listened to the solicitations of the Genevans, and received them into the bosom of the great republick. "Citizen directors," says the resident in his official communication to the French government, "all is joy and happiness in Geneva—a solemn deputation from ————"

——— I will not degrade myself so far as to enter into particulars: your publick functions will cease tomorrow, and the sovereign council of the state, announced to me their wish of being united to France, and I have in your name accepted their offer, and confirmed forever the happiness of the Genevan people. The true patriot was not to be awed by the vociferation of a few wretches in the pay of England, nor alarmed at their poinards, and the wish of a very large majority of the citizens, solemnly convened for that purpose in all the forms of law, and expressed in terms the most affectionate, has induced me to order a small body of troops to enter the city—no words can express the general joy; every corner of Geneva resounds with patriotick songs, and the only contest is, who shall best receive their brave defenders." On the very day of this gross violation of truth, the resident had addressed an insulting message to the government of Geneva, now in the last hours of its existence; the syndick and council had expressed themselves like men, who knew their deplorable situation, but like the magistrates

of a people once free; "Your note" says the resident," does not surprise me, it is consistent with your general conduct, and with those principles which rendered the interference of France necessary: it is of very little consequence to France and to your fellow-citizens, by what publick act it may please you to terminate them."

LETTER XXXII.

In the account which Dalrymple gives of the siege of Limerick, you may remember how much was effected by the enthusiasm of a few spirited young men, who raised the drawbridge in the face of an advanced corps of king James's army, and encouraged their townsmen to a desperate and successful resistance: I have often wished, that some such generous youths had existed in Geneva, on the 16th of April, and that the drawbridge had been raised: the directory appear to have been at that moment rather desirous of acquiring a character for moderation. They had lately expressed themselves, at the reception of the agent from the government of Tuscany, as being to be hereafter swayed by no principles but those of general good will under the guidance of the strictest impartiality and uprightness; they might have refrained from inflicting the horrors of a siege or an assault upon an unoffending city, they might have been ashamed of entering upon a quarrel, so like that which the wolf forces upon the lamb, in one of *Æsop's* fables, and might have respected the last struggles of patriotism in their unhappy neighbour. It is idle however to reason upon what might have been the consequences of another course of events, or to consider the trans-

actions of past times any other-wise than as facts, from which we may derive experience for the government of our own affairs. I have mentioned in a former letter, the effect which the union with France appeared to have upon the manners and customs of Geneva, and it is right that I should now give you some idea of the consequences which that event has been attended with in matters of manufactory and commerce, and I do so with the more pleasure, as I have much better authority to go upon than my own observation. Previously to the year 1792, the money held by citizens of Geneva in the funds of France, amounted to at least——. Of this upwards of two thirds have been sunk by the partial bankruptcy of the French republick during the revolution, to the distress and indeed ruin of numbers, who not satisfied with the disposing of their own original fortunes in that manner, had borrowed largely for the purpose: The remaining third, brings an interest of five per cent. but sells if the holder choses to draw his money out of the funds at the loss of forty per cent.; so that a capital of a hundred pounds, before the revolution, brings in but one pound, thirteen shillings and five pence of yearly interest, and sells for less than twenty pounds. As the money so lost, however, consisted in general of what had been formerly saved, the consequences would not have been irretrievable, had not the means of subsequent accumulations been destroyed by the union: seated as it were upon an island amidst surrounding nations, Geneva carried on its commerce formerly with all the advantages of uninterrupted neutrality: the raw materials for different manufactories

were imported free of duty, spices and every article of grocery were brought in, from the East and West-Indies, and the city was like an immense and well-assorted warehouse, from which the people of the neighbouring country to the distance of nearly two hundred miles in every direction, were supplied on easy terms: six thousand persons, and many of them women, were employed in the various branches of watch-making to the yearly value in exportation of three hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds, and fifteen hundred workmen found constant employ in the manufactory of calicoes and printed linens: there were some other manufactories of less importance; and the business of printing was carried on to great extent, while a bank, established for the special purpose, facilitated the payment of all labourers and journeymen: the poor, meantime, were amply provided for, not only from the funds of the hospital, but from the very liberal and regular donations of private families, making altogether a sum not inferior to the revenue of the state, which was about twenty-five thousand pounds a year. The act which rendered Geneva French put an end, as you may suppose, to the greater part of its commercial advantages; the admission of every raw material or other article of foreign produce, became subject to the duties of a French custom-house, and all such were prohibited as there was the slightest prospect of procuring from any part of France: in addition to the very natural, though in some instances ill-judged desire of promoting their native manufactories, the government of France seems blinded by the headlong passion of injuring England: Every article from that country, even

such as long use had rendered necessary, and as cannot be supplied elsewhere, are strictly prohibited; an army of custom-house officers are seen prowling about the environs, or basking in the sun at the gates of the town, and a whole nation of smugglers has been called into existence. The commerce of Geneva is now sunk to nearly nothing, the fifteen hundred workmen at the calico manufactory are diminished to less than a third; the numbers of those employed in the various branches of watch-making are still more diminished, and the trade in East and West-India articles is confined to the consumption of the city. The spirit of charity is as fervent as ever, but the administrators of the hospital are every year obliged to encroach upon their capital, and the probability is, that the means of relief will decrease as rapidly as the number of the poor increases. The only class which appears to flourish is that of the smugglers, whose industry stimulated by twenty-five per cent. keeps the city perfectly well supplied with cloths and velverets of English manufacture, which being better, and wonderful to tell, cheaper than can be furnished in France, are openly exposed to sale, and very generally worn: this is in great measure the case wherever I have been; the only effect therefore of these prohibitory regulations with respect to English manufactories is, to render them of somewhat less common use, and infinitely more expensive, and this is effected by employing above seventy thousand chosen men in a way destructive of military discipline, by corrupting the morals of the frontier inhabitants along a space of perhaps three thousand English miles, and by affording ille-

gal employment to numbers, whose talents and whose activity might have rendered them useful members of society. Could the government adopt the wisdom of Canut the great, when seated amid his courtiers on the brink of the ocean, and acknowledge that there are occasions, in which empire is not to be attempted; would they reflect upon the enormous sacrifice of fifty and sometimes of fifty-two per cent. which is made on the receipts of the custom, in their present mode of collection; would they be satisfied with a duty of eight or ten per cent. on English goods, and employ no more officers and others than such a system required, I am persuaded that independently of every other advantage, there would result an increase of revenue equal to the maintenance and equipment of a large army or a powerful fleet, or to some other great national purpose of general utility.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

There is a certain mark of national relation that is obvious enough, and yet as far as I know but seldom taken notice of. The successive application of names, though a matter of no great moment, to the inquisitive mind may become a useful hint, or perhaps an amusive speculation. It is probable that my remarks will labour under no small share of imperfection, but either a conviction of some real value in them, or a sort of parental partiality, has disposed me to let them answer for themselves to the intelligent reader as well as they can.

It may previously be observed that nations commence very differently; that while one appears to spring from its own root, another may be consi-

dered as a slip taken from the branches of its parent tree, to find itself a root wherever Divine Providence may be pleased to plant it. That the former will have a language, as well as arts of their own invention, while the latter are content to make use of the inventions of their ancestors, to which they have already in their individual capacity been accustomed. That though the latter find themselves immediately in possession of the arts and habits of civil society, yet their political existence as truly commences at the time of their emigration, as if they had just emerged from a state of nature.

Hence it will be easy to observe the comparative longevity of nations; for laws, customs, and arts, which commonly bear the stamp of their inventors, naturally mark the precedence of such inventors in relation to any others who may be found in possession of them, unless they were imposed by the former as conquerors.

As to the subject of this essay, proper names are either peculiar to some nation, or common to several nations; to some one of which however they are ultimately referable. There are various affinities that lead to a determination of this sort. Not only the language whereby we are enabled to make out a rational etymology of proper names of the same origin with itself, but the very form of the word, which often preserves its native character under all the disguise of successive modifications; the arts which may have flourished in such a nation, frequently influencing the denomination of individuals; or perhaps their very genius or ruling passion, will not allow us to look any further for the origin of names, with which it is so remarkably in unison.

For example—if it were proved that the Gauls made use of German names, and at the same time that those names appeared to be German by all the evidence that the case admitted of, we had no intimation of any event that could have introduced

them as an innovation, the relation of elder and younger would immediately present itself, and we should consider the latter as beholden to the former for their modes of business and pleasure, and perhaps for their laws and scheme of government; as the Romans imported the twelve tables from Greece.

Thus then when two nations have from time immemorial continued at peace with each other, or at least without any war terminating in conquest, and the proper names generally in use are common to both, with this difference, that by comparing them with their languages respectively they appear to be natural to one and ascriptions to the other, we immediately assign a subsequent origin to the latter, as the reason of such difference. The names that we use in America are generally English, and appear to have originated with the English language; and until it appears that these names were imposed upon us by conquest, or that in consequence of some grand revolution they were adopted, to the exclusion of those which sprung up with us, and were coeval with our language, supposing we had a language our own, we unavoidably conclude from such use of English names, that we are a younger nation than the English.

But this is not the only light in which the communication of names may be viewed. In some cases it does not so much discover the difference of age as the difference of power. The Greeks were older than the Romans, and were able to furnish them with laws and philosophy, but being inferior in national strength, very few of their names had the honour of being transferred to an Italian subject: They were sometimes indeed given to servants, and persons of mean profession, as Chloë or Briseis to girls, and Epictetus, Dionysius or Phædrus, to men servants, as we have Pompeys and Cæsars among the negroes; but we find no Pericles or Demosthenes among their statesmen, nor do we find any Leoni-

dases or Epaminondases among their generals.

There are two reasons why one nation becoming superiour to another in war transfuses its names and titles into the subjugated party. The government is put into the hands of such persons as the conqueror can most safely confide in, who are undoubtedly his own countrymen. They are attended by their families and a train of inferior officers. These bring their vernacular tongue with them; and at least familiarize their names to the natives. Thus for a long time after the conquest of Asia, by Alexander the Great, the most of those to whom history attributes any importance in that extensive country, are called by Greek names; and in Carthage and its dependencies, after it was overpowered by the Romans, the Maximians, the Crispins, and the Cæcilians, occur as frequently as if Campania itself had been translated into Africa.

A second reason is, that the natives not only become reconciled to their conquerors, but in process of time seem proud to lose their original character in the more prevailing reputation of the reigning party, and consequently seek to favour the fortunes of their posterity by naming them after distinguished individuals of that party; as in England, after the Norman conquest had become well settled, a descendant of Saxon or British ancestors would have been not at all displeased at being transplanted into the genealogy of one of William's barons.

There are very few nations but what exemplify these observations. Even the Romans, who for a long time were invincible, and during that time were proudly tenacious of Roman names, at length were fain to receive even the terms of their existence from Barbarians, and in consequence of such subjection, adopted names that would have equally offended their pride and gratified their ears in better times. Who would think that such names as Druculf, Agilulf, Grimoald and Luit-

prand, could ever have become tolerable to a nation, who, in imitation of the Greeks, had made their language the test of civilization, and insulted those who were unintelligible to them with the appellation of Barbarians. But those names were naturalized in Italy, and however their asperities may have been worked down by a pronunciation characteristically soft and musical, they are still terrible to the eye, and emphatically tell the savage origin of the modern Romans.

In reading the history of Asia and Egypt, from the time that Macedonian valour exerted itself with such vast advantage in the affairs of the world, till it was absorbed in the empire of Rome, we are sufficiently informed of its prevalence by the circumstance of names. As by observing the name of a remarkable person disseminated in a neighbourhood, we know that the people of such neighbourhood, are either descendants of that person, or that by some considerable benefaction they have been disposed to keep his name alive; so when we observe the annals of Alexandria, of Babylon and Antioch, thickly sown with Grecian names, we pause with heedful reverence, as o'er the vestiges of genius and magnanimity, and pay the willing tribute of our admiration to a people, who could leave so advantageous an impression of themselves upon the greatest part of the civilized world.

Greek names are so much of the Greek language; and therefore to those who read Greek, represent general ideas as well as the individuals to whom they were appropriated; and, though perhaps I shall be thought fanciful, that circumstance alone has sometimes relieved the obscurity of a page over-charged with those hard-featured words, like clouds, which make some amends for shutting out the beams of the sun by shedding a little light of their own. Moreover if every word were obliterated but those names, although the narrative would be lost, there would still be signification, and no mean

signification neither, as it would present us with ideas familiar only to generous minds, and give us honourable notions of human nature.

It is no strange thing that a nation should, in the first instance, make use of significant names. I believe they universally do so. But it is wonderful that those names should continue intelligible for three thousand years, as among the Greeks, while no torture of criticism could discover a particle of meaning in most of the surnames of nations with whose commencement we are much better acquainted. At least it proves the antiquity and permanency of the Greek language, forming itself into an intellectual habit equally convenient at the Trojan war and in the nineteenth century of the Christian era: and from the same circumstance, the Hebrew makes a still more venerable figure, for their proper names, with a very few exceptions, are compounded of words of common use in their language; and as the custom of applying significant or characteristick names seldom occurs but in the earlier annals of any nation, and the patriarchal names are evidently of this sort, we have the pleasure of thinking that the very Hebrew we now read, was spoken by Abraham, and perhaps by Adam in Paradise.

There was an instance in England of the adoption of characteristick names somewhat out of season; according to our doctrine; but it must be remembered that things were then much out of their common course, and that the men who called themselves Kill-sin and I'aint-not, and the like, fancied themselves to be making all things new, and bringing about a revolution, in comparison with which, any other event of the political world would be not worth mentioning; so that we recognize the same reason for the practice, namely, the spirit of enterprize natural to a rising state; and, from the complexion of those names, with equal certainty infer the state of the

times; for what could better designate the reign of fanaticism?

I have no doubt that some future age will observe a certain fanciful innovation of the eighteenth century, whereby the ladies, instead of the uncouth names of their grandmothers, have designated themselves by the enchanting sounds of Leonora, Evelina, and it will be acknowledged that they have manifested some taste by such a choice: but the wonder will be, whence they got them; until some dealer in literary curiosities informs them that there were *then* a sort of books that they called novels, that he had actually seen one himself that had some how survived the injuries of time; that those books depended very much upon such names for something that the ladies were very fond of, called sentiment; in short that they became sentimental themselves (whatever that may mean) and that it was very natural for them to identify themselves, in name, with characters that they had assimilated themselves to in idea.

I shall mention one more instance of the indirect importance of names, which, as a Christian, I must be allowed to exult in. It is hardly necessary to say, that whatever illustrates the truth and validity of the Bible, makes some addition to my happiness. But however that may be, there are no persons or institutions, that have been recognized in this manner so extensively as those of holy writ. In what civilized country can we make acquaintance without meeting with John, Thomas, Abraham, Joseph? The name of the first man, as called in our scriptures, was known to the East-Indians before their communications with the Europeans. There must have been a vast impetus to those names, or rather in the characters that invested them, to have defied oblivion, and propagated themselves so far beyond the memory of every thing else; and this I attribute (though philosophy should smile at my credulity) to the divinity of that revelation in which they were concerned. M. L.

From the New-York EVENING POST.

Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

We republish the following letter on white-washing, as much with the view of restoring it to its rightful owner, the late Francis Hopkinson, Esq. of Philadelphia, as from a desire to treat our readers with a piece of such genuine humour. Strange as it may seem, although it was printed in Hopkinson's Works several years ago, it has now been going the round of our newspapers, and credit given for it to the *Northumberland Gazette*, published we believe somewhere in the state of Pennsylvania. Justice forbids us to permit that a piece of so much merit should be stolen, and the fraud pass unnoticed; a fraud the more contemptible as the person guilty of it has resorted to the pitiful trick of occasionally altering a word or two in a sentence, in the hope of thus escaping detection, *à la manière de Briget*.

A Letter from a gentleman in America to his friend in Europe.

ON WHITE-WASHING.

When a young couple are about to enter on the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage-treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested exercise of the rights of *White-washing*, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. You will wonder what this privilege of white-washing is. I will endeavour to give you some idea of the ceremony as I have seen it performed.

There is no season in the year in which the lady of the house may not claim the privilege of white-washing, but the last of May is most generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge by certain prognosticks when the storm is near at hand. When the lady is unusually fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the filthiness of everything about her, these are signs which ought not to be neglected; yet these are not decisive, as they sometimes occur and go off again, without producing any further effect. But if when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard a wheelbarrow with a quantity of lime in it, or cer

tain buckets with lime dissolved in them, there is then no time to be lost; he immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers or private property are kept, and putting the key in his pocket betakes himself to flight. For a husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage; his authority is superseded, his commission is suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more consideration and importance than he. He has nothing for it but to abdicate and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone the ceremony begins. The walls are in a few minutes stripped of their furniture; paintings, prints, and looking-glasses lie in huddled heaps about the floors, the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows; chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard, and the gardenfence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, and cloaks, old coats and ragged breeches. Here may be seen the lumber of the kitchen forming a dark and confused mass for the foreground of the picture; grid-irons, frying-pans, rusty shovels, and broken tongs, spits, and pots, joint-stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. There a closet has disgorged its bowels; riveted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physick, papers of unknown powders, seeds, and dried herbs, handfuls of old corks, tops of old teapots, and the stoppers of departed decanters, from rag hole in the garret, to the rat hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment. In this tempest the words of King Lear naturally present themselves, and might, with little alteration, be made strictly applicable:

—"Let the great gods

That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipt of Justice!—"Close pent up guilt,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
These dreadful summoners grace."

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is, to smear the walls and ceiling with brushes dipped in a solution of lime, called white-wash; to pour buckets of water on every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with hard brushes charged with soap-suds, and dipped in stonecutters' sand. The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her neck, and with a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, she dashes away innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of the passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of those water nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation; but after a long argument, it was determined by the whole court that the action would not lie; inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences; and so the poor gentleman was doubly non-suited—for he not only lost his suit of clothes, but a suit at law.

[Here the *Northumberland Gazette* thought fit to break off: the authour, however, continues his subject with equal felicity, as follows:]

These smearings and scratchings, these washings and dashing being duly performed, the next ceremony is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house raising or a ship lanch—recollect if you can the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleansing match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make

things *clean*. It matters not how many useful, ornamental or valuable articles suffer death under the operation. A mahogany chair and a carved frame undergo the same discipline: they are to be made *clean* at all events; but their preservation is not worthy attention. For instance: a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; a number of smaller prints are piled upon it, until the superincumbent weight cracks the lower glass; but this is of no importance. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, till the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvas of the first.

The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned, the spirit and oil used on this occasion, are suffered to leak through and before the engraving—no matter! If the glass is clean and the frame shines it is sufficient; the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician hath made a calculation, founded on long experience, and proved that the losses and destruction incident to two white-washings are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

This cleansing frolick over, matters begin so resume their pristine appearance: the storm abates and all would be well again: but it is impossible that so great a convulsion in so small a community should pass over without producing some consequences. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore eyes, sore throats, or severe colds, occasioned by exhalations from wet floors and damp walls.

I know a gentleman here who is fond of accounting for every thing in a philosophical way. He considers this, which I call a custom, as a real, periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is whimsical and ingenious, but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was that he found the distemper to be incurable; but after

much study he thought he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building about twelve feet square to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables, and a few prints of the cheapest sort. His hope was that when the white-washing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub and scour and sweat to their hearts' content; and so spend the violence of this disease in this outpost, while he enjoyed himself in quiet at head-quarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once in every year, to turn him out of doors and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher; which is to cover the walls of the house with paper. This is generally done. And though it does not abolish, it at least shortens the period of female dominion. This paper is decorated with various fancies, and made so ornamental that the women have admitted the fashion without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress. He generally has the sole use of a small room for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, even in the white-washing season, and stands like the land of *Goshen* amid the plagues of *Egypt*. But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever upon his guard; for should he inadvertently go abroad and leave the key in his door, the house-maid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph with buckets, brooms and brushes—takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers *to rights*, to his ut-

ter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment. I can give you an instance :

A gentleman was sued at law by the executors of a mechanick, on a charge found against him in the deceased's books to the amount of thirty pounds. The defendant was strongly impressed with a belief that he had discharged the debt and taken a receipt : but as the transaction was of long standing, he knew not where to find the receipt. The suit went on in course, and the time approached when judgment should be obtained against him. He then sat down seriously to examine a large bundle of old papers, which he had untied and displayed on a table for the purpose. In the midst of his search he was suddenly called away on business of importance. He forgot to lock the door of his room. The house-maid who had been long looking for such an opportunity, immediately entered with the usual implements, and with great alacrity fell to cleaning the room and *putting things to rights*. One of the first objects that struck her eye was the confused situation of the papers on the table. These, without delay, she huddled together, like so many dirty knives and forks; but in the action a small piece of paper fell unnoticed on the floor, which happened to be the very receipt in question. As it had no very respectable appearance it was soon after swept out with the common dirt of the room and carried in a dust pan into the yard. The tradesman had forgot to enter the credit in his book. The defendant could find nothing to obviate the charge and so judgment went against him for debt and costs. A fortnight after the whole was settled, and the money paid, one of the children foud the receipt among the dirt in the yard.

It must be allowed that the ablutions I have mentioned are attended with no small inconveniencies; yet the women would not be induced by any consideration to resign their privilege.

Notwithstanding this singularity I can give you the strongest assurances that the women of America make the most faithful wives and the most attentive mothers in the world. And I dont doubt, but you will join me in opinion, that if a married man is made miserable only for one week in a whole year, he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

This letter has run on to a length I did not expect; I therefore hasten to assure you that I am, as ever,

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

To the Editor of the Columbian Magazine

SIR,

I have seen a piece in the Pennsylvania Packet, and republished in Mr. Carey's Museum, upon the custom of *White-Washing*, in which that necessary duty of a good housewife is treated with unmerited ridicule. I should have forgot the foolish thing, but the season approaching, which most women think suitable for cleansing their apartments of the smoke and dirt of the Winter, I hear this saucy authour dished up in every family, and his flippant performance quoted whenever a wife attempts to exercise her reasonable prerogative or execute the duties of the station.

Women generally employ their time to better purpose than scribbling. The care and comforts of a family rest principally on their shoulders: hence it is that there are but few female authours; and the men, knowing how necessary our attentions are to their happiness, take every opportunity of discouraging literary accomplishments in the fair sex. We hear it echoed from every quarter—"My wife cannot make verses, it is true, but she makes an excellent pudding—She cant correct the press, but she can correct her children,

and scold her servants with admirable discretion—she cant unravel the intricacies of political economy and federal government, but she can knit charming stockings.” And this they call praising a wife, and doing justice to her good character.

I say women generally employ their time to better purpose than in scribbling; otherwise this facetious writer had not escaped so long unanswered. We have ladies, who sometimes lay down the needle and take up the pen: I wonder none of them have attempted some reply. For my part, I do not pretend to be an authour: I never appeared in print in my life, but I can no longer forbear saying something in answer to such impertinence.

Only consider, Mr. Editor, our situation. Men are naturally inattentive to the decencies of life; but why should I be so complainant? I say they are naturally nasty beasts. If it were not that their connexion with the refined sex polished their manners, and had a happy influence on the general economy of life, these lords of the creation would wallow in filth, and populous cities would infect the atmosphere with their noxious vapours. It is the attention and assiduity of the women that prevent men from degenerating into swine.

How important, then, are the services we render! And, yet for these very services we are made the subject of ridicule and fun—base ingratitude!—nauseous creature! Perhaps you may think I am in a passion—no, Mr. Editor, I do assure you, I was never more composed in my life; and yet it is enough to provoke a saint, to see how unreasonably we are treated by the men—Why, now, there’s my husband, a good enough sort

of a man in the main, but I will give you a small sample of him: He comes into the parlour, the other day, where, to be sure, I was cutting up a piece of linen. “Lord,” says he, what a clutter here is—I cannot bear to see the parlour look like a tailor’s shop—besides, I am going to make some important philosophical experiments, and must have sufficient room.” You must know my husband is one of your would-be philosophers. Well—I bundled up my linen as quick as I could, and began to darn a pair of ruffles, which took up no room, and could give no offence. I was determined, however, to watch my lord and master’s important business. In about half an hour, the tables were covered with all manner of trumpery—bottles of water, phials of drugs, pasteboard, paper and cords, glue, paste, and gum-arabick, files, knives, scissors and needles, rosin, wax, silk, thread, rags, jags, tags, books, pamphlets, and manuscripts. Lord bless me! I am almost out of breath, and yet I have not enumerated half the articles. Well, to work he went, and although I did not understand the object of his manoeuvres, yet I could sufficiently discover that he did not succeed in any one operation: I was glad of that—yes, I confess, I was glad of that, and good reason too. After he had fatigued himself with mischief, like a monkey in a china shop, and had called the servants to clean every thing away, I took a view of the scene before me. I shall not even attempt a minute description—suffice it to say, that he had overset his inkstand, and stained my best mahogany table with ink; he had spilt a quantity of vitriol upon my carpet, and burned a hole in it; my marble hearth was all over spotted with

melted rosin; he had broken three china cups, two wine glasses, a tumbler, and one of my best decanters; and after all, as I said before, I perceived that he had not succeeded in any one operation. By-the-by—tell your friend, the white-wash scribbler, that this is one way by which our closets become furnished with “halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wine glasses, tops of tea-pots, and stoppers of departed decanters.” I say, I took a sober view of the dirt and devastation my philosophical husband had made; and there I sat, *like Patience on a monument smiling at Grief*; but it worked inwardly—yes, Mr. Editor, it worked inwardly, I would almost as lieve the melted rosin had been in his throat, and the vitriol upon his skin, as on my dear marble hearth and my carpet.

It is not true that women have no command over their own feelings; for notwithstanding this gross provocation I said nothing, or next to nothing; I only observed, very pleasantly, that a lady of my acquaintance had told me, that the reason why philosophers are called *literary* men, is because they frequently make a great *litter*—not a word more. However, the servant cleared away, and down sat the disappointed philosopher. A friend dropt in soon after—“Your servant, sir,—how do you do?”

“Oh Lord, I am almost fatigued to death—I have been all the morning making philosophical experiments.” I was now more hardly put to it to smother a laugh, than I had been just before to contain my resentment. My *Precious* went out soon after with his friend, and I, as you may well suppose, immediately mustered all my forces—brushes, buckets, soap, sand, lime-skins, and cocoa-nut shells—all the

powers of housewifery were employed. I was certainly the best philosopher of the two, for my experiments succeeded, and his did not: all was well again, except my broken ware and my carpet, my poor vitriolized carpet, which still remains a mournful memento of philosophick fury; or rather of philosophick folly.

This operation was scarce over, when in came my *experimental dear*, and told me, with all the indifference in the world, that he had invited six gentlemen to dine with him at three o'clock—it was then past one; I complained of the short notice: Poh! Poh! says he you can get a leg of mutton and a loin of veal, and a few potatoes, and it will do well enough. Heavens! what a chaos must the head of a philosopher be! a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, and potatoes! I was at a loss whether I should laugh or be angry. But there was no time for determining; I had but an hour and a half to do a world of business in. My carpet, which had suffered in the cause of experimental philosophy in the morning, was destined to be shamefully dishonoured in the afternoon by a deluge of filthy tobacco juice; gentlemen smokers and chewers love cigarrs and pigtail better than carpets.

Think, Mr. Editor, what a woman must endure under such circumstances; and then, after all, to be reproached with her cleanliness, and to have her white-washings, her scowerings, and scrubblings made the subject of publick ridicule, is more than patience can put up with.

What I have now exhibited is but a small specimen of the injuries we suffer under the boasted superiority of the men. But we will not be laughed out of our

cleanliness. A woman would rather be called — than *slut*; as a man would rather be called a *knave* than *fool*.

I had a great-deal more to say, but I am called away. We are just preparing to white-wash; yes, I say to white-wash; the brushes are ready, the buckets are paraded, my husband is gone off, so much the better. When one is about a thorough cleaning, the first dirty thing to be removed is one's husband—I am called for again—adieu!

Yours,
NITIDIA.

For The Port Folio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

*Written during the warm weather in Feb.
1806.*

What joyous notes are these, so soft so sweet,
That unexpected strike my charmed ear!
It is the robin's song This genial morn
Deceives the feathered tribe. For yet the sun
In Pisces holds his course; but though oblique,
So mild and warm descend his pleasant rays,
They think the tedious winter gone: no dread
Of change retards their wing, but off they soar,
Triumphing in the fancied dawn of spring.
Adventurous birds, and rash! ye little think
The stormy blasts of March, so nigh at hand,
Will quick arrest your hasty flight, and send
Ye disappointed back, to seek again
Your wonted, warm abodes. Thus prone is youth,
Thus easily allured to put his trust
In fair appearance, and with hope elate,
And nought suspecting, thus he sallies forth,
To buy experience in the storms of life.

But why thus chide—why not with gratitude

Receive and cherish every gleam of joy;
For many an hour can witness, that not oft
My solitude is cheered by feelings such,
So blithe, so pleasurable as thy song,
Sweet Robin, gives. Though here is seen what e'er

Of Nature's finest forms can charm the eye.
The wide extended landscape glows with more

Than common beauty. Hills on hills arise,
Majestick amphitheatre, whose lofty top,
The spreading oak and stately poplar crowns.

And ever-varied sides present such scenes
Soft or sublime as wake the poet's song—
Or art has moulded into useful forms.

Nor aught is wanting to enchant the sense,
The gifts of Ceres, or Diana's groves.

The eye enraptured roves o'er woods and lawns,

Or dwells complacent on the num'rous signs

Of cultivated life. The peasant's decent cot,
Or farmer's better mansion, mid his trees,
His fertile fields, and orchards, where his hopes,

Long held in icy bonds, shall soon expand.
His cattle, climbing heights abrupt, to seek
The welcome herb, though prematurely sprung

Through half-thawed earth; while here two ample streams

Confluent, grace and dignify the whole.

Broad o'er the plain the Susquehanna rolls;

O'er many a rocky fall, his rapid waves,
Far sounding as he comes—while Octorara's stream

Not ostentatious—like a boasting world,
Their little charities proclaiming loud,
But, through the deepened vale, retired and wild,

More silent flows, till circling yonder mead
With graceful curve, he throws his tribute in.

And is not such a scene as this the spell
That lulls the restless passions into peace?
Yes! cold must be that heart that looks unmoved

On Nature's bounties: but they cannot fill
That ardent craving in the mind of man,
For social intercourse, his wisest good,
Communication sweet with those we love.

CONSTANTIA.

Octorara.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI.

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 23, 1808.

No. 4.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 39.)

LETTER XXXIII.

My dear E—,

I mentioned to you in a former letter that there was a theatre at Geneva, and that it was not much frequented—the arrival of Mademoiselle Comtat however, during the summer, and of a somewhat better troop from Marseilles enabled us to see what is esteemed good acting in France. To me, however, the actors appeared in one continued state of exaggeration, and neither in gesture, tone of voice, or pronunciation to resemble the individuals whom I have had as yet an opportunity of meeting with in company. As to the morality in the French theatre,

I do not think as highly of it, as when my knowledge was confined to the few distinguished productions I possessed in Carolina, nor am I more reconciled than formerly to their strict adherence to the unities of time and place—it appears to me a greater violation of probability than the most extravagant changes of scene we meet with even in Shakspeare. How is it indeed possible to imagine, that either at a house in the country, or at a hotel garni in Paris, the lover should have no other place to dress in, to lay plans with his valet de chambre, receive his friends, or sooth his creditors in, but the very room in which his mistress sees her company, and listens to his declarations? We were at the Philosophe Marié last night, one of Destouche's few good plays: the first scene represents Alceste, the Philosophe, as musing in his study, which he describes, from experience no doubt, as a sacred asylum against noise, and

G

interruption of every sort, and yet it is in that very study that every event of a very busy play takes place: that the husband and wife should converse there, is very natural, but it is there also that visits are received, that contrary to every rule of propriety the coquette of the piece flirts and quarrels with her admirers, and that a Marquis, who is really a fine gentleman, goes upon one knee, and makes a tender of his person and fortune. Mademoiselle Comtat was very much applauded, and at times when it betrayed, I thought, a want of taste and feeling in the audience. Melite, the wife of Alceste, is represented as throwing herself at the feet of an uncle, who, hard-hearted as he is represented, and familiar with distress, is overcome with compassion, at beholding her in all the agony of such deep distress; such a moment should have commanded universal sympathy and attention, but there was no resisting the shrugs and grimaces of Mademoiselle Comtat, who, in her avidity for applause, kept the audience exclusively attentive to her and in a foolish-simper, while they should have been melted into tears at the sight of a wife, a modest and lovely woman, upon her knees. It is singular enough that the theatre should have been erected at no great distance from the gigantic bust of Rousseau, who was never more eloquent or more in the right, than when arguing against the propriety of a theatre in Geneva. The eloquence of this singular man will command attention to the end of time: his political principles are those of a vigorous, enlightened mind, unimproved perhaps by practical knowledge and experience, and deviating at times, as on the article of property, for instance, into the absurdities of the-

ory, but not disposed to sacrifice the calls of humanity to the imaginary rights of man. I like his idea, that no agreement can subject the interest of the many, to those of the few, and that a nation is not called upon to obey laws contrary to its happiness, and not made by itself—That a despotick government is of all things the most absurd: but it is to be regretted, that one who has been considered in France as the apostle of liberty, should not have understood the principles of the representative system, which leaves the people all their rights, their feelings and their energy, at the same time that it guards against the arts of demagogues, and the evils of confusion. His book on education is replete with useful ideas and hints, either derived from others or from himself, and inculcated with all the charms of eloquence on the most interesting of all subjects: Mothers have been taught by it not to deprive themselves of the most delightful of all employments, and of the caresses of their children in infancy; the infant too is under obligations to Rousseau, he is left in possession of his little powers of motion, and as he increases in years is no longer considered as a mere dependent being, bending under the will of a master; he is made to learn at a proper period, that there may be necessity arising from circumstances, of which he is himself a judge, to which he must submit, and that faults carry with them the privation of some enjoyment: he acquires by degrees a knowledge of his fellow-creatures, and he arrives at manhood without having been humbled by correction, or enervated by luxury, or spoiled by flattery, with the faculties of the mind awakened, and prepared

for any walk of life which he may be called upon to enter. With some exaggeration therefore, and some erroneous views, there is more truth, and more useful knowledge in his *Emilius*, than in all his other works—it is by this, that the wiser and better part of posterity will know him; such indeed are the tendencies of our nature, that it will always be of service, and more so than even you, who are an American mother, would perhaps imagine; not only the infants, who in the first instance are left in possession of their mothers' milk, will have to bless the name of Rousseau; but those of the hired nurse, and those of her substitute, the labourer's wife, who were deprived of a great portion of their necessary nourishment, will many of them owe their lives to him: there is hardly a village in the neighbourhood of a large town, where this might not be verified: As to his first literary production which attracted such universal attention, it has been often observed that nothing could be more fallacious than the argumentative part. It is well known that nothing could be more accidental than the circumstance which induced him to adopt that side of the question, but it answered the purposes of his ambition, it made him for a time the object of curiosity, and that was all he wanted: it is singular, that his first effort as an authour, should have been made after the age of forty; it was probably a keen sense of the precious years he had lost in the career of literary glory, which so deeply affected his irascible and jealous mind, and as he emerged from a state bordering on servitude, to assume his station among authours, he is supposed to have been animated by feelings not un-

like those of Marius, when he entered Rome, as consul, after having been found lurking in the marshes of Minturne—he could not bear superiority of any sort—he was like too many individuals I have known in America, who having been admitted by accident, or in consequence of the offices they were called upon to fill in some family, to take a nearer view of the comforts of opulence, and the graces of polished life, became from envy and resentment the fiercest of all democrats, and would have established a system of equality at the expense of as many lives as were sacrificed by Robespierre. The various forms which madness takes, and the very singular manner in which it often exists, alternately, with reason, in the same individual, might form the subject of an interesting work. In Rousseau there was certainly no small portion of it, for what but madness, founded originally upon the most consummate vanity, could have made him suppose that the orders of society in every part of Europe, were in conspiracy against him? If the government of France sent a sufficiency of force, to put an end to all resistance in Corsica, it was to prevent his becoming the legislator of that Island; if the king of England offered him a pension, it was only to lead him into some snare, an unresisting victim to the hatred of his enemies; nor would he venture to leave the country-house, where he had been so hospitably received at the expense of Mr. Davenport, till he had repeatedly solicited a guard to protect him as far as the sea coast. Madame de Genlis, in her *Souvenirs*, under the name of Felicie, has related in a very interesting manner, her first acquaintance

with this singular being. She was persuaded in consequence of some private intimations, when he was first presented to her, that it was the celebrated actor Preville, who had been tutored for that purpose. She consequently behaved to Rousseau, as she would have behaved to Preville, and won his heart by her familiarity, and by being perfectly at her ease; their friendship, however, was of no great duration—the inordinate vanity of Rousseau, but ill concealed by the manners of a savage, made it impossible it should be otherwise. There are in his *Héloïse*, many eloquent effusions and many well drawn pictures of domestick life; and virtue and good order are set off with all that glow of sentiment, which he so well knew how to colour every subject with, when he wrote with pleasure: but he should have stigmatised, in stronger terms, the gross impropriety which takes place, he should have branded with infamy those vices, which are the more dangerous for the exteriour decency, with which they are veiled, which attack morality in its very source, and carry dissension and despair into the bosom of a family. His confessions, though disgraced by a number of every way improper ideas, form a work, which may be considered totally new of its sort, and as affording a useful lesson to mankind. The trifling anecdotes of his infancy are by far the greater part of them unworthy of our attention, he must have been blinded by self-sufficiency, not to have thought so himself, and the person whom he lavishes every praise upon, was, in many respects, a disgrace to her sex: still, however, the lesson is a useful one; it teaches us to look deep into our own hearts, to trace our actions to their source, to set

a mark upon what is improper, and to give, as it were, a voice to our conscience. It is in this, as in every other composition of Rousseau: his style operates like magick, and we read with attention, and even with pleasure, a relation that nothing, as it should seem upon reflection, ought to induce us to listen to: a runaway apprentice—at one time a pretended convert for money, then a servant; then turning musick-master, without possessing the first elements of the science he pretends to teach; often ungrateful and fickle, and almost always immoral, he yet interests us in his story, and carries us along with him—if our common parent nature, has been more bountiful to some than to others, in bestowing those mental faculties, which lead to distinction in society, how strictly does she preserve her character of impartiality, when we calculate the sum of happiness which individuals enjoy. We know how far Voltaire was from considering the path of life as strewn with flowers, and only observe the character and fate of Rousseau, impressed with respect for Christianity, and yet a prey to passions the most remote from its doctrines and principles; just in his avowals with respect to himself, and yet forming erroneous opinions without end of other men; voluptuous; disregarding in his own helpless offspring, the tender ties of nature, though no one could inculcate better advice upon that subject; impatient of restraint; vain, envious, repulsive, ignorant of the world, and yet presuming to give rules of conduct; proud, irascible, and eternally suspicious, this wonderful, much admired, unhappy man, dragged on a miserable existence for the far greater part of life, and died out of his senses.

Such was the prevalence of melancholy and misanthropy in Rousseau that he could not bring himself to leave the mind of the reader cheered by a ray of comfort. The last scenes of Julia's life, preceding the very awful and interesting one, bring us back to the recollection of those events, which had rendered her earlier life so miserable. Love seems converted into a sort of divinity, whose power is sooner or later irresistible; we are suspicious of approaching impropriety, and our suspicions are found to have been justified, when we read the last sad letter that St. Preux receives after the death of his unhappy mistress. The good sense and virtue even of such a woman, would, it seems, have been insufficient, and death alone could save her. As to his Emilius, he might have been satisfied, one would suppose, with marrying his pupil to Sophia, and leaving us impressed with the belief that so much time and attention had not been bestowed in vain; but you know how miserably the narration ends, and how much to our disappointment: Rousseau appears to have been struck with this impropriety himself, and had intended a continuation to his work, of which the following is the plan, such as he imparted to his friend professor Prevost.—The wretched Emilius arrives at length at an island, where he finds a solitary temple, the ornaments of which are composed of the fruits and flowers of the neighbouring fields, arranged with simplicity, with variety from day to day, and with taste by the hands of the priestess, who is no other than Sophia, whom a cause of events, connected with the improprieties of her past life, brought to this retired place: she makes herself known to Emilius, explains the

tissue of treachery and violence to which she had fallen a victim, and with every expression of her own unworthiness, promotes his union with a young person, whom a coincidence of circumstances had brought there, and whose servant she professes herself desirous of remaining; a marriage, of course, takes place; but after some days of sorrow and humiliation, Sophia is unexpectedly relieved; Emilius discloses to her, that the late marriage was only in appearance, that the lady was already the wife of another person, and that the mock ceremony had been performed in order to put her contrition and resignation to the utmost proof: he then receives the poor penitent to his bosom, and expresses himself blest in the possession of one, whom he knew not before to honour and esteem sufficiently.

Whatever Rousseau had chosen to write would have been well written; but in other respects we have no reason, I think, to regret that he did not live to put his plan in execution.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

At a period when commerce is materially affected by the late orders in council, so rigorously enforced by the present British ministry, every discussion of these measures is perused with uncommon eagerness, and amply rewards the attention of every man of business. Messrs. Hopkins and Earle, booksellers of this city, have just published a very ingenious and eloquent pamphlet, which, coinciding exactly with the reigning opinion here, has become extremely current among the most respectable mercantile and political circles. The pamphlet to which we allude, is the Speech of Henry Brougham, Esquire, before the house of commons, Friday, April 1, 1808, in support of the petitions from London, Liverpool and Manchester, against the orders, &c. In this ingenious harangue, the orator, a man of splendid talents, undertakes to prove by argument, always specious if not cogent, that the orders in

question are utterly ruinous to London, Liverpool and Manchester merchants. We refer the inquisitive reader to the speech itself, for many brilliant proofs both of sound judgment and excursive fancy. But we should be unjust to Merit, both at home and abroad, if we did not preserve the preface to the American edition. This preface is a rapid but spirited sketch of Mr. Brougham's character, and we have strong reason to believe is the production of an American gentleman, who having long enjoyed the privilege of an unreserved intimacy with our orator, is fully qualified to state his pretensions to notice. Of the abilities of Mr. B. we have gazed at many proofs with equal wonder and delight. But while he charms the client and the court, by his eloquence as an advocate, and every listener by all the agreeable arts of conversation, while he pleads a nation's cause, and instructs senates by his wisdom, we cannot forbear thinking that his more durable fame will rest upon the polished pillars of polite literature. He has been ardent in the pursuit and successful in the attainment of all those elegant and liberal arts which at once captivate and refine mankind. *We* know him chiefly as an *author*, and for industry of research, extent of information, fertility of invention, brightness of wit, and sharpness of satire, few authours have surpassed this young man, who has not yet filled the sixth lustrum. He was the original projector of the Edinburgh Review, and for many of the most masterly articles in that elegant and instructive Journal, we are grateful to the learning and genius of Mr. B. The establishment of this Review has formed a new era in the annals of criticism. On the continent at an early period, the laborious scholar, the spritely wit, and the pensive monk, distinguished themselves by many a critical response to which, men still listen with applause. The early volumes of the Monthly and all the volumes of the Critical Review, while it was under the direction of Dr. Smollet, exhibit pleasing proofs of an acute judgment, polished by taste and mitigated with candour. But with a few honourable exceptions, criticism in South-Britain has for many years been exercised as a mere venal profession, and like many other *trades* of which money is the vital principle, altogether as low, and dirty as the mine that gave that money birth. Praise has been *laid on with a trowel*, or obloquy poured out as filth, according to the measure of a proprietor's avarice, or an author's malignity. Through a long series of many a London Review, nothing is seen but a *dull unvaried vista* of common place panegyric or Grub-street satire, without either the charms of composition or polished

urbanity. To rescue criticism from this degrading servitude, was reserved for the genius and industry of the Edinburgh Reviewers. Viewing the subject in a broad and clear light, they saw that for the successful exercise of this noble art, it was essential that all her operations should be unshackled and free. Accordingly without a blind devotion either to party or to Plutus, without a servile complaisance to an authour, or a panick terror of his patron, they boldly *told the truth* of the productions of the age, and they told that truth in an idiom, original, manly and sonorous. In some of the first efforts of criticism, whether the offspring of Grecian, Roman or modern acuteness, the delighted reader has had perpetual occasion to observe that the critick displays as much genius, learning and wit, as the most brilliant authour whose work is subject to a review. This is exactly the case with the Literary Journal, to which we allude. No work, however splendid, is more pleasing than their analysis; and after reading the most agreeable of Mr. Southey's poems, and their elaborate examination of its pretensions to publick favour, one may well be at a loss which to prefer, the fame of the poet, or the reviewer.

"In the list of extraordinary men of whom the British Isles have produced more than any other section of the world, may be enumerated Henry Brougham, the authour of the present speech. At a very early period of his life he gave presages of his future eminence. For in the sixteenth year of his age he became known to the publick, by a series of papers in the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, on an abstruse point of physical science, which were written with such purity of style, and manifested so much acute and diligent investigation, that he was immediately elected a member of that, perhaps, the most learned institution of Europe. Not long after receiving this honourable testimonial of his precocious attainments, he commenced a course of legal studies, and having completed them, was called to the Scotch bar. We still vividly recollect the powers of eloquence which we have heard him there display. But the cares of his profession did not wholly engross Mr. Brougham's attention. With these he mingled

habitually the cultivation of polite literature, and the study of politicks.

In eighteen hundred and three, when only twenty-four years old, he published a work in two large volumes, entitled "The Colonial Policy of the European Powers," which, though it may not have widely circulated in the United States, has undoubtedly been better received in Europe than any production on political economy since "Smith's Wealth of Nations."

Nearly about the same time, he in conjunction with several literary friends, without any venal motive, established the "Edinburg Review," to which he has liberally contributed. The articles on moral and political subjects are principally executed by him.

Of the general merits of this celebrated journal, or of the particular excellence of Mr. Brougham's compositions contained in it, we shall say nothing; publick sentiment having already assigned to each, confessedly, the highest rank in the department of criticism.

Two years ago, he quitted the Scotch metropolis, and settled in London, as a theatre more auspicious to the exercise of his superiour talents. Since the exchange of his residence he has published a well-known pamphlet, "On the state of the Nation."

Recently, Mr. Brougham was retained, at the express recommendation of Lord Grenville, as counsel for the petitioners against the orders of council, and in that capacity, delivered in the house of commons, the ensuing speech, which throughout Britain has been read, admired and approved.

This speech, we presume, must be equally interesting to this country, as treating of topicks in which every portion of our community has a lively and proximate concern. It exhibits pretty nearly the same views as Mr. Baring's admirable pamphlet, but being a subsequent production, it has added to the matter, which the

industrious research of his predecessor had collected, many new proofs and illustrations supplied by his own sources of information, and the thorough examination of the subject held at the bar of the house of commons.

The neutral rights of America have, indeed, found in Mr. Brougham a most intelligent and able defender. If they be not ultimately recognised, it cannot be imputed to any deficiency in their vindication. This speech alone furnishes them with a shield round and complete.

Mr. Brougham is now in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He has already attained very great consideration among the leading men of his country. To complete his reputation it only remains for him to enter parliament, which, we understand, he will shortly do. When this event shall happen, we predict, from his various and profound knowledge, especially of the complicated fiscal and commercial interests of the British empire, combined with an eloquence, at once strong, copious and embellished, that he will be pronounced the most able debater, and accomplished statesman of that great and enlightened assembly."

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

Odes from the Norse, &c.

Of the Latin version of the Descent of Odin, a recent and very complete edition of the *Poetical Works of Thomas Gray, L. L. B.* in a thick volume, duodecimo, is the following literal English version. The reader, says the translator, may find a pleasure in comparing the rugged materials of the Skald with the polished stanzas and arrangements of the poet. It will be perceived that either from choice or the want of a complete copy, Mr. Gray has passed over the first five stanzas; and observe further, that "if in the progress of the ode, the motive of Odin's descent (the dream of Balder) had been

again hinted at, the abrupt simplicity with which the sixth sets out might account for Mr. Gray's omitting the preceding ones.

Deep to consult,
The gods all met;
To talk aloud
The goddesses:
Debate the holy synod shook,
On Balder's late
Portentous dreams.

By turbid slumbers tossed,
The hero weened he saw,
Amid the gloom of night,
His genius disappear:
The giants prostrate asked,
The power of the oracles,
If in the vision dim
A secret terror lurked:—

The oracles replied,
That Uller's friend elect,*
The darling of all beings,
Was summoned to his fate:
Anguish seized
Freya,† and Suafne,
And the celestial host:
Firm they resolved to send
An embassy around,
To Nature's general race,
Their unison to ask
For Balder's safety:
A universal oath,
As Freya's self
Exacted it of each.

The father‡ of the slain
Suspected still a flaw—
The fatal absence
Of the Destinies:
The gods he called anew,
And their decision asked;
But Discord rent
The loud assembly.

Uprose Odin,
The sire of men;
O'er Sleipner strait
His saddle threw:
The road he took
Of Nifheim dark,
And met the whelp
Of murky hell.

* Uller, the son of Sfia, noted among the gods for beauty, archery, and skill in skaiting.

† Freya, or Frigga, the wife of Odin, and mother of Balder.

‡ Odin.

Gore him distained
Across the breast;
Wide flashed his jaw,
Rent to devour:
Aloud he barked,
Amain he yawned,
And long howled round,
The sire of spells.

On rode Odin
His thunder-shaken path,
On to the roof of Hela high:
What spot before
The orient door,
He knew full well
Volva was laid.

Turned to the North,
The sire of exorcism
Began to tune
The song of death:
The eddying wand
The mighty spell,
Unlocked to moans
The hell-bound voice.

VOLVA.

What wight is he,
To me unknown,
That wakes my sense
To trouble new?
Snowed o'er with snows,
By showers beat,
All drenched with dew,
Dead lay I long.

ODIN.

Vetamgr|| is my name,
The son of Valtams, I;
Tell thou of hell,
I can, of light:
For whom is spread
Yon radiant board?
That couch, for whom,
Flooded with gold?

VOLVA.

For Balder brews
Yon mead-crowned cup
Its pearly wave.
His the incumbent shield:
The loud lament
Of Assa's sons.
Unwilling have I spoke,
Dismiss me to my rest.

ODIN.

Volva, say on,
For I shall ask
Till I know all.
This one I want to learn:
Beneath whose arm
Shall Balder fall?
What man shall nip
His bloom of life?

|| Vetamgr, Vaktams, names of toil and war.

VOLVA.

That towering thought
 Swells the proud breast
 Of Haudr, homicide!
 Fell Haudr nips
 The blooming day
 Of Odin's son!
 Unwilling have I spoke,
 Dismiss me to my rest.

ODIN.

Volva, say on—
 What man shall glut
 Revenge for Haudr's rage,
 And on the flaming pile
 Lift Balder's foe?

VOLVA.

Far in her western halls,
 Rinda to Odin bears
 A son, who shall not greet
 His second night, or clear
 His hand of blood, or comb
 His locks, ere on the pile
 He hurls slain Balder's foe.
 Unwilling have I spoke,
 Dismiss me to my rest.

ODIN.

Volva, say on!
 What virgins those
 That flow in 'tears,
 And heavenward throw
 Their snowy veils?
 This answer yet
 Ere thou repose.

VOLVA.

Vegtamr thou art not,
 As I weened,
 Odin thou art,
 The sire of men.

ODIN.

Volva thou art not,
 Thou, wizard none!
 The damr thou art
 Of giant cubs!

VOLVA.

Ride home, Odin,
 And triumph now!
 And thus fare he,
 Who breaks my sleep,
 Till Lok, redeemed,
 His fetters burst!
 And twilight blasts
 The eve of gods!

This translator explains the conclusion of the poem altogether differently from what has been said above: "The oracles," says he, "had told that Balder might be redeemed from Hela, by what they knew could not happen, the unanimous intercession of the sex. Odin, after having received answers to every question, that coincided with the decrees of fate, makes use of an artifice to come

at the knowledge of Balder's final destiny, by inventing a vision of female lamentation, and betrays himself by this trick to the prophetess, who saw only realities." According to the previous account of the sense of the original, Volva recognizes Odin, through his discerning that which was not discernible by ordinary mortals; but, according to the present, she is made to recognize him through his pretending to discern that, which, being unreal, was not discernible at all. This it was in the power of any mortal to do, and therefore it is not easy to understand why it should enable her to know that it was done by Odin in particular.

Though the translator follows Mr. Gray in making Haudr or Hother, the brother of Balder, he observes, that Saxo, whose information, he thinks, cannot have been much inferior to Snorro's, makes him the son of Hodtrodd, Balder's rival for Nanna, and the declared enemy of the Asi. Lib. III. Hist. Dan. I.

For The Port Folio.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF
 HAMILTON.

JOHN STEWART, Esq., an English poet of no ordinary celebrity, and who has distinguished himself by a work remarkable for delicacy of thought and harmony of expression, has very lately published a poem, entitled "The Resurrection." This high and holy theme has awakened all the piety of the Christian, and all the genius of the Poet. Many lines in this excellent poem remind the reader of the best manner of Goldsmith, and the pious as well as ingenious author displays an intimate knowledge of the Sacred Scriptures and much ability in the management of topicks of the most awful import. The vision in the fourth book is sublime and beautiful, and remar-

kable for its happy invention and brilliant imagery. The work, at large, which, it is hoped will be immediately republished here, merits a very attentive perusal, and we think will, by the man of taste and religious principles, be arranged on the same shelf with the Calvary of Cumberland. In the third book, Mr. Stewart, taking occasion to enlarge upon the enormity of the crimes of suicide and duelling, adverts to that rueful event, which, by depriving America of the admirable talents of the regretted HAMILTON, associated to domestick distress and the pangs of Friendship some of the gloomiest forms of national calamity. We cannot refrain from transcribing this grateful and poetical tribute to the memory of a most accomplished individual, whose merit in the cardinal points of Genius, Valour, Wisdom, and Eloquence, all quickened by a patriotism of the most sterling purity, challenged from his contemporaries, and will unquestionably receive from posterity the liberal rewards of well-earned encomium. General HAMILTON rendered to this country the most signal services. We owe much to his Sword, we owe more to his Pen. He had always the sagacity to discern right measures, he had a spirit to pursue and an eloquence to maintain them. The *O terque quaterque beati* of the impassioned Enneas might most truly be applied to his fortunate countrymen, if his councils had always been followed in his lifetime, and if that Wisdom, which dictated them, were now viewed as the tutelary Genius, as the guardian Angel of our country.

Nor shunned, alone the suicide shall stand,
Whose impious soul impels his daring hand;
A double murderer lives, who hopes the
name
To stand enrolled a demigod of fame!

Whose crimes recorded deep, in darkest hue,
The angry eye of righteous heaven shall view!
Perhaps some friend, in mirth's unguarded hour,
Expires, the victim of his frantick power;
Perhaps the wretch scarce marks the faded clay,
Ere his own forfeit life-blood ebb away;
Pierced by his hand, perhaps some chief may fall,
To hear no more a weeping country's call!
Some soul replete with wisdom's godlike glow,
Designed by Heaven to bless a world below!
Some generous heart, around whose spotless shrine
The noblest feelings of our nature twine!
Such was thy son, Columbia! in the hour†

† As I have devoted a considerable space in this book to the reprobation of suicide and duelling, it may not be improper to subjoin the reasons that have influenced me. I thought I could not better use my humble endeavours to benefit mankind than by exposing the hideous deformities of vices whose frequent recurrence, in these countries, renders such a duty, unhappily, too incumbent. Suicide is not only revolting to human nature, but a violation of every moral precept; of every duty to God and man. Its miserable proselyte scorns to wait the mandate of his Maker, despises his anger, challenges his judgments, and rushes, uncalled, before his tribunal. The prospects of such a man, even rendering all latitude to the benevolent attributes of the Deity, are terrible beyond expression. And what is the acquisition?—The privilege of deserting the duties he was bound to perform! and of skulking from the trials he should have gloried to endure! of losing the delight to succour the virtuous and oppressed, and the open thereby secured for rewards, in a happier world. He lays his head on the pillow a few hours earlier to feed the worm, and mingle with the clay that is trodden upon; while the finger of scorn points to his grave, and his memory is thought on, only to be despised. O, glorious fellowship! O, towering ambition!

Duelling is no less repugnant to all divine and human laws. The duellist may not only be a self-murderer, but, at the same moment, the destroyer of another. The 'impetuous motives' urged by the 'man of honour,' to have impelled him to the commission, will substantiate no plea. An act, intrinsically bad, can never be justified by any motives; nor is the crime less in the eye of Omniscience, because the means em-

You burst th' enchantment of the classick
 bower,
 Rung the war-clarion on his studious ear,
 And proved thy freedom to his bosom dear;
 Woke from inspiring shades the warrior
 youth,
 And swelled his heart with liberty and
 truth;
 But now, he fades in manhood's summer
 prime,
 The much-mourned victim of another's
 crime :

ployed to effectuate it have proved inadequate. Even by the frail and perishable decision of human law, intention constitutes the act;—and shall the immutable laws of the Deity take no cognizance of guilt, because that guilt fell short of the intended mark? The only advantage resulting from such a termination, must consist in the cordial resolution to reform, and make some reparation to God and to society. The glitter of fashion cannot dazzle; the assumption of 'honour' for 'murder,' in the modern vocabulary, will not mislead: and what compensation shall be offered to the widow and the orphan?

No instance, perhaps, of modern days, affords an example more pregnant with the evils of duelling, than that recently exhibited in America, in which General Hamilton fell by the hands of Colonel Burr. The unblemished virtues that conspired to form the character of General Hamilton have been done justice to by all. When the revolutionary war commenced, he was pursuing his studies in Columbia College. On the first summons of his country, he felt her claims, and exchanged his classick retirement, for the toils and dangers of a military life. His valour and conduct won for him the admiration and esteem, not only of the great Washington, but of the entire army. The independence he fought for being secured, he gloriously sheathed his sword, and returned to enjoy, in the humbler walk of private life, and in the bosom of contentment, all the pleasures to be derived from the society of the enlightened and the good. In the pursuits of eloquence, as in the path of glory, he soon became known, and conspicuous for his abilities at the bar. For some (perhaps too candid) expressions, reported, it may be presumed, not without point and exaggeration, by some officious individuals, the second magistrate of a great and free country set the example of violating every moral and political law, to gratify his envy or his pride:—he shed the blood of a brave and virtuous defender of his country; made a wife, a widow; and her children, orphans.

Where thy proud eyes in dove-like pity
 glow,
 Muse o'er his urn, and weep the patriot low:
 A nation's care his sacred ashes keeps,
 And virtue lingers where the hero sleeps!
 And as yon modest marble, pointing high,†
 Receives from gratitude the passing sigh,
 While contemplation's evening shadows
 roll,
 And wake the dormant sorrows of the soul;
 Methinks I view the widowed mourner
 move,
 Mid the sweet pledges of her happier love;
 And as, around, the lovely orphans cling,
 Fast to her eyes the tears of memory spring;
 And, from her lips, as wild these accents
 start,
 By turns she clasps each treasure to her
 heart!
 "Pledge of my love, of his, whose manly
 mind
 In all was noble, and to all was kind!
 Whose breast, expanding with courageous
 glow,
 Ne'er lost a friend, and never feared a foe;
 Thy father's gone! the generous and the
 bold,
 Moulders, ah me! within that marble cold:
 Thy father's gone! within that grave so
 deep,
 The best affections of a father sleep!"

For The Port Folio.

MORTUARY.

In the very sinister situation of our injured country, torn with domestic faction, and threatened by

† At New York, in Trinity church-yard, the corporation of that church has erected over the grave of Hamilton, a beautiful monument of white marble, composed of a pyramid resting on an elevated base or pedestal, surrounded with four elegant urns, and rising to the height of about twelve feet, with the following simple and beautiful inscription:

To the Memory of
 ALEXANDER HAMILTON,
 The corporation of the Trinity church
 Has erected this Monument,
 In testimony of their respect for
 The Patriot of incorruptible integrity,
 The Soldier of approved valour,
 The Statesman of consummate wisdom,
 Whose virtues and talents will be admired
 By grateful posterity,
 Long after this marble shall be mouldered
 into dust.

He died July 12, 1804.—Aged 47.

French tyranny, the loss of a genuine patriot, an eloquent orator, and a sagacious statesman is felt far beyond the precincts of a state, or the amplest circle of mourning friends. This reflection is warranted by the recent demise of The Honourable FISHER AMES, whose loss, like that of the splendid Hamilton, is without a particle of exaggeration, described as a national calamity. We keenly feel, and shall long deplore, this mournful privation. We had the honour to be acquainted with Mr. Ames, and have long been in the habits of the closest intimacy with his opinions and his writings. He has taken a very active and shining part in politics, and from the commencement of his public life to its regretted termination we are deliberately of opinion, in harmonious concert with his political associates, that he pursued *noble ends by noble means*, and that his plans of polity liberally adopted, and stanchly pursued, would have terminated in the brightest of vistas, the welfare and aggrandizement of America. Mr. Ames was a firm believer in the political creed of Gen. Hamilton, and this, in our opinion, is the true faith. There might be some few questions of legislation in which the Editor of this Journal did not entirely coincide with the great men alluded to, but on all the great and cardinal principles which have for their object the substantial glory of this country, there were only such shades of difference as there must necessarily be between persons who, as has been independently asserted on another occasion, "being equally attached to the interests of truth, will not surrender to others the right of thinking for themselves."

In common with a few privileged spirits, Mr. Ames not only thought correctly, and planned sagaciously, but spoke and wrote in a style not inferior to that of BOLINGBROKE and BURKE. Indeed it was extremely visible that the best manner of those splendid models had been assiduously studied by Mr. Ames. What has

been applied to one of the first scholars of England challenges an application to him. The ornaments of his style are costly, splendid, and gorgeous. Exquisitely wrought, nicely proportioned, and happily combined. They resemble the exuberant magnificence of an Eastern Temple, disposed with the simple taste of a Grecian artist. To his ability as a public speaker, Mr. Ames added all the charms of conversation. His colloquial powers were various and happy. We never shall forget the delight we felt in once listening to him a summer's day, in rural retirement with a literary friend. Whatever topic was started, was most agreeably and instructively pursued by our eloquent companion, who was indeed the *Mercurius*, the *chief speaker* of the party, and whose friends were only solicitous so to *hearken*, that nothing might be lost. He displayed the utmost pertinency of remark, and the utmost brilliancy of illustration; and that political or literary ground, which the phlegmatick would take days to go regularly over, he could *rapidly traverse in a few minutes*. Nor did he confine himself to a narrow range, or reveal at any time, the nakedness of imperfect information. His converse, like the copious rivulets of a well watered region, was deep and clear. With that glorious quickness of Imagination, which can bound from Heaven to Earth, from Earth to Heaven, he could illustrate the beauties of the Bible, or paint the manners of the village; and the swiftness of his sportive fancy could dart from equinoctial fervours to polar snow, and collect in the flight all the the curious and the rare

In all his exertions of speech, public and private he had a wonderful command of figurative expression. His similes, his metaphors, displayed not only the copiousness of his invention, but the correctness of his judgment. They were not the shining, yet awkward and cumbrous trappings of a pageant, but fair embroidery, on a rich tissue at once

splendid and useful. His rhetorick was always in close alliance with his argument, and the jarring Powers of Logic and Wit, under his control, were in perfect unison.

If Mr. Ames had been but a lively declaimer, a spritely essayist, a voluble lawyer, or a *vulgar* politician, his loss might be promptly supplied. But his were no common place talents. He was eminently a wise and prescient man, and the soundness and stanchness of his principles deserve a still warmer encomium than his affluence of language, or his fertility of allusion. On all the great questions of foreign or domestick polity, which have been so fiercely discussed, and so darkly understood ever since the commencement of the French Revolution, his opinions were consistent and correct. They had wisdom and experience for their basis. He counselled to no course of conduct but that which would eventuate in the prosperity and dignity of his country. While too many of his contemporaries were creeping along on the pavé, on the mere footpath of narrow politicks, he was elevated on a pedestal, with his luminous lamp of that salutary splendour, by which he could discern Glory afar, or Danger in the distance.

Since the first era of his political life, Mr. Ames has been a valetudinarian. But sickness, though it grievously wasted his body, never diminished the energy of his mind. All his mental powers were constantly on the alert, and during the memorable discussion, prior to the ratification of the British Treaty, in his place in the House of Representatives, although he could scarcely uphold his tottering frame, he delivered at great length, one of the most animated and elegant orations that ever yet stoutly assailed the prejudices of Faction, or sweetly accorded with the opinions of the wise. We take this occasion, not merely to express our admiration of the ornaments of this splendid speech, but of the VALIDITY OF THE ARGUMENT.

Though the rancour of some, and the folly of others held a different language, Mr. Ames was right *in toto*. To guaranty this celebrated pact between nations in natural alliance was vital to the prosperity of America.

During the intervals of publick, professional, and domestick care, Mr. Ames, with a spirit untired, and a pen of promptness, has written innumerable political essays, sometimes alone, and sometimes in conjunction with certain distinguished characters, who are the *salt of the earth*, and who unquestionably preserve many from the incurable taint of democrattick corruption. Their political opinions in the light form of pamphlet or paragraph, have contributed very essentially to the publick good, and while we admire their ingenuity, we honour their principles, and warmly wish that the eternal truths they teach, the warnings they utter, and the counsels they bestow, will not be thrown away upon an infatuated land.

————— What they show
Ourselves may freely to ourselves bestow.

We have in full view a *forthright* path to national tranquillity, and dignity too. If we wilfully decline from it, under the tremendous influence of democrattick delusion, we metamorphose at once, and by an accursed spell, prospects of the most varied magnificence for scenes of desolation and horror. Instead of building up an Empire of manners, of arts, of arms, and of learning, such as would shame all the glories of an Augustan age, we shall resemble the degraded boors of Westphalia, and cower like abject curs under the coercion of a master.

But, to return to the subject of this concise memoir, Mr. Ames, like Edmund Burke, not less admirable for the keenness of his sagacity than for the opulence of his fancy and style, saw exactly in the same light all the fantastick scenes of the French Revolution, constantly anticipated the catastrophe of the tragedy, and so-

lemnly warned his countrymen against a similar exhibition. He was always decidedly hostile to the new doctrines in politics, morality and religion, and his eloquence was never more usefully exerted than when he inveighed against the damnable heresies of innovations, at once stupid and profligate.

The extinction of such a light leaves us in a sort of melancholy gloom, and as when the lamp of Hamilton's life expired, even the stout hearted may shrink for a moment, while meditating upon the probable storm, or the coming night.

Those suns are set; Oh rise some other such,
Or all that we have left, is empty talk
Of old achievements, or despair of new.

To this rapid, and too imperfect sketch of one of the best and brightest, we subjoin from the most respectable and accurate papers of Boston, a description of the obsequies of an illustrious individual, who adorned and defended his country.

Funeral of the Hon. Fisher Ames.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1808.

With the deepest sorrow and regret, we are called upon to announce to the publick, the death of the HON. FISHER AMES.

The mournful event, which took place at his paternal seat in Dedham, on the fourth inst. will be considered a great national calamity, and excite the general sorrow of the whole country.

This heavy bereavement, being made known to his friends in this town, on Monday morning a request was made in the papers for a meeting of the citizens on Tuesday morning, on the floor of the State-House, to take measures to testify their respect for the character and publick services of the deceased. Agreeably to this request a large number assembled,

and having chosen the Hon. Judge Parsons, Moderator, the following resolutions moved by the Hon. Mr. Otis, and seconded by the Hon. Mr. Gore, were unanimously adopted, viz.—

It being of the greatest utility as well as moral fitness to pay publick honours to the memory of those whose lives have been eminently useful: and it having pleased God to take from us FISHER AMES, a man whose virtues and talents have honoured the American name; the citizens of Boston are desirous to exhibit their sense of his exalted worth by a tribute of publick respect:—It is, therefore, unanimously

Resolved, That in the name of this meeting the family of Mr. Ames be respectfully requested to permit his remains to be brought to this town, to be interred in the manner which a committee appointed by this meeting shall prescribe.

A committee of twelve was appointed to carry the above resolution into effect.

Resolved, That the committee of arrangements be instructed in behalf of this meeting to apply to the Hon. Samuel Dexter, and request him to pronounce, at the interment, an address upon the melancholy occasion.

Agreeably to the regulations, adopted by the committee of arrangements, the funeral procession of the remains of the departed sage and patriot, took place yesterday at five o'clock, from the dwelling of the Hon. Christopher Gore, Park-street, and proceeded in the following order through Winter and Marlborough-streets, Cornhill, Court, and Tremont-streets, to the chapel.

ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

A Deputy Marshal,
The Junior and Senior Classes of
Harvard University,
The Tutors and Professours,
The Rev. Clergy of this, and the
neighbouring Towns,
The President of the University,
Head Marshal,
Committee of Arrangements,
Officiating Clergyman,

Hon. *H. G. Otis*, THE CORPSE, Hon. *C. Gare*,

Hon. *E. H. Robbins*, Hon. *G. Cabot*,

Hon. *T. Parsons*, Hon. *T. Pickering*,

Relations,

Neighbours and Townsmen of the
deceased,

His Excellency the Governour, and
His Honour the Lt. Governour.

Honourable Council,

Secretary and Treasurer of State,
Hon. President of the Senate and
Speaker of the House,

Judges of the Supreme Judicial
Court.

Judges of the United States Circuit
Court.

Judges of the Common Pleas and
Municipal Courts.

Members of Congress,

Secretary of the Senate of the U. S.
Attorney-General, Solicitor-General,
and Reporter,

Gentlemen of the Bar,

Societies of which the deceased was
a Member, viz.

1. Academy of Arts and Sciences—

2. Humane Society—3. Agricultu-
ral Society—4. Historical Society.

Selectmen of Boston,

Town Officers, Strangers and Citi-
zens.

When arrived at the chapel, the
body was placed before the altar;
and divine service was performed
by the Rev. Mr. Montague, and
Rev. Mr. Gardiner. After which,
the Hon. Samuel Dexter delivered
to an uncommonly crowded audi-
tory, a very eloquent and pathē-
tick funeral oration.

The friends of Mr. Ames, who
cherish the most sacred regard for
his memory, were highly gratified
that Mr. Dexter consented to pay
the last sad tribute of respect to
his remains, by pronouncing an
oration. No task is of more diffi-
cult execution; yet Mr. Dexter
left nothing to desire. It requires
congenial feelings, talents, and vir-
tue, to do justice to those we would
commemorate.

Such were the benevolent feel-
ings, the splendid talents, and the
pure virtue of the deceased, in
every relation of life, that the
loftiest strains of eloquence could
not be misapplied; for they would
not swell to panegyrick. Mr.
Dexter unites all the requisite at-
tributes to pay due honours to the
memory of his illustrious friend.
His language is gorgeous, his ar-
rangement is logical, his delineat-
ions are exact, his conceptions
are comprehensive, his reflections
are profound, and his manner is
dignified. Without any design to
overrate his great and original in-
tellectual powers, we view him as
one of the first oratours of our
country.

The concourse of citizens was
great beyond example. Every heart
seemed to swell with grief; and
every eye glistened with sorrow.
A solemn silence proclaimed that
“the loss of such a man at such a
time,” was irreparable to his coun-
try, his family, and his friends.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We have been favoured, says
The United States' Gazette, with
the perusal of a part of a new work
entitled, “The American Law
Journal, and Miscellaneous Repertory,
by J. E. Hall, of Baltimore,”
which is shortly to be published
in this city by Messrs. William P.
Farrand & Co.

Our merchants and lawyers have long lamented the inconveniencies which have existed in consequence of their ignorance of the laws of the different states, and the difficulty of procuring accurate information respecting them. If a merchant in this city wishes to secure a debt due from another in Boston, by the process of attachment he knows not how to proceed, nor can he easily meet with a lawyer who can direct him. So too if he would make a conveyance of land lying in another state, he is equally at a loss; for the deed must be executed according to the particular laws of that state, or it will be void.

Various plans have been devised to obviate these difficulties, which have hitherto been attended with but partial success. Those who have, after great trouble and expense, make a collection of the laws of the states, have yet been embarrassed in giving advice, because they wanted the aid of adjudged cases by which these statutes have been explained or modified.

One of the chief objects of this Journal appears to be to collect such information as will enable the citizens of the different states to conduct their transactions with some knowledge of the laws by which they are respectively governed. To the merchant and the lawyer the advantages of such a *Lex Mercatoria Americana* need scarcely be mentioned.

It is also the intention of the editor of this work to preserve some of the best speeches which are delivered in congress on mo-

mentous questions. These are inserted in newspapers and forgotten, and the future historian of our country will in vain search for the reasons which have produced the most important measures of government. The memoirs of eminent men, with which it is proposed to embellish this work, will add much to its value.

We content ourselves at present with a brief view of the nature of this work, and conclude by referring our readers to the editor's prospectus for a more ample elucidation of his plan.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

And was't for me, O Son of God,
Thy precious, all-atoning blood,
On Calv'ry's trembling top did flow,
That scene of all-triumphant wo;
For such a grov'ling worm as I
Did righteous Jesus deign to die!
Yield up his ever sacred breath,
To ease my weight of sin and death?
For me, poor sinner, 'twas for me
He bore the ignominious tree;
The plaited crown of piercing thorn,
The cruel mock, the bitter scorn.
Behold! the dear Redeemer dies,
While earth convuls'd in horror lies;
The sun alarm'd retracts his ray,
And night usurps the throne of day.

F. C. C.

Carlisle.

EPIGRAM.

As a wag at a ball, to a nymph on each
arm,
Alternately turning, and thinking to charm,
Exclaimed in these words, of which Quin
was the giver—
"You're my gizzard, my dear; and my
love, you're my liver!"
"Alas!" cried the fair on his left, "to
what use?
"For you never see either served up with
a goose!"

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI.

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 30, 1808.

No. 5

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 53.)

LETTER XXXIV.

My dear E—,

I REMEMBER your being amused at K. with an account we read of the polypus in Goldsmith's Natural History, and my telling you then, that I had formerly known Mr. Trembly the discoverer of that wonderful animal, which, as is sometimes the case with beings far more elevated on the scale of creation, has derived but little advantage from the celebrity it enjoys. This miserable and yet wonderful production of nature, which can scarcely be distinguished at the bottom of a muddy ditch from amidst kindred vegetables, was

converted by the sagacity and perseverance of Mr. Trembly into a source of wonder which far exceeds the efforts of the wildest imagination. Not satisfied with the perfect knowledge he acquired of all the various forms the polypus could be made to assume, and with the art which he may be said to have attained of composing an entire animal from detached pieces of various individuals, he penetrated the recesses of their private life, became acquainted with their ruling passion, their prevailing tastes, their mode of receiving and digesting nourishment, and the disorders to which they are exposed.

It is singular enough that the polypus should have its tormentors like the nobler beings of the great chain: but Mr. Trembly found means to drive off the race of insects that beset those in his possession, and as he was a humane man, it is to be hoped that he

derived some consolation from this discovery for the pain which he must have experienced in a course of experiments so fatal to a humble and inoffensive creature, experiments, which, after all, have led to nothing more than to increase, if it could be increased, our admiration of the works of nature.

Another distinguished character of Geneva, whom you have heard me speak of, was Mr. Huber, whose knowledge of natural history in some branches rendered him conspicuous, but whose talents for painting, and cutting out likenesses in paper were principally expended on Voltaire; he has represented the poet at every stage of life, in every sort of employment, and under the operation of almost every passion. So impressed indeed was his mind with the idea of Voltaire, that he could make his dog tear out a likeness of him from a piece of paper, or eat out a likeness of him from a piece of bread, not to mention various others modes which he was fond of exercising, some of which are ludicrous beyond description.

The son of Mr. Huber, whom I have at this moment the satisfaction of possessing as a neighbour, is a still more distinguished character than his father was; with less brilliancy of parts, and labouring under the calamity of blindness from an early period of life, his attention has been turned to objects of natural history, and particularly to bees, the secrets of whose interior government he has explained in the most interesting manner—making use for that purpose of a faithful and intelligent servant, whose eyes and whose attention he has directed, as they remained, for hours together, in patient expectation by the side of a hive.

The result of his experiments has filled a quarto volume, which I have now before me, and as it may never penetrate as far in America as the S. W. mountains, I will endeavour to give you some idea, and in as few words as possible, of the most interesting particulars, which have been either discovered by Mr. Huber himself, or confirmed by him as the discovery of others. There is a difficulty in subjects of this sort, arising from the language to be made use of, which should not imply reason in treating of animals so unquestionably unprovided with the faculty, and yet should not describe them as no more conscious of the motive, which influences their conduct, than a stone is of the secret cause which impels it towards the earth: the expression commonly made use of to evade the difficulty, is instinct, by which is meant the operation of some want, some sensation of inquietude, to be got the better of, or of satisfaction to be obtained, which impels the unconscious animal to all that its preservation requires; it is thus that a child sucks, and that a hen allays the fever of her breast, and remains attached to her eggs: but the knowledge of the bee, though not directed by its own experience, or the experience of others, and consequently not to be included in a definition of reason, is something very superiour to instinct; and when it leads to the preparation of larger cells for a distinguished portion of the future race, to a change of diet in the maintenance of such as are called upon to fill a station for which they do not appear originally designed, and to the massacre of a parcel of useless old bachelors, it deserves almost the name of inspiration. With a pride and a delicacy of modesty not un-

like that of Juno in the fourth Iliad, the female bee retires from each lawless gaze, "and meets her lover in the wilds of air;" to him, however, the honour is as fatal as that of marrying the Sultan was in the Arabian Nights Entertainments, "till the ingenuity of Scherizade found means to excite the tyrant's curiosity: the eggs she lays are of two sorts, and when hatched, after the usual process of the insect race, those of the one sort become, according to circumstances, either females, or as they are not improperly called, queens, or of the neutral working tribe, whilst those of the other produce only males: the eggs which are deposited in cells of larger dimensions, and constructed with less economy, produce queens; and the royal worm is nourished with a peculiar sort of food. The first queen-bee, which issues from a cell, immediately attacks, with more than Turkish jealousy, her helpless sisters. It has pleased nature, that this sort of bee should in its nymph state be exposed to external attacks, in a manner that no other is, and that it should fall an easy victim to the good of the state, for the good of the state requires that there should be but one queen: should the parent queen have not yet issued with a swarm, or should one of the sister queens have been overlooked in the massacre, or should a stranger of the same rank be introduced into the hive, the rivals become inflamed at the sight of each other, with the most ungovernable fury, and a single combat takes place: this, though sometimes after repeated onsets, ends with the death of one of the parties, and the victor is as implicitly admitted to fill the vacant station, (the purposes of which are still a mystery) as a triumphant Bey is

by the herd of inhabitants in old Cairo. It sometimes happens, however, that the hive is for a short time deprived of its queen, or that a want of a queen is foreseen, if I may use the expression, when the parent bee is observed to be occupied in the way that invariably precedes her issuing with a swarm; the operation which then takes place is one of the most wonderful in the whole history of this curious insect"—the neutrals go to work immediately, and either construct royal cells or convert into such a sufficient number of the common cells, and taking care to supply a chosen few of the infant race, which by having their cells enlarged, become royally lodged, with a sufficiency of the sort of food peculiarly adapted to the royal race, they create, if I may say so, as many queens as the occasion requires. When the hive is thronged, and a mind that reasoned would foresee the approaching necessity of frequent swarms, each to be headed by a queen, the neutral bees establish a guard around the royal cells, and by that means preserve each helpless sister from the rage and jealousy of the first born, whose confinement in the natal cell they also find means to prolong, feeding her meanwhile with honey, which succeeding bees supply through an orifice, contrived, to appearance, for that purpose. But as it might happen, notwithstanding all the precautions, that there would be a deficiency of what may be termed natural born queens, and the race of bees be in danger of extinction, it has pleased that Providence, which watches over this useful insect, that the infant bees, which happen to be placed in the neighbourhood of the royal cells, should be so far affected by the change of food, which

takes place near them, and of which some fragments fall to their share, as also to undergo a change of organization—they, too, are capable, it seems, of becoming the parents of succeeding generations, and like the pawns at chess, may be made queens of upon occasion.

I have since learned that the fecundity of these occasional queens is confined to the productions of males. At a certain season of the year the males, whose insensibility has enabled them to prolong a useless existence, are put to death without mercy, or driven out to perish elsewhere. Several of the above observations were already, I can conceive, familiar to you, but there are other which you will allow to be new, and singularly interesting. The food which the neutral bees prepare for the rising generation according to their destination, is chiefly composed of the farina of flowers, with which they are perceived to return home loaded, and the wax which is so material a part of the produce of a hive, is a preparation from honey in the stomach of the bee. Of the various articles which can be offered them as food at the door of their hives, nothing, it seems, contributes more to the formation of wax than the common brown sugar.

Desirous as Mr. Huber was of becoming acquainted with the whole history and economy of bees, and yet willing that the gratification of his curiosity should be as little injurious to them as possible, he naturally turned his attention to the disadvantages of the common beehive, and succeeded to the improvement of it, as you will agree with me, I trust if you will take the trouble to read the following description: figure to yourself a certain number of frames like those of school boys' slates, but compo-

sed of broader and thicker pieces, set up perpendicularly, with an orifice through the front piece of each near the bottom, and of a proper size for the entrance and exit of bees. These are placed as close to each other as books upon the shelves of a book-case, and are secured by a bandage carried round the whole, or by grooves in a top and bottom piece: and in order to direct the industry of the bees the necessary means are taken to secure a piece of honeycomb to the upper part or ceiling of each frame exactly corresponding to its length and breadth: the two exterior frames have each a glass fixed in them, through which this busy people may be seen at work, and any particular frame, may, at any time, be selected and drawn out either for examination, or in order to get the honey it contains, without even a momentary derangement to the other parts of the hive. After all the wonders I have related, you are prepared, I presume, to be told that bees have the gift of speech, and there are times at which the queen bee, either annoyed by the confusion and uproar of the hive, or tired of confinement in her cell, emits a sound, which operating like a charm, commands their attention to her situation and to her wants, and calls the whole nation to order in a moment. It would seem from another very singular circumstance in the history of this interesting race of animals, that their sense of hearing is as delicate as that of Morose in the *Silent Woman*. One of their greatest enemies is the Death's head butterfly; it ravages their hives, and ravages them with impunity; instead of rushing out with violence to repel his attack, as one might expect from their usual conduct,

they are struck motionless with terror, and seem paralyzed at the sound of his voice; you will smile at the mention of a butterfly's voice, but it is as dreadful to them as the roaring of a lion would be to a company of unprotected children. It is not improbable, I think, but that the custom of striking upon some sonorous body, in order to induce a swarm to settle, took its origin from observations made in very remote times upon this peculiarity in the organization of bees. There is another animal whose sense of hearing is peculiarly delicate, and it is right you should be made acquainted with anything interesting in a very inoffensive but ugly race, which we too genearely entertain an antipathy to.

An eminent surgeon of Geneva, was struck with the circumstance of a bat's avoiding every obstacle to its flight, by an instantaneous change of direction, and suspected that it was unconnected with any peculiarity of vision; he tried, therefore, the cruel, perhaps, but interesting experiment of blinding several of them, and perceived that it made no difference in their flight, and that they avoided the pillars of a hall in which they were liberated, or the trees of a wood, as skilfully as when they had the use of their eyes—it then occurred to him to close their ears with wax, and to leave them the advantage of sight, but they either remained torpid on the ground, or if thrown up into the air, they struck themselves against everything in their way: it is difficult to conceive the sense of hearing endowed with such delicacy as to distinguish whether the column of air in opposition to rapid motion is shortened or not by any intervening obstacle, but when we

recollect the exquisite sense of smell and of sight, which enables a hound and various birds of the vulture species to pursue, and to discover their prey, we can see no reason why Providence should not protect its creatures by the perfection of any other sense. To return to the subject of bees, I must inform you that I communicated to Mr. Huber the short extract I had made of his book, and that I received a very polite and a very instructive answer, and in order that it may not be mislaid, I will insert a copy of it here:

Huber remercie M. ——— de l'attention qu'il a bien voulu donner à son ouvrage sur les abeilles, il n'y a rien à changer dans le compte qu'il en a rendu et M. ——— y a répandu tout l'intérêt dont un extrait est susceptible.

L'auteur souhaiterait cependant que la description de sa ruche fut un peu plus détaillée; elle a reçu quelques modifications depuis la publication de ces lettres; et dans le cas où Madame N—— ou quelqu'un des amis de M. ——— voulut en faire l'essai en Amérique, il faudrait lui donner tous les perfectionnemens dont on a constaté l'utilité et même la nécessité.

ARTICLE I.

La matière de la ruche.

Le bois de sapin doit être rejeté dans cette construction, ainsi que tout autre bois d'un tissu trop serré.

La fausse teigne de la cire sculpte ces sortes de bois avec trop de facilité: elle s'y creuse des retraites dans les quelles elle échappe aux recherches et à la vigilance des maitresses de la maison. On se flatte d'éviter cet inconvénient, en faisant les chasis des ruches en bois dur, tels que celui de chêne par

exemple. Si l'on pouvait en faire en bois de fer cela vaudrait encore mieux.

ARTICLE II.

Forme de la ruche et ses dimensions.

Il y a ici une grande latitude. Le mieux n'est pas encore trouvé. Ce qui est probable, c'est qu'il faudrait se rapprocher autant que possible de ce qui est indiqué par la nature.

Elle a assigné les arbres creux pour demeure à la feuille des abeilles. La plus grande dimension de ruches naturelles, est dans le sens de la hauteur.

On entrevoit plusieurs avantages dans cette disposition; qu'on se figure un essaim d'abeilles logé dans la partie la plus élevée d'un arbre creusé par le tems, reserré dans un espace assez étroit, la chaleur qui lui est nécessaire, sera répandue bien plus également dans toute son atmosphère qu'elle ne le serait dans une cavité beaucoup plus large et dont l'essaim n'occuperait que la tiers ou que la moitié, les abeilles en travailleraient donc avec beaucoup plus d'ardeur et de suite. Lorsque l'essaim aurait rempli de rayons la partie supérieure de cette cavité; trouvant dans l'espace inférieur assez de vuide pour les étendre à son gré, il le ferait sans doute quand la saison le permettrait. Il construirait donc plus de magasin et pourrait faire des plus amples provisions; l'on aurait plus de cire et plus de miel.

Un troisième avantage très précieux qu'ont les ruches naturelles sur celles de notre invention, dans les quels tout n'a pas été prévu, c'est d'éviter la moisissure. L'atmosphère des abeilles est très humide quand cette eau ne peut pas s'écouler par le bas, la cire se moisit.

Dans les parties qui se trouvent trop éloignées du groupe des mouches et où il n'y a plus assez de chaleur pour prévenir la condensation des vapeurs, on conçoit que cela doit arriver fréquemment pendant l'hiver, dans nos ruches qui ont trop peu de hauteur, et où l'humidité est arrêtée par la table sur la quelle elles sont posées, et qui s'oppose également au prolongement des rayons.

On pourroit imiter à quelques égards les ruches naturelles, et leur laisser la faculté de pouvoir s'ouvrir; on donnerait alors beaucoup plus de hauteur aux châssis, cinq à six pieds par exemple, huit à neuf pouces de largeur prise intérieurement, leur donnerait une capacité suffisante. On lui donnerait douze à quinze lignes d'épaisseur dans un sens et dix-sept lignes dans l'autre, l'expérience ayant appris que c'est trop peu de seize.

En réunissent sept ou huit châssis de cette taille, on logerait peut-être convenablement les abeilles Américaines.

ARTICLE III.

Porte de la ruche.

On a supprimé les entrées que l'on avait conseillé de pratiquer au bas de chaque feuillet.

C'est au bas, et au milieu d'un des petits côtés de la ruche, qu'on doit placer l'ouverture ou la porte des abeilles; cette porte doit être unique et perpendiculaire au plan des rayons.

On se réserve de donner là-dessus des détails ultérieurs.

ARTICLE IV.

Exposition des ruches.

Indifférente à ce que je crois la nature a placé les abeilles à l'ombre dans les forêts et dans toute

exposition; on peut donc faire comme elle. On a plus souvent trouvé des portes les ruches tournées vers le nord-ouest, que vers aucun autre point du ciel.

L'usage de placer les ruches en espalier au midi, a des inconvénients reconnus et dont on parlera dans une autre occasion si les ruches en feuillet paraissent en Amérique trop difficile à construire ou à manier on pourrait essayer une construction plus simple, et qui aurait aussi de très grands avantages.

Pour tirer tout le parti possible des abeilles, il faut nécessairement que les ruches soient divisibles dans un sens ou dans un autre; dans celles qui sont faites d'une seule pièce, on ne peut en prendre le miel sans nuire aux abeilles ni le faire dans les proportions exigées par leur état et leur besoin, ni les diminuer, ou les hausser à volonté, ni former artificiellement des essaims.

On se procurerait tout ces avantages par les dispositions suivantes: 1. On choisirait des arbres creusés par le tems ou par l'art; le creux cylindrique aurait à peu près neuf à dix pouces de large sur sept à huit pieds de long: 2. cet arbre serait divisé horizontalement en trois ou quart parties égales, c'est-à-dire, de deux pieds chacun. 3. Chaque partie serait séparée de l'autre par un plancher fixé à sa partie supérieure. Ce plancher serait percé d'un trou rond dans le milieu, de douze lignes de diamètre; à son bord il aurait des ouvertures longues et étroites pour faciliter l'écoulement des eaux, ces fentes auraient quatre à cinq pouces de longueur, et demi pouce dans le sens le plus étroit.

Entre ses ouvertures faites à la circonférence du plancher, et le trou du centre, on pratiquerait au-

tant de trous que l'espace le comporte.

Ces trous destinées à faciliter les communications, seraient de six lignes au plus.

Il y a bien des moyens de réunir les parties de cette ruche. On choisira les plus simples et les plus sûrs.

Pour fermer la ruche par en haut, on se servira d'une planche épaisse et forte; comme cette partie peut devenir l'inférieure à son tour, il faut qu'elle lui ressemble à tous égards et que son couvercle puisse s'enlever à volonté.

C'est dans la partie supérieure que l'essaim doit être reçu. Après cela on la met à sa place, et on l'y assujettit jusqu'à l'année suivante.

C'est alors, seulement qu'il faut songer à retirer quelque produit de ces ruches, en partageant avec les abeilles.

La nature du pays, celles des récoltes qu'elles ont pu faire, décideront de la manière dont ce partage doit être fait.

Si l'on demande plus de détails, Monsieur Huber sera toujours disposé à les donner. M. ——— veut bien être persuadé de son entier dévouement.

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For The Port Folio.

There is nothing, Mr. Editor, more displeasing to the generality of mankind than the imputation of vulgarity. Call the ignorant mechanic ill-bred, and you will immediately find his pride roused and his resentment excited to a pitch equally high with the petit maître, or the man of opulence stigmatised in a similar manner.

Accordingly it is found that the opprobrium is eluded by every possible means imagination can invent, or ability impower.

Elegance, in manners, in dress, in equipage, in short, in every thing susceptible of elegance, is studied by all who aspire to the appellation of *polite*.

In one instance alone can there be discovered an inattention to the darling object. In one instance alone, is there wanting a criterion by which to judge of a person's rank and situation in life

Perhaps you have anticipated that what I allude to is *pronunciation*. It is an unquestionable truth, that in *this city*; and perhaps in *yours*, the lawyer, the divine, and the auctioneer, the three characters, whose profession necessarily requires the most frequent and energetick use of the declamatory faculty, dare not, in every instance, plead *not guilty* to the charge: with a few exceptions, and a few deviations; deviations frequently as much to the honor of the one as the other, and exceptions so extremely rare as to detract nothing from the correctness of the position; speak the same language, as far as enunciation may be allowed to constitute a language.

Yes, were a foreigner desirous of obtaining an acquaintance with the orthoepy of the English language *here*, he would receive instructions on this head, as much to the purpose, from "the surgeon to old shoes," as from the *bel esprit*, or the man of letters.

From this statement of the case it must appear how eminently grating it is to the ears of those who have been habituated to a correct and Attick pronunciation, to be obliged to listen to the murderous mangling of nine tenths of the words, in whatever manner, addressed to them.

But, Mr. Editor, all this might be endured, and we could submit

to have our "ears split" into disruptions as horrible as ever the "tearing to tatters," of any, or all, the nineteen passions of Aquinas, by e'er "a periwig-pated fellow," that has traversed the stage knee-deep in buskins, since the reign of Valdemar the first, has been known to inflict upon the ears of the "groundlings" of Denmark.

All this could be borne with patience and resignation, but alas! that those

——The harmony of whose tongues
Doth into bondage bring our too diligent ears,

whose language ought to be the voice of Harmony herself, should so frequently transgress the rules of elegance, of propriety, in this respect; and while they enchain them, should wound our ears so unmercifully:—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*.

If, Sir, you conceive the following remarks likely to ameliorate the evil in question, in any degree, or likely to induce any person who has the ability so to do, to take the task upon himself, your insertion of them will gratify

Yours, &c.

DELTA.

Strictures on the general pronunciation that obtains in New-York.

Before proceeding to point out the errors and inaccuracies in pronunciation which have fallen under our observation, it will be necessary, in the first place, to project a scheme, by which the various sounds exhibited by the several vowels, may be appreciated with certainty and facility. And in order to accomplish this, appears the necessity of fixing on a standard, to which the orthoepy of the language may be reduced.

That this is proper, I presume there is no question, but *who* these are, who are to be the models, the dispensers, the arbiters of this pronunciation, is a point not so easily determined. Indeed, perhaps in nothing is the power of custom more conspicuously discoverable, than in the mode of pronunciation we adopt in conveying our thoughts to each other.

Every man adopts that which he finds most prevalent, and every man justifies it upon the score of custom. And consequently, as custom is various in various places, pronunciation assumes so many different forms, and puts on so many different appearances, as frequently to resemble, to the ear, rather a distinct language, than merely a different modification of its expression.

With regard to the inquiry, who have the right and authority to dictate in pronunciation, there are many, who assert, that *we*, that is our best speakers in the Senate, and elsewhere, are the models to be followed on this head. That this, however, is absurd, we need only to observe, that even of our best speakers, perhaps not two are to be found who pronounce alike; and as to making the gentlemen either of the upper or lower house our standards, heaven knows there are more than one of them, who speak—anything but English.

Our opinion, and we conjecture we have good reasons for holding it, is, that the pronunciation of a language ought to be conformed to that of the best informed speakers, who reside in what may be called the birth-place of the language: where it was first spoken in its purity, first cultivated, and where it was brought to that perfection in which it now exists, where the

court and seat of government are, and, in short, wherever is the metropolis of the nation whose respective language is under consideration.

Thus, we contend, that all, who aim at a correct and elegant enunciation of English, should study to speak it as the best speakers in London do. Those, again, who desire to pronounce French with correctness and accuracy, must endeavour to pronounce as a Parisian of taste, as an Academician pronounces.

In like manner, Madrid determines the pronunciation of the *Spanish*, Rome that of the *Italian*; and every one knows that "*La Lingua Toscana in bocca Romana*," is proverbial for the perfection of the last mentioned language. Not that every inhabitant of every metropolis is qualified to regulate the mode of pronouncing his nation's tongue. The language of the vulgar will always be as distinct from that of the polite, as the manners of the one are from those of the other. There are three standards to which the pronunciation of a language is limited, the pulpit, the senate, and the theatre. The affectation however, and finicalness of the latter are to be guarded against equally with the pedantry and formality of the two former, and a man of true taste will readily discriminate between the true and the false, the genuine and the spurious. I have made this remark, in consequence of a gentleman of eminent literary abilities and taste, having observed, upon a perusal of the above in manuscript, that "the court and parliament of London are those who give the pronunciation to all others."

This is certainly too unqualified.

(To be continued.)

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For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Hopkins & Earle have published for the authour, M. Du Moulin of this city, a respectable instructor of the French language, a valuable, accurate, and well digested Grammar of his native tongue, entitled, "The French Tutor, containing Rules and Exercises intended to exemplify the French syntax according to the best authorities, preceded by an abridgment of the elementary part of grammar, and succinct rules, relative to the pronunciation and orthography." Elementary tracts of this description are so exceedingly numerous, and of late, so very trite and uniform, that we should have passed this over in silence, were it not for our conviction that in the compilation of this grammar the authour has displayed much patience of investigation, and a respectable acquaintance with the genius of both languages. Mr. Du Moulin has pursued the old and highway track of teaching, and never indulges himself by straying from the road in quest of novelty. But his path is straight, the prospect is clear, and the temple of knowledge is not obscured by a cloud nor magnified through a mist. The inquisitive pupil, under the guidance of Mr. D. will be sure to find his way to his object, and will neither be *embarrassed with too much regulation* nor permitted to wander in the pursuit of phantoms. The rules for pronunciation in the first chapter are wonderfully succinct, and yet are as perfect as the nature of the topick will allow. Indeed we are exceedingly sceptical on this head. If a scholar of the brightest capacity and the most accurate ear, but which had never listened to the oral sounds of France, should for example, in the retirement of a country town, attempt by written rules to *speak* like a Frenchman, our derided learner would not by any effort make himself intelligible to the

humblest citizen of Blois, or to the polite scholar of Paris. A residence in a French family here, or a visit to the domains of the Emperour, a constant intercourse with Frenchmen somewhere, or the habit for a time, of speaking nothing but French is absolutely necessary; and all the chapters in the world, upon pronunciation can merely illustrate, but never teach. The rest of Mr. D.'s book may be very profitably perused, and the sections devoted to syntax, should task the powers both of memory and judgment, and should not only exercise the mind but the pen. Here much patience, watchful attention, and persevering labour will be absolutely necessary, and he, who from prejudice or indolence refuses to pay the just price for the valuable fruit of French literature, and, to pursue the allusion, according to the established rate in the old market, must be content to submit to a privation. The little treatise in question does not profess to do every thing for the learner. In every instance it lays down a principle, assigns a cause, and furnishes a proof or an illustration, and then leaves him to explore his way by the light of his own understanding. It is believed it was Monsieur d'Alembert, who, with all his defects as a moralist and a politician, was certainly a man of a very vigorous intellect, was wont to declare that this sort of effort was indispensable; GOLDSMITH, in his invaluable practical essay on education, is of the same opinion. The grammar, the dictionary, must be assiduously consulted. Each word, each combination will then become familiar; and, in exact proportion to the diligence we have displayed, will be the extent and the value of the acquisition. On the most mature reflection it seems that no better plan can be devised for acquiring an intimate acquaintance with the grace and delicacy of the French language, than first to study it grammatically, according to the best models which experience has afforded, then

to store the memory with a copious collection of idioms and phrases, of which Mr. Dufief's second volume affords a very great variety. Then, the dictionary of the academy constantly at hand, and habitually consulted, let us open the pages of Pascal, Fenelon, and Boileau in the morning, and converse with French gentlemen or French ladies at night. During the whole of this process, the well principled and guarded pupil will confine his attention to those writers who formed another Augustan age under the munificence of the French monarchy, and reject with mingled indignation and contempt the mawkish crudities or the bitter fruits of the French Revolution.

The little volume, to which we have devoted a small section of our paper, and of which we think very favourably, is as concise as the nature of the subject will allow. It is neatly and correctly printed in a commodious form. The list of subscribers appended to the volume contains the names of many, who, being excellent French scholars themselves, would scarcely encourage a work of this class, unless it had strong pretensions to favour.

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For The Port Folio.

THE FEDERAL REPUBLICAN.

A daily paper, intended as a vehicle both for political and commercial information, has recently been established at Baltimore, entitled "The Federal Republican." We have not yet received any numbers of this new publication, but we take occasion to republish, with alacrity, a part of the Editor's Prospectus. This is in the nature of a manifesto, and is remarkable for the spirit and vivacity of the composition. At first we were apprehensive that this establishment might mar the interest and clash with the just pretensions of *The North American*; a paper decidedly Federal, and conducted, by Mr. Wagner, in a very able, spirited, and judicious manner. But we understand that he does not consider *The Federal Re-*

publican by any means, as an imperinent interloper, or a jealous rival, but that, being perfectly well supported himself, he regards another establishment with no other eye than that of a brother. This being the case, it is highly pleasing to find that *FEDERALISM* at Baltimore is so strong and so liberal, as to support two new papers, whose Editors profess to be the stanch supporters of the doctrines of *HAMILTON*. We hail this as an auspicious omen, and indeed, it is visible in many important sections of our territory, that a very great revolution has, within a short time, taken place in the public mind. National adversity has produced the same salutary consequences that frequently flow from individual distress. Men forsake their wandering humour, and return once more to the high road of duty. Many of the cheated people begin to perceive that they have been mocked by the delusions of Democracy long enough, and are solicitous to be once more reconciled to that Federal polity, which, exclusively, has promoted the good of the country. The success of the paper which has given birth to these reflections, is very cordially wished by the writer of this article. He has reason to suppose that he is acquainted with some of its Editors, and his knowledge of their industry, talents, and zeal, is sufficient to justify his sanguine hopes of the important service they will render to the Federal party. Moreover, the basis of this establishment is, in our opinion, beyond all controversy, the broadest and best that can be adopted. This paper is upheld by a confederacy of writers, and we have repeatedly declared, and it is one of our settled habits of thinking, that such an alliance is essential to the success of any Journal; whether its objects be political or literary. There is not a paper in the country, of high and lasting reputation, and ample emolument, whose proprietor is not either openly or covertly furnished with facilities for the uniform and spirited discharge of his duty. Even in England, where readers

are so numerous, and at a period not more remote than the year 1752, the closing numbers of *The Rambler* itself, supported by the strength of *Johnson alone*, failed to interest the public curiosity, or to reward the bookseller's just expectations. A solitary individual, however liberally endowed, with the gifts of Nature, or of Fortune, may not presumptuously hope to conduct, without assistance, a work, whose essence consists in endless variety. Sorrow may depress, Sickness invade, or Misfortune overwhelm any man. In any of these situations, however enterprising, laborious, and gallant, at other times, he resembles the knight of ancient chivalry, under the subduing spell of the enchanter, and is *compelled* to leave the adventure unfinished. On the other hand, an alliance of men of genius, industry, and property, is a perfect pledge for the merit, the resources, the durability, and fair character of a periodical publication. Such a union has, for more than seventy years, maintained, with unabating spirit, *The Monthly Review*, which now shines with superiour lustre, in the metropolis of Britain. Such a union gives all its wisdom and all its wit to the best critical journal in Scotland. Such a union, and nothing but such a union, supports the most popular papers on the continent, and the fashionable papers in London. We know of no successful exception from this principle in America. Our Baltimore friends will quickly perceive the advantages of brotherhood, in the high task they have undertaken. But it must be remembered, that some one member of the association should have the general superintendence of the paper, and that, with respect to all the great principles in politics, or whatever other topick they may choose to discuss, there should be a cordial union of faith and practice.

"When we reflect upon the critical situation of our country, a mingled sensation of gloomy apprehension and enlivening hope

arises in the mind. The patriotic bosom is agonized with grief for the present and anxiety for the future. The general gloom which hangs over our afflicted country, has broken the spirit and crushed the enterprize of a great people. Already we are sinking under our afflictions, but their measure is not filled. The evils we *may* have to encounter, are sufficient to appal the stoutest hearts. Standing amidst the ruins of states and empires, spectators of the sad events, which in a "long, unbroken, funereal train," have passed in review before us, we are alarmed into reflection, our minds are purified by terror and pity; our weak, unthinking pride is humbled before the dispensations of a mysterious wisdom. The mound which stands between us and destruction bends beneath the mighty, continued, and accumulative force. Already we see the torrent, which has desolated Europe, approaching our hitherto peaceful and happy land."

It is the part of magnanimity to rise under the pressure of calamity. It is the attribute of prudence to anticipate future and to provide against impending evils. It might have been expected, that the freemen of America would be at last weary of humiliation and disgrace. It might have been expected, that a generous despair would rouse the spirit of enthusiasm, and that the electric spark would communicate its influence from Georgia to Maine. Such were our reasonable hopes, but they have not been gratified.

To meet the dangers which threaten to assail us, we have neither an army, nor a navy, nor fortifications. Political prejudice is opposed to an army, an exhausted treasury will not support a na-

vy, and the plan of fortifications is incompatible with the system of economy. We have indeed *miniatures* of each, curious in appearance, but utterly insufficient for the purposes of national defence.

Our navy, that infant Hercules, which, in the honest anticipating pride of the country, was to strangle the serpents of Europe, miserably made up of a few score of *ferry-boats*; instead of resisting the piratical depredations of foreigners, is preying upon our own vessels and tyrannizing over our own citizens—instead of chasing before them the French marauders, who infest our ports, they are employed in enforcing unconstitutional decrees and orders—feeble against our enemies, but formidable to us.

In our administration we behold the same blind confidence, improvident security, and servile submission, which, more than the arms of France, has subjected Europe to the yoke of the conqueror. The proud, aspiring spirit of Americans languishes under the effects of a mean, and dastardly, and degrading policy, which, while it humbles and impoverishes the nation, exposes it to scorn, contempt, and perpetual insult. The honour of a glorious people, who but a few years past humbled the pride of a mighty nation, is tarnished; the laurels purchased by illustrious deeds of valour, have withered in the unhallowed and treacherous keeping of false patriots. The national spirit is mouldering away, the love of glory is giving place to the love of wealth, and all these evils are derived from the influence of a fatal system of expedients and of false economy.

A new period in our history is arrived. The principles, upon

which parties divided at the formation of our Federal Constitution, have become of secondary consequence. We are not at this time contending for favourite theories. The question does not concern speculative points of government; it is more momentous, for it involves our eventual existence as freemen. It is to be determined whether we shall live under the government of our choice, or become the province of a foreign power—whether we shall exchange the garb of freemen for the livery of vassals. “An unseen hand” directs the councils of our country, and urges us on to fatal ruin. With fear and trembling, we gaze on the black clouds which are rising above our political horizon; the distant thunder warns us of the approaching storm, whilst we, riveted by a fatal fascination, seek no shelter from the fury of the tempest. The roaring cannon of the enemy is pointed towards us, and we want the courage to defend ourselves.

Such is the most important feature in the face of our political affairs. But while one enemy assails us without, another is labouring within. A fixed determination has been betrayed by the party in power, to carry into operation a favourite theory of their leader—the annihilation of commerce. To further this purpose, the Constitution has been violated, power has been usurped, and the most perfect indifference to the sacred rights of the citizen has been manifested. A powerful party is arrayed in open hostility to the judiciary; a plan has been avowed, and is ripe for execution, to cut away the great political anchor, at which, in the stormy times of peril and dismay, the vessel of state has rode in safety.

A lambent ray of hope gilds this dreary prospect. Our situation, though critical, is far from desperate. Wisdom points out a path to certain security. To pursue this path, the people must have virtue, fortitude, and courage. They must no longer close their eyes to the dangers that threaten them. They must no longer blindly confide in their favourites. Would the people be sensible to their true situation, they may be yet rescued from the danger which awaits them; they may be saved from the common grave in which the liberties of Europe have been entombed, and slavery and wretchedness may not be entailed upon their posterity. Let us with grateful hearts render thanks to the Supreme Disposer of good and of evil, that symptoms of recovery are already visible, that the languishing body politic has had strength to contend with the raging fever, which threatened to consume it, and for the hope that the struggles of nature will destroy the humours of disease. Once in a state of convalescence, we do not fear a relapse. The people will awake from the disturbed dreams of democratic philosophy, and shaking off the administration, which sits like an incubus upon them, will arise in the majesty of a great and magnanimous nation, will defend their rights with vigour and courage, and teach tyrants to respect their virtue.

If ever there was a time which demanded the exertions of those who love their country, it is the present. Much is to be apprehended and much to be hoped. But to realize our hopes, the most indefatigable exertions are required from the friends of civil liberty and social order, from all classes of citizens, from the statesman,

the scholar, and the soldier. Our enemies are active and persevering, and our dearest interests are at stake. To give an exaggerated description of our difficulties and dangers is impossible. The most highly coloured fiction could not equal the reality. In vain are intrigue and artifice employed to lull us into security; our feelings tell us we are insulted and betrayed.

Alive to the distress and danger of our country, and influenced by a desire to contribute whatever aid it be in our power to afford the American cause, we have determined to establish a new Journal, to co-operate with those whose views are single to their country's good.

In the conduct of this paper, we shall be regulated by the sound and healthful principles of the Federal school. We are not the disciples of Condorcet or of Paine. If our political tenets should ever want a further elucidation, we shall not call on democracy to explain them. We shall not light up our temple from that unhallowed fire. It will be illuminated with the rays of a more pure and lasting light. It will be perfumed with the incense of the memory of a WASHINGTON and a HAMILTON. Supporting the Federal Constitution, we shall cleave closely to the institutions of our ancestors, and, viewing all innovation with a jealous eye, we shall mock at those miserable jugglers who have made a philosophy and a religion of their hostility to all order, and all establishment.

Need we add anything as to the moral and religious principles, which our paper will ever inculcate and support? Knowing that Religion is the basis of civil society, the source of all good and of all consolation, we will fight under

its sacred banner to the last gasp; and stripping the impious and the infidel, the atheist and the deist of his false and deceitful garb, we will exhibit the monster in his native deformity.

To the mere student, who devotes his time to literary acquirements, we may promise some relief from the ruggedness of politics, and the asperities of controversial discussion. Passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," we shall endeavour to present a banquet for every taste. Interesting biographies, critical notices of new works, original and selected poetry will sometimes adorn our columns.

As much of the time and attention of its conductors will necessarily be consumed in rendering this establishment deserving of general approbation and support, it is at least desirable, that they should be secured in those pecuniary advances which are incident to it. They ask no more. Their object is not gain; they have higher and more honourable views. The disinterested motives, which have prompted them to this laborious undertaking, certainly give them a claim upon their political friends for favour and support. We confidently trust that their independence and patriotism will urge them to aid us in an effort to serve our country. To our commercial friends we would particularly address ourselves:

*"Gentle breath of theirs our sails
"Must fill, or else our project fails."*

Their patronage is necessary to our existence; without it we must abandon all exertion. We shall offer them in return, the closest attention to their interest, and our industrious efforts to procure the earliest mercantile intelligence.

We cherish a hope that they will not neglect us, but by presenting us with a portion of their favours, preserve our exertions from the blasting influence of pecuniary embarrassment.

As to the manner of conducting our paper enough has been said. We will merely add, that the columns of THE FEDERAL REPUBLICAN will be forever closed against scurrility and abuse. Manly and independent investigation into the actions of publick men, we earnestly invite. With equal caution, we shall avoid the charge of virulence or of timidity; the characters of private citizens shall be preserved sacred and inviolable; but we will not wink at corruption in office, nor fear to express the indignation we feel against the foreign or domestick enemies of our country. In a word, we shall be directed by truth and patriotism; we shall endeavour to disseminate correct principles of government, to infuse into the publick mind the love of glory, and to rouse the dormant spirit of America.

CONDITIONS.

This paper will be published every morning, at the rate of \$7 to annual subscribers, payable half yearly.

A Country Paper will be issued three times a week, at \$5 per annum, payable in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted on the usual terms.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

During the festivities of the fourth of July, as celebrated by the Federalists of Dover, in N. H. HENRY MELLE, Esq, a gentleman of the bar, and highly distinguished as a polite scholar, was prevailed upon to

provide a song for the occasion. Instead of that bombastick cant, the vulgar offspring of the day, he produced the following arch stanzas, which will remind the reader of some of the bagatelles of DEAN SWIFT. From many of the acutest reasoners in the nation we have been favoured with irresistible *arguments* against that preposterous measure the *Embargo*, which, if there were no other record of the absurdities of Mr. Jefferson's politicks, will always display the imbecility of his administration. But though Reason has been constantly and decisively engaged in the combat, *Wit* has seldom been so successfully engaged in the service, as under the command of the gallant MELLEEN.

THE EMBARGO.

A song, composed by HENRY MELLEEN, Esq. of Dover, (N. H.) and sung there at the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1808.

(Tune—Come let us prepare.)

Dear sirs, it is wrong
To demand a *new song*;
I have let all the breath I can spare go;
With the Muse I've conferr'd,
And she wont say a word,
But keeps laughing about the *Embargo*.

I wish that I could
Sing in *Allegro* mood;
But the times are as stupid as *Largo*;
Could I have my choice,
I would strain up my voice,
Till it *snap* all the strings of *Embargo*.

Our great politicians,
Those dealers in visions,
On *paper* to all lengths they dare go;
But when call'd to decide,
Like a *turtle* they hide
In their own pretty *shell*, the *Embargo*.

In the time that we try
To put out Britain's eye,
I fear we shall let our own *pair* go;
Yet still we're so wise,
We can see with *French* eyes,
And then we shall like the *Embargo*.

A French privateer
Can have nothing to fear;
She may *load*, and may *here* or may *there*
go;
Their Friendship is such,
And we love them so much,
We let them slip thro' the *Embargo*.

Our ships, all in motion,
Once whiten'd the ocean,
They sail'd and return'd with a *cargo*;
Now doom'd to decay,
They have fallen a prey
To Jefferson, worms, and *Embargo*.

Lest Britain should take
A few men by mistake,
Who under false colours may dare go;
We're manning their fleet
With our Tars, who retreat
From poverty, sloth, and *Embargo*.

What a *fuss* we have made
About rights and *free* trade,
And swore we'd not let our own share go;
Now we can't for our souls
Bring a Hake from the *shoals*,
'Tis a breach of the *twentieth EMBARGO*.

Our farmers so gay,
How they gallop'd away,
'Twas money that made the old mare go.
But now she wont stir
For the whip or the spur.
Till they take off her *clog*, the *Embargo*;

If you ask for a debt,
The man turns in a *pet*;
"I pay, Sir? I'll not let a hair go;
"If your office comes,
"I shall put up my thumbs,
"And clap on his breath an *Embargo*.

Thus Tommy destroys
A great part of our joys;
Yet we'll not let the beautiful fair go;
They all will contrive,
To keep Commerce alive,
There's nothing they hate like *Embargo*.

Since rulers design
To deprive us of wine,
'Tis best that we now have a *rare* go;
Then each to his post,
And see who will do most
To knock out the *blocks* of *Embargo*.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. *Philadelphia, Saturday, August 6, 1808.*

No. 6

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 71.)

LETTER XXXV.

My dear E—,

I HOPE I do not deceive myself, in supposing that you have been amused with the account in the last letter: had I suppressed the name of the insect and omitted a few circumstances, as in one of Hume's essays, or pretended that some traveller, Mr. Humboldt, for instance, had discovered a nation of Amazons in South America, you would have admired the arrangement of a commonwealth, in which the monarchical and democratic powers were so wisely combined, and the science of domestic administration carried to

such perfection. In some future letter, I will endeavour to give you an idea of the discoveries which have been made by another Mr. Huber, the son of the last-mentioned, in the history and internal management of a race of bees, who live under ground; we call them humblebees, in English; they make in small quantities, an inferior kind of honey, and have an instinct, or inspiration, call it which you will, adapted to their peculiar circumstances and situation: he has turned his attention to the commonwealth of ants also, whom I find, upon better acquaintance, to be by no means unworthy of the notice taken of them by Solomon; they cannot indeed be held forth as patterns of foresight and frugality, for they consume as much as they can lay their hands on, and sleep all the winter; but they have in general a large family to bring up; they have fatigue parties who labour for the common good, and bring home food for the rest, in a

very unusual way, and they are content that their superiours, who are the parents of the nation, should be exempted from labour: these last, who are a winged race, take flight, with the exception of a very few, at a certain season of the year, and leave the ant-hill, as the nobility of France did the *tiers état*, to get through the winter as they can; there are circumstances attending this active race that are not unworthy of our attention: they have a degree of sensibility in their horns, or feelers, by which their sensations are communicated to each other in a way scarcely inferior to speech, and though armed with teeth, they seldom make use of them against any living creature, but instead of that violence which many of the smaller of the brute creation exercise against such as are still smaller and weaker than themselves, they employ arts, of which you would not suppose an ant capable: the principal objects of their attention are the puceron and the gall insect—animals which, like a rich luxurious planter, live always upon the same spot, and derive a superabundant nourishment from the paternal stem, or leaf, with hardly any other exertion than what the powers of the trunk require: these they approach, and practising certain blandishments, induce them to give up a part of their superfluity: sometimes they carry their arts still further; they either surround the little establishment of pucerons with a shelter of clay, against the weather, and against the inroads of other animals, taking care to leave a private passage for themselves, or, as if they foresaw a degree of danger from coming abroad every day, they carefully remove the pucerons to their own cells under ground, furnish them

with roots to live upon, and compress them at regular periods, as the inhabitants of a village in the Alps may be seen milking their cows every morning and evening. Other animals are observed to live among the ants, unmolested and unmolested, and may possibly serve for some domestick purpose, which has not yet been discovered, and as the pucerons are in the nature of cows, these other insects may be as the dogs and cats of the ant nation. If these discoveries of the younger Mr. Huber raise the nation of ants in your estimation, it must be confessed, that they very much elevate the importance of the puceron race, who act also as purveyors for the race of bees; it is to them is owing that honied substance on the leaves of trees, and which sometimes falls from them like dew,* and which you may perceive the bees so busily employed in collecting of a summer morning. You will be struck with the circumstance of three individuals of the name of Huber, of three succeeding generations, being distinguished for their ingenuity and their talents of observation in Natural History, but the race of man, unlike the race of bees and ants, who are impelled by instinct, is principally influenced by the force of early domestick example; our nerves, like the strings of a musical instrument, may be made to convey the most sublime, or the most ordinary sensations, and our mental organs can only be developed

* I observe that Forsyth, who has the merit of having adapted the improvements of surgery, to the treatment of fruit trees, was acquainted with the nature of this substance, which he calls honey-dew; he attributes it to a small insect, called the vine-fretter.

by the culture which our minds receive. You may not be able to leave your children rich, or to see them placed in brilliant situations, but you may give them morality to direct their course by, you can inspire them with activity, which seeks for employment, and you must take care that a liberal education shall enable them to turn their activity into a proper channel.

On looking back, I perceive, that contrary to a practice very common in the world, I have spoken too little of ourselves, and too much of others; it is time, therefore, to enter into some description of our country life, and of the place we live at.

As the houses of Geneva are crowded with inhabitants, the streets are dirty, without any side pavement, and, in general, too steep for pleasurable exercise: the taste for passing the summer in the country, is very prevalent, and we, among the rest, began, at a very early period of the Spring, to look out for a retreat: the difficulty was, to determine upon a choice in the number that were offered, and we at last fixed upon the *Maison Constant* at St. Jean, near the confluence of the Arve and Rhone, which we got furnished for sixty pounds a-year. The house is roomy and convenient; and three or four steps lead from the drawing room to the terrace, which is upwards of 100 yards long, and broad in proportion, and planted with double rows of lofty trees, which afford shade at every hour of the day, and are so arranged, as to leave intervals at either extremity and in front for one of the most beautiful and diversified prospects in the world. The slope in front, which might almost be called a precipice, leaves room for a narrow

strip of vineyard, and then succeeds the broad, azure-coloured, rapid stream of the Rhone: a garden tract of 60 or 70 acres of rich soil, bounded by the Arve, and visibly the deposit of the waters in former times, next presents itself, in all the lively beauty of variegated vegetation; and the view is afterwards carried over fertile fields and vineyards, and farm houses, and villages, till it is terminated, at no great distance, by the mountain of Soleve. To the left, the city presents itself in one of the best points of view, at a distance of little more than half a mile; on one side of it is a glimpse of the lake, and above it, at a distance, are cultivated hills, where I often admire the unusual reunion of all that bespeaks plenty and population, with that sort of comfortable retirement from which it might be delightful to survey the world. On the other side is seen the Buet, one of the loftiest of the Alps, and next to it is the commencement of those masses of granite which are connected with Mont Blanc. From the right of the terrace, the view would remind you of those sudden turns in the North River, where the waters appear to have burst a passage: the banks are lofty and steep, and the Rhone receives the accession of the Arve, which, white with pulverised rock, from the mountain, seems at first repulsed, as a rough and ill-bred country squire might be by some beauty of polished manners, and better education—but great is the power of perseverance; those turbid waters, which at first make scarcely any impression on the Rhone, are very soon in possession of half the space, from bank to bank, and shortly after, from the change of colour, which is evident, they seem in possession of the whole. A

clergyman of Geneva, preaching not long ago to a numerous audience, and wishing to impress upon the minds of the younger part of his congregation a sense of the danger that would arise from the contagion of improper company in the world, made a very happy allusion to the junction of these rivers, and to the effects which I have described. The church of Geneva, though stripped of its consistorial powers, is still rendered respectable by the personal merit of its ministers, and good preaching is as much admired as ever. The sermon is, indeed, the only part of the service, which is properly attended, and it is not unusual, after the reader has been reciting the word of the Lord to empty benches, to perceive a rush of company, and a degree of momentary confusion, when a favourite minister is to preach, which reminds one too much of the theatre. The style of preaching is such as you would think exaggerated; it is attended with a great deal of action, and consists very much in description.

The estate annexed to the *Maison Constant* is a very small one, and in the hands of a farmer who pays thirty louis for about twelve English acres, with a small dwelling house, and out-houses. From two poses, or 58,254 square feet (English) of vineyard, he has, this year, made seven chars, or 5600 quarts, nearly 13 pipes of English measure. The wine is but of an ordinary quality, and from the abundant vintage all over the country, would not sell, at present, for more than £3 the char. Such land is supposed to be worth about £80, the acre. Below the house is another small estate, with a vineyard and a gar-

den, at the foot of which runs the Rhone.

Before the reformation, there was a nunnery on the spot, the church was dedicated to St. Jean, which has given its name to the whole neighbourhood. The garden tract, on the opposite side, reminds me a little of our rice fields, it is cultivated to the utmost advantage, and watered by means of wheels, which having buckets fixed to the rim of the circumference, and being set in motion by the current, are seen dipping up and pouring out, alternatively, the water in the manner of the elevators in our rice mills: the water is received in a trough properly placed for that purpose, and is conducted where it is required. A drawing which accompanies this will give you a very good idea of the situation I have been describing; words alone are insufficient.

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For The Port Folio.

EDUCATION.

From the infancy of that well organized establishment, The Philadelphia Academy, until the present period of its glorious maturity, we have been constantly solicitous for its success. Powerful were the reasons for this sort of anxiety. Frequent habits of intimacy with the gentleman, to whom the arduous care of this Seminary is intrusted, taught us highly to appreciate his moral and intellectual worth, the purity of his principles, his variety of information, and his zeal in the cause of useful and elegant literature. Nor did the plan and discipline of his Academy escape our regard. We thought the one was liberal and the other exact, and both commanded an ample approbation. The success of this Seminary has abundantly verified every sanguine hope. In despite of early obstacles, and frequent disappointments, Dr. ABERCROMBIE has meritoriously persevered, and has tri-

umphed over the Malice and Caprice of Fortune. We had not the pleasure of witnessing his recent exhibition, by which, according to annual custom, the Publick are entertained with brilliant proofs of the abilities of the instructor, and the genius and docility of his pupils. But though it was our misfortune to be absent, we learn from all quarters, and, in particular from the report of those, whose praise is of sterling value, that the performance of the young gentlemen exceeded all expectation. The skill and harmony of their enunciation, the gracefulness of their gesture, the accuracy of their emphasis, and the dignity and manliness of their deportment were the themes of general applause. At the close of the Commencement their classical instructor pronounced the following Charge, which is copious without prolixity, and *minute without confusion*. Although the topicks of education are of extreme triteness, and have been amply and ably discussed by original thinkers, under the happiest auspices, yet Genius, in alliance with victorious Industry, can discover new and pleasant paths to Minerva's Temple. Dr. Abercrombie though he has had frequent occasion to traverse a beaten field, has the art of conducting us through it without a symptom of languor, or an exclamation of impatience. We follow him and are delighted; nor should we assign so ample a space to the article, now expanding before us, were it not a dictate of our judgment that his survey of the varieties of life is wide and clear, and that it may be profitably scanned, not merely by the prying schoolboy, but by the adult critic. In the present state of the country, while some are engrossed by Avarice, and many are servile to Faction, while the grovelling crowd see nothing but Earth's surface, and only the favoured few perceive and acknowledge the transcendent charms of Genius, assisted by Art and Learning, fortified by Discipline, let the merit of a successful Teacher re-

ceive no inglorious reward. Liberal encouragement will invigorate future exertion, and that ACADEMY we commend, like those of which we read in the golden ages of Greece, may be the nursery of Heroes, Philosophers, Oratours, and Statesmen.

A CHARGE, &c.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

This day, by minds less expanded and cultivated than yours, would be considered as a day of jubilee; because the long-expected day of emancipation from the confinement and discipline of a school.

That you should finish your course of studies here with joy, and justly appreciate the honours which this Seminary confers upon her studious and faithful sons, is indeed natural and truly laudable. But, I flatter myself, your exhortation originates not in so childish, so ignoble a motive as that I have suggested: a motive which can exist only in a weak and a frivolous mind. You, I trust, rejoice because you have now completed the acquisition of those elementary principles of English literature, which form the proper basis for a learned, and, where that is not intended, will always be in the highest degree useful, as constituting the various branches of a complete English education.*

In the former case, the correct and scientific knowledge you have

* The branches of science, taught in the Philadelphia Academy, are Reading, Writing, Arithmetick, Merchants' Accompts, Book-keeping, Grammar, Composition, Elocution, Natural History, Geography and Logick; together with the general principles of Morals and of Christianity; the students, under the age of sixteen, being called upon every Saturday to recite the Catechism of the religious society to which they belong; after which a lecture is read by the Director, upon one of the general precepts or principles of the Christian Religion.

here acquired of the construction and idiomatick peculiarities of your native language, and of those principles which teach you to express your sentiments through its medium with elegance and perspicuity, as well as accurately to judge of the compositions of other writers, will not only facilitate your acquisition of other languages, but induce such a taste for philological learning, and excite such an ardour and acuteness of investigation, as will render the progress of your future scientifick pursuits both easy and agreeable.

To those of you who are immediately to direct your attention to the more active scenes of human industry, whether those of Commerce or of the Mechanick Arts, the general elements of useful knowledge you can now command, will ever prove an inexhaustible source of self-satisfaction, of refined entertainment, and of general respectability.

A perfectly critical knowledge indeed of our language, and consequently of the most refined beauties of English literature, cannot be obtained without some acquaintance with the different languages from which many of its words are derived. To all of you, therefore, I most earnestly recommend the immediate study of the Latin and Greek languages; for, independently of the close connexion which they have with your own, some of the most inestimable and sublime effusions of pure morality, the most fervid and exuberant productions of poetick genius, and the most interesting and important incidents of ancient, civil, and biographical history, are to be found in the Greek and Roman authours; which, to be fully understood and enjoyed, must be perused in the language in which they were ori-

ginally written; all translations falling infinitely short of the spirit and expression of an original work of genius in a foreign tongue.

You are all young enough to afford a considerable portion of time to the study of classical literature, even though you should not afterwards incline to either of the learned professions. Your late habits of application, and your acquaintance with the general principles of English grammar, will wonderfully accelerate your acquisition of those of other languages; and be assured that the time and exertions employed in acquiring them will never be regretted by you. Indeed no man can with propriety be said to have received a liberal education, without having devoted some time to the study of Grecian and Roman literature. No mental superstructure can be perfectly solid or truly ornamental, which is not raised upon the adamantine foundation of classical learning, upon a general if not a critical knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. The Dorick pillar may support a cottage, but the Corinthian alone is accommodated to a palace or a temple.

The study of the Classics communicates a refinement and liberality of sentiment, an energy of diction, and even an urbanity of manners, which are essential properties in the character of a scholar and a gentleman. Who can be said to have a polished taste for history or to be fully informed on that subject, who is unacquainted with the narrations of Thucydides, Plutarch, Xenophon, Herodotus, Sallust, and Livy? How can he be said to have a knowledge of the poets, who has never read the immortal productions of Homer, Anacreon, Pindar, Horace, Juvenal, and Virgil? and how superfi-

cial a moralist must he be, who is a stranger to the precepts which flowed from the pen of a Seneca, a Plato, an Epictetus, a Socrates, and a Pliny? What true politician is ignorant of the writings of Tacitus, Polybius, Justinian, and Aristotle? and what oratour, of Quintilian, Demosthenes, and Cicero?

"The human mind," says the justly celebrated Vicesimus Knox, "when cultivated by classical instruction, shoots up to maturity with the vigour of an indigenous plant; but thrives slowly, like the exotick, when nurtured only by the slender supplies of a partial and superficial education."*

Every man who is endowed with a taste for reading, or wishes to associate with sensible, well-informed men, must feel with bitter regret the deficiency of his own education, and consequently his inferiority of character when in polished and improved society, if he be ignorant of those languages in which some of the most solid, as well as brilliant efforts of the human mind have been communicated. When of course the quotations from and allusions to such authours as often afford the most powerful aid in serious discussion, and give the highest zest to lively and animated conversation, will be altogether unintelligible to him; as will also be the frequent references and quotations found in books.

To avoid this embarrassment, to obviate this difficulty, and to expand, invigorate, and enrich the mind with an inexhaustible store of useful and ornamental literature, make yourselves acquainted with the writings of the most celebrated Greek and Roman

authours in the original: at least acquire such a command of those languages, as will enable you to understand select passages, which may be referred to or quoted. You will find that a diligent application to this pursuit will soon liberally reward your exertions, and awaken such a degree of attention to general literature, and particularly to classical and belles lettres subjects, as will not only provide a perpetual feast of scientific sentiment for yourselves, but render you ornaments of refined society, and the familiar associates of those, who, as luminaries in the intellectual world, dissipate the gloom of ignorance and error, and, by their genial influence, improve the heads, and exhilarate the hearts of those who bask in their invigorating beams.

An acquaintance with classical literature is always a valuable, and sometimes an essential preparation for an entrance upon professional studies.

You are now about to step upon the great theatre of the world, and by the choice of a profession to determine, as far as depends upon yourselves, your future usefulness and celebrity in society: it behooves you, therefore, before you select the path which you will pursue through the mazy labyrinth of human life, to pause and seriously to consider the dispositions and qualifications necessary for a successful progress; and more especially the advantages and disadvantages attendant upon each profession.

To aid you in the inquiry, I will devote the remainder of this address to that important investigation.

The general sources of professional employment in the different classes of civil society are Agri-

culture, the Mechanick Arts, the Army, the Navy, Commerce, and what are called the learned professions of Law, Physick and Divinity. Briefly examining the former of these in their order, I shall more particularly direct your attention to the last four, as being the most probable objects of your future pursuit.

The advantages attached to rural life are great and obvious. The purity of the air gives health and hilarity; the efforts of industry, comfort and independence; and the variegated beauty of the surrounding scenery inspires cheerfulness and tranquillity.

But, in this as well as every other part of human life, accident frequently interrupts success, and unlooked for misfortune paralyzes exertion. The reward of long and painful labour is frequently annihilated by the capriciousness of climate, the continuance of drought, the excess of moisture, the severity of winter, or the rage of a too ardent sun; evils, which the most consummate prudence cannot prevent, the most vigilant industry cannot control.

The life of an agriculturist is a life of uninterrupted anxiety and care; secluded from the bustle and amusing activity of a city, he must experience the stillness of retirement, if not of solitude; which, unless the mind be richly stored by previous cultivation, must ever give the rolling hours a dull and heavy iteration.

Among other serious inconveniences which attend upon rural life, two of the most prominent are, the want of immediate medical assistance in cases of sudden and pressing emergency, and the general want of convenient and competent schools for the education of children. He, however,

who can cheerfully submit to these privations, will avoid much perplexity and trouble which are inseparably connected with a city life; he may solace himself with the enjoyment of tranquillity and ease; he may be soothed by the conviction that the agriculturist is one of the most useful and important contributors to the general interests of human society; and that if he want the amusements and luxuries of a town, he is removed at the same time from its mortifications and its extravagancies, the restraints of etiquette, the follies of fashion, the diseases of luxury, and the vices of dissipation.

"Few politicians," says the sagacious Dr. Swift, "with all their schemes, are half so useful members of a commonwealth; as an honest farmer; who by skilfully draining, fencing, manuring, and planting, hath increased the intrinsic value of a piece of land, and thereby done a perpetual service to his country; which it is a great controversy whether any of the former ever did since the creation of the world; but no controversy at all, that ninety-nine in a hundred have done abundance of mischief."*

They who are engaged in the exercise of the various mechanick arts, form a very important class, indeed, in the community; not only promoting by their efforts the comforts and accommodations of its individual members, but constituting that link in the great chain of civil society, which connects and supports its several gradations, and, in fact, without which its existence would soon be destroyed, and we should experience the many wants

which the social state necessarily gives birth to, without being able to gratify them by our own most active exertions.

Although expansion of mind, and the studious cultivation of the intellectual powers are not necessary to the successful exercise of the mechanick arts, which depend chiefly on the force and application of the corporal powers, yet should every mechanick previously acquire the elementary parts, at least, of a plain, unornamented education. Every carpenter, blacksmith, and baker should know how to read and write, and be able to apply the common rules of arithmetic.

To each description of artificers belong, as to the liberal professions, peculiar advantages and disadvantages. If the carpenter, for example, be exposed to more personal danger, from his frequently elevated situation on the roofs and eaves of lofty buildings; if the very implements of his trade require the utmost caution in their use, and even in the most skilful hands frequently inflict dangerous, nay, sometimes, mortal wounds; yet he avoids the inconveniences and hazard of health, which the sedentary occupation of the weaver, the cordwainer, and the tailor gives birth to, the noxious atmosphere which surrounds the painter, and the offensive effluvia which assail the soap-boiler, the glue-maker, and the tanner; and all these avoid the dangers and laborious exertions which the carpenter must undergo. Through the whole circle of the mechanick arts, a comparison of each with another affords to its practitioner sufficient reason for his attachment to that which he has chosen.

Though the army and the navy are establishments necessary for the

protection and security of our national interests, though they elevate their commissioned officers to the rank and privileges of gentlemen, though they naturally induce a polish and urbanity of manners, yet are they in the highest possible degree dangerous to the morals of those who enter into either, and particularly so to young men. The leisure and favourable opportunities which they afford for the cultivation of the mind, and the exercise of the benevolent affections of the heart, being often devoted to the delusions of vice, and sacrificed in the purlieus of debauchery.

“It happens unfortunately,” says a judicious modern writer,* “that profligacy, libertinism, and infidelity, are thought by weaker minds almost as necessary a part of a soldier’s uniform as his shoulder-knot. To hesitate at an oath, to decline intoxication, to profess a regard for religion, would be almost as ignominious as to refuse a challenge. Insolvency and disease, some of the greatest misfortunes which can befall a human creature, are often thought to add a grace to the military man. He dresses, he drinks, he blusters, he spends his money, he ruins his constitution and his peace; but his compensation for all this is, that he is a favourite of the ladies; and really in this, his ultimate object, he often succeeds; for too many of them, who are as weak as himself, are ready to run wild at the sight of an epaulet.”

These, let it be remembered, are the sentiments and declarations of a foreigner, with respect to the habits and manners of some of the military of his own country. The intrepid virtue of the

* Vicesimus Knox, Essay 19.

American character, will, I trust, ever preserve the youth of this country from so shameful a degree of degradation; though the temptations incident to these professions exist as powerfully here as in other places; with this exception, that, I believe, they yet want here the stimulating influence of example.

The admirable moralist I have just quoted, concludes his remarks with this excellent advice to him who enters into either of the professions under consideration.

"He should recollect that he has a soul like men who do not wear an epaulet, and should think of that immortality which the wisest of mankind have expected. Let him not be ashamed of reading the Scriptures, or those excellent comments upon them, the sermons of our great English divines. It is false valour which sets God and Eternity at defiance; and it is real cowardice to be afraid of the ridicule which the performance of religious or any other duty may incur. He is often heard to say, in the language of his profession, that he is *upon duty*, and it is to be wished that he considered the meaning of the word in its full extent."*

Since such professions, however, are necessary, it is, indeed, most devoutly to be wished that they should be exercised with that strict regard to morality, and that intrepid observance of religious duties, which give true lustre to the human character in every walk of life.

In fine, though the love of our country is a virtuous and manly principle, and though it is honourable and glorious to defend, nay

even to die in defence of her rights, yet it is much to be lamented, that between countries professing christianity, such principles and practices should obtain, as give rise to those professions, the exercise of which is a disgrace to us as christians, and a just reproach to us as rational beings.

Law, Physick, and Divinity, have always been distinguished by the appellation of the liberal, or learned professions, because a long course of study, and the previous acquisition of a considerable degree of general science are necessary to qualify the student for an honourable and justly confident entrance upon the exercise of his profession.

In this country, however, the attention of a very great majority of our youth is directed to the interests of Commerce. And, that the merchant has not been ranked on the scale of science with the lawyer, the physician, and the divine, can only be imputed to the prevalence of an erroneous opinion, that little previous education is necessary, in that profession, and that an acquaintance with common arithmetick, book-keeping, and the art of writing, are all that is requisite. This, I readily grant, is true, with respect to a mere trader or chapman; but in the elevated and honourable place, which a real merchant ought to hold in the scale of civil society, the advantages of a liberal or classical education, may be as conspicuous and as useful as in those already mentioned. Wealth always attracts attention, and commands influence; and in no profession is it more suddenly or more copiously acquired than in the mercantile. This being effected, and indeed, in the progress of its acquisition,

a merchant without a cultivated mind, in proportion as he feels his superiority on the score of affluence, must feel his deficiency on that of science and general knowledge, in that circle of associates, into which his affluence will necessarily introduce him; and he will be subjected to the mortifying imposition of silence, or the more painful and degrading one of exposing his ignorance on all subjects which have any relation to literature.* Hence, in a company of unlettered merchants, a man of education would be as solitary as in a wilderness, all topics of discourse which involve scientific information being necessarily excluded: and to such a man, language (and that too generally ungrammatical) which conveys no ideas but such as relate to the price of stocks, of ships, of sugar, or of coffee, must be fatiguing and disgusting. There may, indeed, as Dr. Johnson justly discriminates, be a great deal of *talk*, but there can be no conversation, nothing discussed. Whereas, with the previous foundation of a liberal education, or, at least, such a knowledge of the languages, and general elements of science as will enable a man, during his hours of leisure to cultivate an *intellectual*, as in those of business a *pecuniary* capital, a merchant will always command respect and attention; as in addition to his intellectual treasures, and his competency of discussion on all subjects, he will, from his daily intercourse with society, and his general knowledge of men and manners, unavoidably acquire such urbanity of deportment, and facility of communication, as must render him both pleasing and instructive.

The general advantages of this profession are, the possibility of a

speedy, and almost unbounded, acquisition of wealth; the means of subsistence which its exercise affords to many of the lower order of the community, and the encouragement which is given by it to farmers, manufacturers, and industrious mechanicks.

Since the art of navigation has enabled men to transport the productions of one country to another, merchants have ever been considered as a very respectable and important portion of the community. In the Holy Scriptures, the celebrated city of Tyre is called "the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, and whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth."* And of Babylon, it is said, "thy merchants are the great men of the earth."† And among modern nations, those have ever been the most flourishing, whose commerce has been most diffused and comprehensive.

From the peculiar circumstances attached to this country, and its relative situation with respect to others, the mercantile character is rendered singularly conspicuous; and, from the peculiar nature of its government, demands the possession not only of extensive professional talents, with respect to the mechanical operations of business, but also a very considerable degree of classical and general literature. The gradations of society not being yet sufficiently marked, to admit of hereditary, and official influence, every member of the community, possessed of integrity, and in any degree elevated by his property above the order of plebeians, is liable to be called upon to act as a representative of the people, in the great de-

* Isaiah, xxiii, 8. † Rev. xviii, 23.

liberative council of the nation. Here, to render himself useful, a considerable share of historical, legal, political, and rhetorical knowledge, is indispensably necessary; and, unless previously acquired, cannot then be instantaneously obtained. In such popular assemblies, eloquence, in particular, which has been justly styled "the ornament of wisdom, and the imperial diadem of science," is a talent of inestimable value; as without it the most solid acquirements must remain in a state of torpid inactivity, but in conjunction with it, must render their possessor irresistibly attractive and commanding.

(To be continued.)

CRITICISM.

Odes from the Norse, &c.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

—With bolder note, and wilder flight,
O'er the loud strings his rapid hand would run:

Mars hath lit his torch of war,
Ranks of heroes fill the sight!
Hark, the carnage is begun!

Earl of Carlisle.

We proceed, upon the plan described in our preceding number, to set before our readers Mr. Gray's *Odes from the Norse and Welch Tongues*, of which the first, in order, is that entitled, *The Fatal Sisters*, the argument of which we shall give in Mr. Gray's own words.

'In the Eleventh Century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney Islands, went, with a fleet of ships, and a considerable body of troops, into Ireland, to the assistance of Syctryg with the Silken Beard, who was then making war on his father-in-law, Brian, King of Dublin. The Earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and Syctryg was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of Brian, their King, who fell in the action. On Christmas-day (the

day of the battle)* a native of Caithness, in Scotland, saw at a distance, a number of persons riding full speed toward a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till, looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantick figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and, as they wove, they sung the following dreadful Song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion) galloped, six to the north, and as many to the south. These were the *Valkyriur*, female divinities, servants of Odin (or Woden) in the Gothick Mythology. Their name signifies choosers of the slain. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands; and in the throng of battle selected such as were destined to slaughter, and conducted them to *Valkalla*, the hall of Odin, or paradise of the brave, where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with horns of mead and ale.

THE FATAL SISTERS.

Now the storm begins to low'r
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare!)
Iron sleet of arrowy show'r
Hurries in the darkened air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's wo, and Randver's bane.

See the grisly texture grow
(Tis of human entrails made,)
And the weights, that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.

* 'In the argument of this Ode,' says Mr. Mason, 'it is said, that the battle was fought on Christmas-day; on which Mr. Gray, in his manuscript, remarks, that "the people of the Orkney Islands were Christians, yet they did not become so till after A. D. 966, probably it happened in 995; but, though they, and the other Gothick nations, no longer worshipped their old divinities, yet they never doubted of their existence, or forgot their ancient mythology, as appears from the history of Olaus Tryggueson. See Bartholinus, lib. viii, c. i, p. 615." Mason.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling cords along:
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue firm and strong!

Mista, black, terriffick maid!
Sangrida, and Hilda, see
Join the wayward work to aid!
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, jav'lins sing;
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk clash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war,)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading through th' ensanguin'd field,
Gondula, and Gaira, spread
O'er the youthful king your shield!

We the reins to slaughter give
(Ours to kill and ours to spare:)
Spite of danger, he shall live,
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They whom once, the desert beach
Pent within its black domain
Soon shall ample sway extend
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound.
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Erin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun,
Sisters, weave the web of death,
Sisters, cease, the work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing!
Joy to the victorious bands,
Triumph to the younger King.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song!
Scotland thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong!

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thund'ring faulchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed;
Hurry, hurry to the field!

'The original,' says Mr. Gray, 'is to be found in the *Orcades* of *Thormodus Torfæus*; *Hafniz*, 1697, folio; and also in *Bartholinus*:
Vitt er opit furir valfalli, &c.

Ex Arcadibus Thormodi Torfæi Hafniz,
1697.

Late diffunditur
Anti stragem futuram
Sagittarum nubes:
Depluit sanguis:
Jam hastis applicatur
Cineracea
Tela virorum,
Quam amicæ texunt
Rubro sub tegmine
Randveri mortis.

Texitur hæc Tela
Intestinis humanis,
Staminique strictæ alligantur
Capita humana,
Sunt sanguine roratæ
Hastæ pro silibus,
Textore instrumentæ ferreae,
Ac sagittæ pro radiis:
Denasinus gladiis
Hanc victoriæ Telam.

Prodeunt ad texendum Hilda,
Et Hiorthi imula;
Sangrida et Suipula;
Cum strictis gladiis;
Hastile frangetur
Scutum diffindetur,
Ensisque
Clypes illidetur.

Texamus, texamus,
Telam Darradi!
Hunc (gladium) rex juvenis
Prius possidebat.
Prodeamus,
Et cohortes intremus,
Ubi nostri amici
Armis dimicant!

Texamus, texamus
Telam Darradi;
Et rege deinde
Deinde adhæramus!
Ibi videbant
Sanguine rorata scuta
Gunna et Gondula,
Quæ regem tutabantur.

Texamus, texamus
Telam Darridi,
Ubi arma concrepant
Bellacium virorum,
Non sinamus eum
Vita privari;
Habent Valkyriæ
Cædis potestatem.

* So Thormodus interprets it, as though *Darradar* were the name of the person who saw this vision; but, in reality, it signifies a *Range of Spears*, from *Daur*, *hasta*, and *Radir*, *ordo*.

Illi populi terras regent,
 Qui deserta promontoria
 Antea incolebant.
 Dico potenti regi
 Mortem imminere.
 Jam sagittis occubit Comes;

Et Hibernis
 Dolor accidit
 Qui nunquam
 Apud viros delebitur.
 Jam Tela texta est.
 Campus vero (sanguine) roratus;
 Terras percurrent
 Conflictus militum.

Nunc horrendum est
 Circumspicere,
 Cum sanguinea nubes
 Per aera volitet:
 Tingetur aer
 Sanguine virorum,
 Antequam vaticina nostra
 Omnia corruant.
 Bene canimus
 De rege juvenæ
 Victoriz carmina multa:
 Bene sit nobis canentibus.
 Discat autem ille,
 Qui auscultat,
 Bellica carmina multa,
 Et viris referat.

Equitemus in equis
 Quoniam efferimus gladios strictos
 Ex hoc loco.

Importance of Newspapers.

Would parents and tutors be careful to put a well-conducted and chaste newspaper in the way of ingenious youth, they would find it lead to great and rapid improvements in the science of life and manners, with the least possible trouble to themselves. Novelty has sufficient attractions for the young; and such a literary dessert might give a higher relish to its enjoyment.

The subsequent essay is intended to encourage this mode of promoting juvenile proficiency; and to stimulate the managers of such publications to render them meet for the eyes of unsuspecting innocence.

Among the various causes that have contributed to the general diffusion of knowledge in the present age, nothing seems to have been of more importance than the circulation of so many different newspapers. A superficial observer will, perhaps, smile

at this opinion: when he considers what slender abilities are generally employed in the compilation of some, what prejudice is displayed in the conduct of others, and what factious principles are disseminated through this medium; he will probably, be surprised that a newspaper, however well it may be conducted, should come in for such distinguished applause.

But where is the good that may not be perverted to evil? the blessing that may not be abused? Excess of liberty degenerates into licentiousness; and too great indulgence in the pleasures of the table may prove as fatal as the most deleterious poisons.

It is well known that, within these few years, diurnal publications have been multiplied to an amazing degree; and their characters, for taste in arrangement and elegance of composition, in some measure, keep pace with their numbers. Competition begets exertion; and those who hope that their writings shall be read, and their labours patronized, study to adorn them with all the charms of polished diction, and the attractive grace of novelty.

The information that newspapers formerly conveyed was trivial; and the circulation was proportionally confined.

The learned, the rich, and the idle, alone thought of encouraging them, about half a century ago; now all ranks and descriptions of men, read, study, and endeavour to comprehend the intelligence they convey, and too often adopt the principles they recommend, without examination; and act on them, as if they were sanctioned by irrefragable authority. This, no doubt, is unfortunate; but it is in some measure remedied by the contrary opinions of contending Journalists; and truth and justice may generally be found by comparing different statements, and keeping a middle course between both extremes.

It is dangerous for those only, who read but one paper, and that paper is

made the vehicle of false principles and delusive reasoning; or, where original prejudice gives a wrong bias to the mind; and thus converts even salutary caution to criminal intemperance.

On the other hand a paper conducted on proper, religious and political principles, is calculated to do infinite service among those, more especially, who are incapable of thinking for themselves, and who, by habits, acquire the sentiments that perpetually meet their eyes, and amuse their vacant hours. And, in the country particularly how many thousands receive what they read in a periodical publication as oracular decisions; and, to whom a knowledge of social or moral duty could not otherwise be communicated, as they too often neglect the established means of instruction, or despise its assistance. Hence the importance of journals that preserves these grand objects in view—to illuminate, and to reform. And from the same consideration, may be seen the infamy and guilt of those who poison the public mind, weaken the faith of revelation, unhinge the ties of moral order, and disseminate opinions subversive of the well being of civilized society. Could the authours of such publications, whether issuing regularly or occasionally from the press, sit down and consider, with calm attention, what possible ill effects may result from their want of integrity or duty as men and citizens, they would shudder at the reflection.

The solitary views of men may affect a few; but who can estimate the mischief of public ill example, or atone for the wide-spread effects of pernicious principles.

But, on the tendency of newspapers, perhaps, enough has been said. Their general direction, it is to be hoped, is good; and that much more service is done by the aggregate mass, than evil is occasioned by particular parts.

All, even the worst, in other points of view, tend to convey instruction,

and to generalize knowledge. By giving intelligence from every quarter of the globe, they excite inquiries; by displaying the good and bad qualities of other nations, they remove illfounded prejudices, or confirm deserved aversion. They communicate beneficial discoveries, which would otherwise be lost; they record transactions which engage admiration, or rivet disgust; they warn by example, and instruct by censure. They diffuse taste; they correct prevailing absurdities. They awe the proudest into the conviction of keeping some terms with public opinion.

They deter the flagitious from crimes, lest they should be held up to the public detestation: and, in fine, they watch over individual and public liberty, which can never be violated with impunity, while the press remains pure and free.

Thus, to the philosophick eye, the diurnal labours of characters, undignified by literature, appear capable of producing more extensively beneficial consequences than the abilities of a Plato, a Socrates, or a Johnson.

May such feel the value of the rank they hold; and never more disgrace it, by propagating vice or willful error, by lending their sanction to the worthless, or by weakening the bands that preserve mankind in harmony and happiness.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

When bounding o'er the lofty yard,
The jolly seaman reefs the sail,
Though whirlwinds roar, he grapples hard
The swimming beam, nor dreads the gale:
When hidden rocks and sable clouds,
Impede the shatter'd vessel's way,
The boatswain, clinging to the shrouds,
Undaunted pipes his midnight lay.

And, ere the wreck begins to sink,
 Ere thro' her sides the billows pour,
 The sailor bravely stops to drink,
 Then grasps the mast and gains the shore:
 Thus, HARRIOT, were I moor'd with you,
 No threatening danger would I see,
 But laugh at terror's pale-fac'd crew,
 And baffle life's tempestuous sea :

Or haply should soft zephyrs blow,
 We'd leave the port and share the gale ;
 While Bacchus call'd all hands below,
 And fortune laughing set our sail :
 From quicksands of domestick care,
 Where Jealousy's loud breakers roar ;
 From Sorrow's coast we'd steer afar,
 'Till Death should tow our boat ashore.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

From Hafiz, Ode 3.

Boy, quick ! bring the goblets and fill them
 with wine,
 With sparkling wine, till no more they
 will hold ;
 For love finds relief in the tears of the vine,
 'Tis wine heals the hearts of the young
 and the old.

The wine and the cup are the sun and the
 moon ;
 To the arms of the moon, O ! then let him
 retire,
 Pour wine red and bright as the splendour
 of noon ;
 Pour freely the liquor that sparkles like
 fire.

If the rose droops his head in the fervour
 of day,
 If its cheek is all wither'd, and faded its
 hue ;
 Dip it deep in the bowl ; and enliven'd and
 gay,
 Its blushes and odour it soon shall renew.

If the nightingale ceases his tale to relate ;
 To the musick of glasses your bosoms
 expand.
 Mourn not for a moment the changes of
 fate,
 But hear the lute ring in a masterly
 hand.

I shall kiss my beloved's white breast in
 my sleep ;
 Then again let my cup with the lov'd
 liquor redden :
 To hasten the moment pour freely and deep,
 And Hafiz will drink if allow'd or for-
 bidden.

CARLOS.

For The Port Folio.

SONNET TO LOVE.

"There is a calm for those that weep."
Montgomery.

Why bold intruder seek again,
 To swell with grief this troubled soul !
 Why fill again the fatal bowl,
 Which cold neglect once bade me drain ?
 Since I can ne'er their joys attain,
 But floods of misery o'er me roll,
 Nor Laura deigns my cares console,
 Oh, spare this fever of the brain.
 A prey to complicated wo,
 Despair's thick clouds around me low'r,
 And wrap my soul in midnight gloom.
 Is there "a calm?"—Ah ! surely no,
 Heaven frowned upon my natal hour,
 And mark'd me for an early tomb
 ZERBINO.

FROM CATULLUS.

Another version of "*vivemus, mea Lesbia.*"

Let our thoughtless moments pass
 Between the bower and the glass,
 And crazier love and crazier joy
 All our hearts and souls employ :
 Winds delight us with their blowing,
 Their charter fails where wine is flowing.
 Beams of morning, soon ye wane !
 Morn may never break again.
 Old ones, why then groan and mutter
 At all we feel, and half we utter ?
 Why censure all the dreams and flights,
 That warm our days and wing our nights ?
 Folly's Cap and Folly's bells,
 Are yours, my sobbing sons of cells.
 Well, take them, Pioneers of Care,
 With looks so sage and bones so bare ;
 But Folly's Feather, leave me this
 To tip the flagging wing of Bliss.

H. L.

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BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

EDUCATION.

For The Port Folio.

A CHARGE, &c.

(Continued from p. 92.)

SUCH are the prominent advantages attached to this profession. In common, however, with all other professions, it has a reverse, which should be well contemplated by every one disposed to embrace it. Though it sometimes opens an extensive and unimpeded avenue to the temples of wealth, of honour, and of fame, in which its votaries may solace the residue of life by reposing in the aromattick bowers of luxury, cheered by "cates ambrosial and the nectar'd bowl," and fanned by the invigorating breath of popular applause, yet are they frequently enticed thither by the fascinating, but treacherous promises of Hope, through devious paths, which, however brilliant and alluring at their entrance and glattering in

their progress, terminate in obscurity, and suddenly precipitate the unwary traveller through the vortex of disappointment into the gulf of poverty.

The life of a Merchant is a life of uninterrupted anxiety and apprehension. The dangers of the sea, the fluctuation of markets, the uncertainty of sales, the solvency of purchasers, and the fidelity of correspondents, all combine to agitate his mind with the constant alternations of hope and fear. This painful solicitude is admirably portrayed by Shakspeare, in his Merchant of Venice, where Salanio naturally accounts for the sadness of Antonio, the merchant, by supposing that "his mind was tossing on the ocean." Were I merchant, says he,

"My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I
thought
What harm a wind too great might do at
sea.

I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
But I should think of shallows and of flats;

N

And see my wealthy Andrew docked in sand,
 Veiling her high top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dang'rous rocks,
 Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks;
 And—in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing."

Merchant of Venice, act 1, sc. 1.

With all this uncertainty of issue, all this unavoidable anxiety and care, the profession should never be entered upon without much previous deliberation, and a conviction of the possession of such talents, and so ardent a predilection for it, as would enable you to meet its vicissitudes with composure, to encounter its exigencies with fortitude, and to extricate yourselves, if possible, from its embarrassments with promptitude and activity.

The profession of the Law introduces its students into a very extensive field of usefulness, and rewards their diligent exertions with the grateful, the exhilarating meed of affluence and fame.

With the possession of those native endowments, and the acquisition of those extensive qualifications which are necessary to give celebrity to the character, a man may, in this department of society, render himself both the ornament and the protector of his country. To defend the rights of the oppressed, to vindicate the claims of injured innocence, to detect the artifices of fraud, and check the progress of vice, to apply the principles of equity, and enforce the operations of justice, are exertions worthy of the powers and dignity of a rational being, and in the highest degree honour-

able to the individual by whom they are made, and beneficial to the community whose rights and interests are thus powerfully supported and enforced.

A wide range of literature is required in the exercise of this profession; an acquaintance not only with the general and abstract principles of jurisprudence, but with the civil history of mankind, with the laws, the manners, and customs of different nations. For the acquisition of all this necessary knowledge, much previous study and toilsome research are necessary, and when the advantages resulting from them are obtained, and the professional information of the student universally acknowledged, still, in the most prosperous exercise of the profession, he must constantly wade through the dry formalities of precept, the fatiguing recitation of precedent, and the dull, and frequently intricate labyrinth of authorities, to elucidate and support his cause; in ascertaining the merits of which, he must often sacrifice his time in listening to the uninteresting and tedious details of ignorant and loquacious clients, and, perhaps be subjected to their unjust and unreasonable remonstrances and murmurs, against unavoidable delays in the progress, and, in many cases, the unsuccessful termination of their suits. Add to this, that with all the theoretical knowledge of a Blackstone, a Mansfield, and a Burke, unless a man, with other essential qualifications, be an acute and profound logician, and an eloquent and graceful speaker, though he may, in time, amass a fortune, by unremitting attention and a slavish performance of his professional duties, he will never be an ornament to the bar, or command the

admiration and applause of the publick. For, to persuade, to convince the judgment, to affect the hearts of those whom he addresses, and to gain an ascendancy over his antagonist, either by fair arguments, by ridicule, by sophistry, or by expostulation, require a suavity of manner, a dignity of deportment, a command of voice, an expressive gracefulness of action, and a versatility of countenance, which are not always to be found combined in the professors of this science.

The Barrister should, at all times, be prepared promptly to encounter casuistry, criticism, ridicule, contradiction, jest, sophistry, and sarcasm; and should therefore be armed with all the weapons of defence with which nature and art can furnish him: otherwise his arguments will be subverted, his remonstrances defeated, his persuasions rendered nugatory, and consequently his pleading ineffectual.

The Physician, though less exposed to publick observation and criticism, exercises a profession in no degree inferiour in importance, or usefulness. His preservation of the lives, and restoration of the health of individuals, constitute him a character in the highest degree valuable to the society in which he resides, and widely and powerfully extend his influence on the publick weal; for, by restoring to activity those powers of body and mind which accident has suspended, or sickness impaired, he performs an essential service to the community at large, in thus preserving one of its members. He, who by his skill in this profession, arrests the progress of disease, and thereby averts the uplifted arm of death, unquestionably renders also, by his salutary

relief, not only an inestimable benefit to the afflicted object of his care, but to the whole circle of his anxious relatives and sympathizing friends; by recalling the apparently devoted victim to the proper exercise of his faculties, the enjoyment of social intercourse, and to the embraces of fond affection; a benefit which would always be gladly purchased by the sufferer with the sacrifice of any portion of his property or possessions: health being universally and justly considered as the first, or most valuable, of all earthly enjoyments. "O! blessed Health," exclaims a celebrated modern authour who had long languished under the loss of it,* "O! blessed Health, thou art above all gold and treasure, 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for; and he who is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee!"

To a benevolent mind, therefore, the exercise of this profession must ever afford a most refined and rational delight: but the same principle of delicate sensibility, which administers such solid satisfaction and comfort, is previously the source of a correspondent degree of pain; for the contemplation of human misery and we must ever agonize the sympathetic heart: and the path of the physician through the variegated scenery of this "working day world," as Shakspeare has justly denominated it, is darkened by "a broader, browner shade" of human misery, than that of any other professional walk. For, to adopt the energe-

* Sterne.

tick language of the eloquent and illustrious Burke, when speaking of the philanthropick Howard, the Physician is called upon, "to dive into the depth of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distress of all men of all countries."* He is called upon to relieve the various and incommunicable pains and diseases of infantile innocence and imbecility; to arrest the progress, and avert the operation of the many maladies which assail maturer age; to soften the asperities of declining life, and mitigate the infirmities of exhausted nature: nay, to sooth the sorrows of expiring existence, to invigorate the frame enfeebled by the wasting power of sickness, pain, and time; to control

——the doubtful strife
Of Nature struggling in the grasp of death.†

and even to assuage the convulsive pangs of dissolution.

To these painful circumstances, attendant upon the exercise of this profession, must be added, the uncertain command of time.

The Physician is subjected to continual interruptions, whether he be obtaining, by repose, the restoration of his wearied powers, both of body and mind, engaged in the

study of his profession, and endeavouring to investigate and ascertain the causes and cure of diseases; or relaxing the severity of anxious reflection on the various subjects committed to his care, by enjoying the pleasures of social intercourse, and participating in those rational and refined amusements, which solace the mind, and gladden the heart of "the way-worn traveller." By the physician, no hour can be called his own: he is perpetually and suddenly summoned from his bed, his studious retirement, his domestick comforts, and the exhilarating delights of the festive board, to listen to the groans of anguish, the sighs of sorrow, and the murmurings of misery. And for many of these painful sacrifices of time and of sensibility, he receives not the smallest compensation; for his duty frequently calls him to visit the poor and the needy, and when the solicitations of disease are enforced by the clamours of poverty, he must have a heart of adamant indeed, who could wring from the hands of such afflicted fellow-creatures, the pittance laboriously earned for the purchase of their daily bread.

The practical and theoretical departments of this profession form a very striking contrast: the former, as we have seen, is attended with many inconveniences, and the most painful exercise of our sympathetick sensations; the latter is an inexhaustible source of the most interesting and important inquiry. To examine into the wonderful construction of the human body, to observe the influence of air, food, and other external principles upon it, to note the causes, progress, and cure, of the innumerable diseases to which it is subjected, to penetrate the mysteries

* *Vide* Mr. Burke's speech on the Husbands of the city of Bristol, previous to the election in 1780, Chapman's Select Speeches. vol. 3.

† Armstrong's Art of preserving Health, B. 2. l. 120.

of nature, by ascertaining the qualities and operations of plants and fossils, and their various chymical combinations,—these pursuits must ever afford to an inquisitive and comprehensive mind, the most rational and sublime delight. But, to be enabled fully and judiciously to prosecute this science, a wide and diversified range of classical and philosophical literature, is indispensably necessary. Many of the most valuable medical communications have been given to the world in Greek and Latin, some of which have never yet been translated into English. The Physician must also possess a correct acquaintance with the principles of natural and experimental philosophy, of the mathematicks, and also of the philosophy of the human mind: for, of the influence of mental affections on diseases, both as preventives and remedies, no doubt, I believe, is now entertained; some of the passions exciting the powers of the vital system, and rousing the faculties into action, and others as powerfully tending to depress and debilitate them.

The science of medicine, in its most comprehensive sense, is exercised by three descriptions of practitioners, viz. Physicians, Surgeons, and Apothecaries, who though apparently independent of each other, are, in this country, connected in so near a relationship as to be rendered almost constituent parts of the general character.

Should any of you incline to this profession in any one of these three characters, a regard for the common interests of society, and the irresistible impulse of humanity, compel me to implore you not to indulge a thought of entering upon it without having first provided the only safe and

sufficient foundation for its exercise, a truly liberal education. The responsibility of the physician is, indeed, incalculably great; the health, the happiness, and the lives of his fellow-creatures being committed to his care: and though pretenders to knowledge in all professions abound, yet in none is empiricism so dangerous and destructive as in the profession of medicine, which is at best an uncertain art; and when exercised by the ignorant and the injudicious, the evil resulting to the credulous and unhappy patient must be severe, and frequently irremediable. “Against those vultures of mankind,” says an eloquent modern writer, on this subject, “against those vultures of mankind, those harpies of society, who scatter pain and death around, under pretence of affording relief, and who not only delude but destroy those who apply to them, as to friends, under the pressure of the heaviest calamities, every honest mind must feel an indignant sentiment. The loss occasioned by the deceiver who preys upon the possessions of his fellow-creatures, maybe repaired by subsequent industry, or good fortune, but deception, in *this* instance, is usually followed by destruction.”* Whereas, the scientific, and of course skillful professor, will ever be considered as a benefactor to society, as the friend of the wretched, and as the guardian angel of those who are writhing in the agonies of pain, or languishing under the pressure of disease.

The last delineation of professional character, which remains yet to be exhibited is that of the

* V. Knox's Essays, No. 38.

Divine. And here, to the scholar, the man of genius, of reflection, and of virtue—the comfort, the satisfaction, the inexpressible self-complacency, resulting from the prosecution of professional studies, and the discharge of professional duties, are as infinitely superiour to those arising from any other profession or calling, as the interests of Eternity are superiour to those of Time. For, what employment can be more useful, what exertions more laudable, than those which tend solely to the promotion of our own best and most important interests, and those of our fellow-creatures: those interests which partake not of the imperfection, the uncertainty, and brevity, of this evanescent and delusive scene of things; but which are pure, spiritual, eternal?

It is true, the student of divinity must expect to forego many of the pleasures and enjoyments which are eagerly pursued and grasped at by the man of the world, a participation of them in an extensive degree not being consistent either with the dignity, or gravity of his professional character; though he is by no means called upon to practise the rigid austerity of an ascetic, or even to withdraw from the rational and innocent pleasures of social life. He must also expect, in the exercise of his profession, to experience much self-denial, some corporal as well as mental fatigue, some unavoidable censure, and, in general, a very inadequate pecuniary compensation for the exercise of his various parochial duties, which frequently involve him not only in anxiety with respect to his daily subsistence, but in actual embarrassment, notwithstanding the most rigid economy: these, where they occur, being very se-

rious inconveniences to the sufferer (though in relation to this world only) are, when viewed through the proper medium, and considered in connexion with “the recompense of the reward,”* which awaits his faithful discharge of duty, greatly diminished in their pressure, nay rendered “trifles light as air,” when compared with even the feeble ideas he can frame of the glory which shall be conferred on a diligent and dutiful servant of the Most High God, in a future state of retribution; where we are assured, that “they who turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars, forever and ever.”† “Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life,”‡ is a promise, which outweighs in value the wealth of a wide extended universe. His responsibility indeed is great, but these and similar assurances animate his exertions, and enable him to go on, “conquering and to conquer;” they purify and sublime his thoughts, his hopes, his aspirations; they elevate him above the toils, the troubles, and the vanities of this temporary scene of trial;

——“his heart he fixes on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle
whirl.”§

What profession, then, what occupation can, in point of dignity, of real usefulness, of self-satisfaction, of self-interest, of present comfort, and of future joy, be compared with that which connects the interests of Eternity with those of Time. All other professions relate, in their profit and prosecution, to this world only, and their enjoyment perishes with the life of the possessor, whereas, the life

* Heb. xi. 26. † Dan. xii. 3. ‡ Rev. li. 10.
§ Young's Night Thoughts, N. 4.

of the conscientious and active Divine is employed in "laying up treasures in heaven;" he speaks, he thinks, he acts, for eternity, and the life of holiness begun on earth will there go on to higher degrees of purity until it terminate in the perfection of felicity in the regions of the blest above.

These, my young friends, are the general advantages and disadvantages attendant upon the principal professions and occupations which engage the attention of mankind; and though they all partake of that imperfection which is naturally attached to every thing earthly; yet it were better to pursue the lowest and most laborious of them all, than to remain in a state of inactivity and idleness, that being the most dangerous as well as the most delusive state, in which the human mind can possibly exist; for, without mental activity, the intellectual powers become torpid and insensible, as the corporal do without proper exercise; the passions obtain an unrestrained sway; and all the evil propensities of our nature are thereby enabled to "lead us captive at their will." Prudently resolve, therefore, let your fortunes or expectations be what they may, to adopt one of these professions, as that from which you are to derive future honour, wealth and entertainment. Thus will you not only provide a rational and useful mode of employment and amusement, but, in case of the unexpected failure of your pecuniary resources, a means of securing yourselves against the pressure of poverty, and of repairing what either your own misconduct or that of others may unfortunately have deprived you of. And before you make the election I have recommended, consider well, and let your reflection

be aided by the impartial counsel of a judicious friend or friends, whether you possess talents natural, as well as acquired, which are suited to that particular profession; if you do, it will always be exercised by you with pleasure and increased delight; if not, be assured its exercise will be a severe drudgery; nor will you ever rise in it to that celebrity, dignity, or wealth which every virtuously ambitious mind should be anxious to acquire.

I have now dwelt so long upon that highly interesting topic, the choice of a profession, that I must condense into very narrow bounds, indeed, the advice I would offer, respecting your general conduct through life.

And first, as to your manners, or external deportment.

Let politeness, affability, gentleness and ease, ever mark your behaviour. Towards your elders and superiours, conduct yourselves with the most respectful deference; towards your equals, observe an affectionate and graceful carriage; towards your inferiours, a mild and condescending demeanour. Conscious of the inestimable value of that important and rapidly decreasing talent, Time, let no hour pass by, without bearing a commission to testify, to the Recording Angel your improvement in knowledge, in virtue, and in piety. In your intercourse with mankind, observe the most minute and rigid punctuality, in all your engagements. Let no motives of interest, no conformity to custom, no requisition of politeness, ever induce you, in the smallest degree, to violate truth, or suppress the dictates of candour. Eagerly embrace every opportunity which offers, to perform an act of benevolence, of courtesy, or charity; and "be not ashamed, when

it concerneth your soul." Suffer not the delusive enticements of depravity to withdraw you from the observance of religious duties, or to impress your minds with even a momentary belief that their obligations may, at any time, or under any circumstances, be voluntarily eluded or violated with impunity. Consider the high responsibility, and the inestimable privileges you possess, in consequence of your being born in a Christian country, and of Christian parents. O! avail yourselves of the blessings which the holy religion of Jesus Christ offers to your acceptance: Remember, that the proper business of human life is to prepare for eternity. Search the Scriptures, for by them instructed ye may obtain eternal life. Accustom yourselves "to hold high converse" with your God by prayer, that blessed medium of communication with the Father of our spirits; plead the merits of his Son's atonement; obey the precepts of his glorious gospel; implore the aid and influence of The Holy Ghost, and ye shall indeed "find rest unto your souls:" ye shall rise superiour to the calamities of mortality, receive the summons of death with holy confidence and joy, and arise from your graves, the heirs of eternal felicity and glory.

"Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the Goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right the next.
Religion! Providence! an after state!
Here is firm footing; here is solid rock.
This can support us, all is sea besides;
Sinks under us, bestorms and then devours."

Night Thoughts, N. 4, 550.

Receive now, amiable youths,
the just and honourable reward of

your literary labours, while students in this Seminary.

The following is a copy of the certificate given

In testimony of the zeal and industry with which A B has pursued, and the honourable proficiency which he has attained, in the studies of Grammar, Writing, Arithmetick, Composition, Elocution, Natural History, Geography, and Logick, in The Philadelphia Academy, under my tuition, of which he has given proof by a publick examination:

And also in testimony of my affectionate regard, and sincere wishes for his future prosperity and usefulness, I have granted him these presents.

Dated at Philadelphia, the thirtieth day of July, A. D. 1808.

JAMES ABERCROMBIE, D. D.

Director of The Philadelphia Academy.

Each of the following young gentlemen received a certificate, viz.

*John B. Abercrombie,
William Carman,
Benjamin Clarke,
John D. George,
John Hampton,
Isaac Keemele,
William L. Lees,
Daniel H. Mandeville,
Richard S. Mason,
William A. Muhlenberg,
John S. Newbold,
Leeson H. Simmons,
John Singer,
Thomas Sparhawk,
William Wagner,
Charles S. West,
William H. Woodward.*

The publick Examination of the Class, in the various branches, mentioned in the above certificate, was held in the Hall, the day preceding the Commencement.

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

A Poem with notes, in the manner of The Pursuits of Literature, has lately passed through eleven editions, in London, in a very short

time. The Poet appears to be a perfect Pittite, and has entitled his performance, "*All the Talents*," in ironical allusion to a late administration in England, who, rather arrogantly, vaunted that they had a sort of monopoly in all the articles of genius, and political wisdom. Our bard is a perfect infidel on this occasion, and lashes Lord Howick, Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Tierney, Mr. Whitbread, and even Mr. Windham himself. Nor is the late Lord High Chancellor spared, however gifted with eloquence, or *strong in honesty*. Of the justice of the strictures of this satirist, who calls himself Polyplus, we will not give any opinion. But the poem, considered merely as a literary performance, is entitled to much praise, for the vigour, with which it is conceived, and for the harmony of the versification. It displays a vein of invention, much poignancy of wit; and the notes are sometimes merry, and sometimes wise.

The following is the poet's tribute to the memory of Pitt:

"With two sole blessings Pitt performed his part,

A godlike Genius and an honest heart.

Need I say more? to amplify were vain,
Since these alone all human good contain.

Yet will I praise him, when from toils retired,
Nor wealth he took, nor recompense desired;
But while the share his tranquil acres turned,
Still with a patriot's noble ardour burned;
Saw there remained more duties to fulfil,
And grasped the sword, to save his country still!

More awful with one boy to tend his meal,
Than served by Senates following at his heel.

Yet will I praise him, at his latest breath,
When firm, serene, a patriot ev'n in death,
Not for himself the parting hero sighed,
But on his country fondly calling, died.

O then, how tears stole down each honest face!

O then, how Faction shouting rushed to place!

Buonaparte is thus described in the exordial lines of Dialogue the Second.

Behold, my friend, o'er Europe's hapless land,

Almighty vengeance stretch its iron hand;
Its impious agent every realm enthrall,
And with wide-wasting carnage, cover all.
The human fiend, each day, each hour he lives,

Still to the world some baleful evil gives.
Oh, when he dies, what shouts shall shake the sphere,

New suns shall shine, and double moons appear;

Death through the world one holyday shall make,

And hell get drunk with sulphur for his sake!

His throne a pile of human skulls sustains,
And bones that fell on those unhappy plains
Where pale *Toulon* lay prest beneath her dead,

Where *Lodi* fought, and fell *Marengo* bled.
Professing every faith, he mocks his God,
And Virtue trembles underneath his nod;
The nations crouching round his pomp adorn;

Britannia sits apart and smiles in scorn,
Calm and unharmed amidst his impious ire,
While trembling millions from the strife retire.

So round some cliff when now the tempest roars,

And the weak Linnet downward turns her oars,

The royal Eagle, from his craggy throne,
Mounts the loud storm, majestick and alone;

And steers his plumes athwart the dark profound,

While roaring thunders replicate around!

But now, roused slowly from her opiate bed,

Lethargick Europe lifts the heavy head;

Feels round her heart the creeping torpor close,

And starts with horror from her dire repose.

Favoured by Heav'n, let *Britons* bend the knee,

And thank that awful Pow'r who keeps us free;

Own Him our strength, on Him repose our all,

Sedate in triumph, and resigned to fall.

As a pleasing contrast to this gloomy sketch, let us survey the poet's picture of the monarch of Great Britain.

Health to the King, *the more I think, I give*

This heart-felt utt'rance—*May our Monarch live!*

Yes, let the muse, unbrib'd, a tribute bring,

Of duteous praise, and pay it to her King;
A feeling tribute, issuing from the heart,
Not glossed by flattery, and not strained by art.

He, friend to awful truth, alike disdains,
The Muse who gilds a name, the Muse who stains;

Pleased, if his virtues in his acts survive,
And fame more lasting than of verse derive.

O Piety approved! O heart sincere!
O fost'ring Mercy, and unknowing Fear,
From thee meek Worth ne'er turns unheard away;

To thee poor wretches confidently pray;
Thee, scorning-pomp of retinue and plate,
Prudence makes rich, and virtue renders great.

No rash desire to stretch thy graceful reign,
Beyond the bound our equal laws ordain,
Distracts the state—yet villains vainly seek
To bend the temper they despair to break.

Blest Prince, from thee, let thy own Britons learn,
The true sublime of moral to discern;
And as thy virtues joyfully they scan,
Admire alike the monarch and the man!

The poet's friend, an interlocutor
in the dialogue, and who is called
Scriblerus, apparently vexed at the
habitual sarcasms, which so often

"Point the keen taunt, and edge the bitter gibe,"

in this poem, asks, in a kind of pet,
Will you praise Petty?—

POLYPUS.

Ah, poor Petty, true—
I once had hope the little lad might do.
But Petty ne'er a prodigy will prove;
Ne'er burn the Thames, or make the tide remove.

Once the smart boy (as daily papers tell)
Performed a pretty speech extremely well;
Then seized th' *Exchequer*, feeble and unfit,
But *All the Talents hoped another Pitt.

* All the Talents hoped another Pitt.] *Dissimiles hic vir et ille puer*, however. Lord Henry labours hard to be a great man but he has not the necessary ingredients. The old Talents thought it expedient to astonish the nation with a young little Talent of their own begetting, so cried up poor Petty to the skies. But, alas! we find that they called him clever, just as people say a hare has wings—for convenience sake.

Ev'n as some mother, rapt in silent joy,
Beside the slumbers of her only b-y,
Sees every human beauty flourish fair,
In his thick lips, flat nose, and flamy hair!

But our *young Roscius, scorning to control

The mighty whims that labour in his soul,
Aims at more merit than of mere finance,
Learn friend, that Petty practices to dance!
Unites at once activity and wit,
Both heel and head; both *Parisot* and *Pitt*.
His mind and body mutual graces show,
And now he points a *period*—now a *toe*:
At balls he capers, and at senates plods;
A dancing Chancellor, by all the gods!
Ev'n beardless statesmen are no vulgar evil,
But a financial *D'Egville* is the Devil!

O rule reversed, O weeping change and wild,
When children play the man, and man the child.

But Polypus does not always inveigh against the great men, or the little men of his acquaintance. In the following passage, the language of panegyrick is deservedly employed.

I honour Moira; him no lust to rule,
Makes Fortune's votarist or Party's tool.
Foe to no sect, alike beloved of all,
He fears no venom, for he knows no gall.
Prompt to lull feuds, and passion to compose,

Yet from his tongue no adulation flows.
Ardent in arms, and apt in arts of peace,
He heaps up honour with a large increase;
Fame is his spur, and Virtue is his guide,
Let guilty glory snatch at all beside.

We shall conclude these extracts with a sketch of Mr. Sheridan, which resembles that of Zimri by Dryden in his Absalom and Achitophel. This is the most brilliant passage in the poem. The couplet which be-

* Our young Roscius.] I know not whether Betty or Petty, Petty or Betty have fallen the more in publick estimation:

Felices ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt, &c.

Yet times may change, and I do not despair of seeing *Master Betty* in Parliament, and *Master Petty* on the stage. At present, the Player gets by heart other men's tragedies; the Minister repeats farces of his own composing, and this is all the difference between them.

Voluisti in suo genere, unumcunque nostrum quasi quandam esse Roscium. Cic.

gins, "To grasp this Proteus," is forcible and felicitous, and the concluding lines, whether just or not, are eminently poetical.

It seems to be generally regretted by the friends of the *sparkling* Sheridan, that he so often *extinguishes* himself. For, after all that political prejudice can suggest, it is certain, that he has much light, and heat within, and that, phosphorick as the glow-worm, or radiant as a star, he may shine in what sphere he pleases. No man, since Congreve, has produced such plays, no man, since Townsend, has made wittier speeches. But, alas! as our poet somewhere says,

Sheridan whole days in port will steep,
And thank his stars that claret is so cheap,
And, still distorting all his fairer fate,
Born to *plot plays*, affects to plan the state.

Fixed thoughts on Sheridan 'tis vain to seek,
Who from himself is varying every week;
And pic't'ring, like a cloud at close of day,
Fantastick features never at a stay:
Where heads of asses or of hogs erase
The short-lived semblance of a human face.
Where on his throne at Ammon as we stare,
He turns a monkey and his throne a bear.
To grasp this Proteus, were to cork in jars
The fleeting rainbows and the falling stars.
Now calm he lives, and careless to be great,
Now deep in plots, and blust'ring in debate.
Now drinking, rhyming, dicing, pass his day,
And now he pians a peace, and now a play.
The magick wand of eloquence assumes,
Or sweeps up jests, and brandishes his brooms;
A giant sputtering pappy from the spoon,
A mighty trifler, and a sage buffoon.
With too much wit to harbour common sense;
With too much spirit even to *spare* expense;
To tradesman, jockey, porter, Jack and Jill,
He pays his court—but never pays his bill.
By fitful turns in sense and folly sunk,
Divinely eloquent or beastly drunk;
A splendid wreck of talents misapplied,
By sloth he loses what he gains by pride.
Him mean, great, silly, wise, alike we call,
The pride, the shame, the boast, the scorn of all!

For The Port Folio.

In these cold shades, beneath these
shifting skies,
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius
dies;
There still are found a few, to whom be-
long
The fire of Genius, and the soul of song.
Clifton.

Previously to any successful step towards general refinement, there must be a preparatory advancement in the minds of society in general. Abrupt efforts tending to social improvement, when made by individuals, are more frequently followed by ridicule than success. This is the necessary consequence of the undeniable position, that as the mind cannot comprehend what it is not prepared to conceive, the most sublime truth, or most absurd error, being often equally unintelligible to ignorance or incapacity, must meet with a similar assent or rejection. Hence genius and eccentricity, the virtuoso and the philosopher, the scholar and the pedant, the quack and the physician, are in the eyes of the vulgar often confounded. Ideas and theories which we cannot understand, may be unintelligible to us, either because they are too profound or too absurd for our conception; and the latter conclusion, being the least offensive to pride, is generally adopted; unless in those instances, where previous sanction, bestowed by our acknowledged superiours, obliges us to assume a contrary inference. Superiour genius is often honoured by the literary and scientific world before it is recognized by its immediate associates. In those less noted instances of intellectual superiority, where extraneous sanction is not obtained by an appeal to the world of literature and science, the refined voice of taste or genius is often drowned by the

gross clamour of ignorance and incapacity, stimulated by vanity and pride. The excursions of fancy or invention, are clogged by prejudice, or checked by ridicule: and the mind, diffident of powers, which unapplauded efforts have taught it to distrust, becomes depressed into a state of despondency and inaction.

However, independently of the obstacles thus arising, it must be admitted, that in mixt company, the discussion of topicks, above general intelligence, is forbidden by that rule of good breeding, which enjoins a regard to the taste of our associates, however inferior, in preference to our own. Indeed, it is so highly weak and ridiculous to force ideas on unwilling auditors, that it never will be attempted by any one of superior intellect, unless by accident or mistake. Of course, elevated topicks of conversation can rarely be introduced in any circle, until the members have generally obtained a correspondent degree of cultivation and taste. Hence, as the majority are always indisposed to study, the progress of general improvement is necessarily very slow.

Indeed, there is no other mode by which it can be effected, than the occasional suspension of the ordinary colloquial restraints, when sanctioned by circumstances, or authorized by an unusual assemblage of men addicted to superior habits of reading and thought. How fortunate the society, where the incipient efforts of genius and taste are distinguished, protected, and encouraged by individuals, whose talents and celebrity raise them above the depreciating influence of ignorance, vanity, prejudice, and ridicule. In deference to such characters, the ordinary shackles of conversation are suspended, and to-

picks are brought into discussion, which may display the wisdom of a sage and gratify the curiosity of his auditors. It was thus that the illustrious Johnson found a willing auditory, even among the fair and fashionable. Perhaps, no consequence of individual wisdom and celebrity, could be more favourable to general improvement, than this occasional invasion of a rule, by which conversation is so closely restricted within the pale of levity and ignorance; and which renders it more safe to speak of any other topick than that which we best understand.

This restriction arises from a distaste, founded principally in vanity and indolence. The one renders any communication more agreeable, than that which requires attention; the other is more offended by any obvious superiority in an associate, than gratified by instruction, or disgusted by nonsense. But every one possessed of a just pride and cultivated taste, must wish this rule reversed: so evident is the advantage which must result to society, when opprobrium or ridicule, shall be attached to those who speak ignorantly, and not to those who speak of what they understand.

But, however desirable may be the repeal of restraints, so injurious to the improvement of society, and to the interest and value of colloquial intercourse, the efforts of the few will ever be incompetent to produce any sudden and general amelioration. Hence, the advantage of those literary clubs, where the amateurs of science and literature enjoy at least a temporary emancipation from those shackles, which otherwise they dare not infract.

There is no mode of instruction at the same time so pleasing and

efficient, as the conversation of men of learning, taste, and information. The stimulus to our exertions, arising from the discovery of our deficiency, and the ambition of attaining a similar rank among those who can duly appreciate our acquirements, is productive of still greater advantage than the direct acquisition of ideas. The excitement of such society is peculiarly necessary, in a country, where the predominating necessity of pecuniary enterprise, tends to diminish our susceptibility to the more delicate influence of literary and scientific taste.

The lines of an American poet, quoted at the head of this paper, do much injustice to the climate of our country, and the accusation they contain is confuted by the genius of their authour. It is not our cold shades, or fleeting skies, which deaden American fancy or genius; they are obstructed by those weeds, which, in every situation, arise out of human passions and necessity, until displaced by the gradual influence of cultivation, or the accumulated growth of taste and knowledge.

Nothing in the chief cities of Europe appears more enviable than their assemblages of the literary and scientific. How delightful, to frequent society, similar to that described by Marmontel, where wit, genius, and knowledge were predominant; or that formed by the ingenious associates of the celebrated Johnson, of whose conversation, many agreeable specimens are recorded. Who can contemplate associations so interesting, without wishing, even for a humble seat, in a similar society. It is not surprizing, that we have no congenial knots among us, formed with similar views, if

not with equal pretensions. We have had clubs, where law, cards, chess, and musick have been the ostensible object of occupation; but none of eminence where literature and science have been the principal objects of attention. Whatever may be our scholastick inferiority, when compared with the more learned Europeans, there are many among us, who possess a mixture of ideas, derived from the combined sources of books and observation, which are preferable to the views of mere schoolmen:

“ There still are found a few, to whom belong

The fire of genius, and the soul of song.”

A judicious selection and assemblage is only wanting, to produce society, where the voice of genius, literature, and science, may be sufficiently reverberated, to render colloquial intercourse highly interesting and instructive.

ANALYTICUS.

For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. John Vallance, an ingenious Engraver of this city, has lately published the first number of what he denominates “ A New Writing Book, or Patent Stereotype Copy-Book, by which Teachers are saved immense labour, and Pupils learn to write a good hand in less than half the time it formerly occupied.” On a careful analysis both of the plan and execution of this work, it appears fully entitled to the attention both of preceptors and pupils. The letters of the alphabet, and the figures of notation, are impressed, with red ink on the page, in the form of *outlines*, which are to be filled up with black ink, by the learner. The whole mystery, as it has been

fancied, of acquiring the power of accurate and elegant penmanship, is, by Mr. Vallance's book, clearly shown to consist in the uniform application of a sloping line in the formation of each letter. All the best and most beautiful specimens of penmanship we have ever seen, were formed on this basis. The treatises of Astle, in England, and the very copious and elegant work of Mr. Dean, of this country, abound with striking exemplifications. The writer of this article, when a schoolboy, wrote what is called an excellent hand, and he was taught penmanship upon Mr. Vallance's principle, though the manner of applying it was made much more tedious and oppressive. In this country, almost every parent is anxious that his child should reach the temple of wisdom, by the *shortest possible cut*; and such is our reverence for Mammon, that we cannot sufficiently commend an anxiety so laudable. Mr. Vallance's scheme of penmanship is certainly not an expensive one, and from that circumstance, as well as its intrinsic merit, we doubt not, that it will be sufficiently popular. We understand from Mr. V. himself, that the simplicity of his system must make it obvious, that the learner's endeavours to write a good hand in a short time, must be attended with the most complete success. He presumes that no plan can exceed this, in teaching writing, as the copy being always at the point of the pen must facilitate the efforts of the learner; and by diminishing his labour, give more time to the teacher to instruct his pupil in the various departments of useful science and polite literature. If this specimen be satisfactorily encouraged, the proprietor intends to furnish as great

a variety of copies as can be necessary of all the different hands that are in practice.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

LANCASTER ASSIZES.

Yesterday the great cause sent from the court of chancery, to try the validity of the Will of the late Mr. Perrin, of Warrington, came on before Mr. Justice Le Blanc. It will be remembered that the testator, whose property is said to amount to more than one hundred thousand pounds, disinherited his only daughter, if she should marry a Scotsman; she afterwards did marry a Mr. Geddes, a native of that part of the United Kingdom; she died under age, having survived the birth of her son only a few days. It was insinuated on the part of this child, now an infant five years old, that the old gentleman was not sane for some time before he made his will.

The cause excited an uncommon degree of interest, and a curiosity to hear Mr. Garrow, attracted an immense multitude. Our court, said to be the largest and best in England, was filled to overflowing before daylight. We never saw such an assemblage of beautiful women, anxious to seize an opportunity of hearing the celebrated London advocate; but to their unspeakable mortification and disappointment, when the Judge took his seat, at nine o'clock, an intimation was given, that some circumstances must necessarily occur, of a nature not proper for a female audience; never did we see chagrin so visibly expressed, those who had spared no pains to be admitted, and many from a great distance, reluctantly retired; some groups of charming young ladies in the attire of Quakers, by the help of their bonnets managed to stand it out.—It was admitted on all hands, that Mr. Garrow's address which occupied three entire hours, was one of the best that ever was heard in a court of law. At

seven o'clock in the evening, when Mr. Garrow concluded, the court adjourned to this day, when he produced several important witnesses, after which our attorney general (the king's senior serjeant Cockell) made a most powerful reply. The evidence was summed up with remarkable perspicuity by the Judge, and the Jury without retiring gave a verdict in favour of the Will.

Mr. Garrow then conducted three causes for Mr. Geddies, against the three London Insurance Companies, in each of which he recovered 5,000*l*.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The following Hendecasyllabick Ode, not more distinguished for the pure and graceful Latinity of its style than the delicacy and beauty of the conceptions, was addressed to Miss Brunton (late Mrs. Warren) by Francis Wrangham, the supposed authour of the Pursuits of Literature. It speaks more than volumes could in her praise; and will be read, I think, with fond regret by every admirer of that accomplished actress, who, alas! is now no more.

AD BRUNTONAM.

E GRANTA EXITURAM.

Nostri præsidium et decus theatri;
O tu, Melpomene severioris
Certe filia! quam decere formæ
Donavit Cytherea; quam Minerva
Duxit per dubiæ vias juventæ,
Per plausus populi periculosos;—
Nec lapsam—precor, O nec in futuram
Lapsuram. Satis at Camœna dignis
Quæ te commemoret modis? Acerbos
Seu præferre Monimiæ dolores,
Fratrum cum vetitos (nefas!) ruebat
In fratris thalamos, parumque casto
Vexabat pede; sive Julietæ
Luctantes odio paterno amores

Maris: te sequuntur Horror,
Arrectusque comas Pavor. Vicissim
In fletum populus jubetur ire,
Et suspiria personant theatrum.

Mox diviniore nitescis, alitrix
Altoris vigil et parens parens.
At non Græcia sola vindicavit
Paternæ columen decusque vitæ
Natam; restat item patri Britanno
Et par Euphrasæ puella, quamque
Ad scenam pietas tulit pacernam.

O Bruntona, cito exitura virgo,
Et visu cito subtrahenda nostro,
Breves deliciæ, dolorque longus!
Gressum siste parumper oro; teque
Virtutesque tuas lyra sonandas
Tradit Granta suis vicissim alumniis.

TRANSLATION.

Maid of unboastful charms, whom white-
robed Truth,
Right onward guiding through the maze
of youth,
Forbade the Circe PRAISE, to 'witch thy
soul,
And dash to earth the intoxicating bowl:
Thou meek-eyed Pity, eloquently fair,
Clasped to her bosom with a mother's care;
And as she loved thy kindred form to trace,
The slow smile wandered o'er her pallid
face.

For never yet did mortal voice impart
Tones more congenial to the saddened
heart;

Whether to rouse the sympathetick glow,
Thou pourest lone Monimia's tale of wo;
Or haply clothest with funereal vest
The bridal loves that wept in Juliet's breast,
O'er our chill limbs the thrilling terrors
creep,

The entranced passions their still vigils
keep;

While the deep sighs, responsive to the
song,

Sound through the silence of the trembling
throng.

But purer raptures lighten'd from thy face,
And spread o'er all thy form a holier
grace;

When from the daughter's breasts the fa-
ther drew

The life he gave, and mix'd the big tear's
dew.

Nor was it thine th' heroic strain to
roll,

With mimic feelings, foreign from the
soul;

Bright in thy parent's eye we mark'd the
tear:

Methought he said, "Thou art no actress
here!"

A semblance of thyself, the Grecian dame,
And Brunton and Euphrasia still the same!"
O, soon to seek the city's busier scene,

Pause thee awhile, thou chaste-eyed maid
 serene,
 Till Granta's sons, from all her sacred
 bow'rs,
 With grateful hand shall weave Pierian
 flow'rs,
 To twine a fragrant chaplet round thy
 brow,
 Enchanting ministring of virtuous wo!

[*North American.*]

ODE TO COLUMBIA.

Columbia! hast thou ears to hear?
 Columbia! hast thou eyes to see?
 Is *Independence* to thee dear,
 And dear the name of *Liberty*?
 By Washington's immortal fame,
 By all that freemen ought to prize,
 Quench headstrong Passion's frantick flame;
 Be cool, be cautious, and be wise.
 Be not cajoled by treacherous Gaul;
 Pin not thy faith on Falsehood's sleeve;
 By Europe's folly, Europe's fall,
 Learn whom to doubt, whom to believe.
 Has Britain wronged thee—seek redress
 By fair complaint, by bold demand;
 But till refused it, still repress
 The hostile threat, the hostile band.
 'Tis Britain's interest, and tis thine,
 The bond of friendship to renew,
 When Europe's tyrants all combine
 Freedom's last refuge to subdue.
 Were Britain once put down by France,
 And sunk among her list of slaves,
 Would not fell Gallia soon advance,
 To shackle thee across the waves?
 Would he, whose ever-plodding brain
 Ambition's boldest projects throng,
 Permit Columbia to remain
 Unfettered, unmolested long?
 Read the oppressor's fierce decrees,
 In fury forged, in vengeance hurled,
 Against the mistress of the seas,
 Against the commerce of the world.
 Does he deserve thy confidence,
 Who bullies all—who all annoys;
 Who cares not where he gives offence,
 Who cares not what his rage destroys?

AIR,

By a Camerian Indian.

When shall we three meet again?
 When shall we three meet again?
 Oft shall glowing hope expire,
 Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
 Ere we three shall meet again!

Though in distant lands we sigh,
 Parch'd beneath a hostile sky,
 Though the deep between us rolls,
 Friendship shall unite our souls:
 Still in Fancy's rich domain
 Oft shall we three meet again.

When around this youthful pine
 Moss shall creep and ivy twine,
 When our burnished locks are grey,
 Thinn'd by many a toil-spent day;
 May this long-lov'd bower remain:
 Here may we three meet again!
 When the dreams of life are fled,
 When its wasted lamp is dead,
 When in cold oblivion's shade
 Beauty, Power and Fame are laid,
 Where immortal spirits reign,
 Then may we three meet again!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

From Hafiz, Ode 2.

Shiraz, O city so superbly placed,
 Lo! I salute thy towers and noble halls;
 May tempests ne'er their varied riches
 waste,
 Bow down thy turrets or assail thy walls.
 O Roenabad! may Heaven preserve thy
 spring,
 That life like Kedher's still prolong'd
 relumes;
 In Mossellay the zephyr shakes his wing,
 In Giaferabad he wafts perfumes.
 Haste! fly to Shiraz, and the smiles implore
 Of its soft virgins, beautiful and young;
 Maids, whom for Angels, mortals might
 adore:
 Charmed by the starry eye and magick
 tongue.
 Light Zephyr, what fond message dost
 thou bring
 From her whose tresses grace and kind-
 ness wove?
 But ah, in mercy! stay thy useless wing—
 O, I was dreaming in the arms of love!
 Does my beloved seek to shed thy blood?
 O yield it heart! to cruel beauty kind;
 Free as her mother's breast the genial flood
 Drawn by the lips of innocence resign'd.
 O Hafiz! since so much thou fear'st the hour,
 When Separation comes with heavy eye,
 How shouldst thou thank the still indulgent
 Power,
 That yet the cheeks of Love and Joy are
 nigh.

CARLOS.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI.

Philadelphia, Saturday, August 20, 1808.

No. 8.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 84.)

LETTER XXXVI.

My Dear E.

THE life we have led here during the summer has been rather a happy than a gay one; we have had company now and then, we have made several excursions into the neighbouring country. Your uncle surprized us very agreeably with a visit; ——— and ——— have come regularly once a week to pass a day with us. N. has been attended by the same masters as in town, and another sister has added herself to our society: but before I say anything to you of our excursions, I must carry you back to Geneva, and bring you ac-

quainted with some of the persons whom I saw there last winter. It is, perhaps, the principal advantage arising from a residence in large towns, that we are able to intermix in society with those from whose conversation we derive amusement or instruction, in a sort of momentary acquaintance—it is agreeable to find ourselves in the same circle with a person who has lately navigated the Euxine, or who is just from Moscow, or who has served in Egypt, or who has distinguished himself in the literary world, or by some useful improvement in the arts, and to return home late in the evening, as from a play, where we have seen a number of interesting characters taken from life, and well represented: it is agreeable also to compare the countenance and appearance of those who have acted a part in the great political theatre of the world, with the opinion we had conceived of them from their actions and general conduct—to see

the face of one who has ridden in the great whirlwind, and directed, for a time, the storm. I confess to you, that in writing the last sentence, I had principally in my mind, the celebrated Mr. Necker, who had, for two or three years past, resided in Geneva, during the winter, and whose acquaintance I was, in some measure, able to cultivate. Mr. Necker was the son of respectable parents, who, by giving him a good education, and early habits of industry, gave him what was better than fortune. His established reputation as a man of talents, his great success as a banker, his good name and extensive credit recommended him to the notice of the French government, as likely to assist in restoring some order to their miserably mismanaged finances, ('76). The effect of his first operations, in simplifying, and consequently rendering less expensive, the collection of the publick revenue, was soon evident, and universally applauded; but when he had prevailed upon the King to suspend to the end of every year, the distribution of pecuniary gratifications, without binding himself in the interval by any promise, and had destroyed a labyrinth of abuses, all arising, in the first instance, from the good nature of the unfortunate monarch, who knew not how to reject or to refuse his merit, was soon attacked, and his conduct vilified by a whole host of foes, among whom were some of the most exalted personages of the kingdom: it was in vain that he had found funds for carrying on the war occasioned by the independence of America, without the imposition of new taxes; that he had found means to establish, at the most difficult of all periods, that credit which his predecessors

in office had not been able to preserve in time of peace, and that he could announce to the King, and to the nation, that the ordinary revenues of the state exceeded the ordinary expenses by the sum of 10,002000 livres, which would have paid the interest of a loan of 200,000000: some denied his assertions, others attacked his conduct on the score of vanity and indiscretion, and such numbers assailed him, in different ways, that unmindful of that inestimable consciousness of having done well, which he may be so easily supposed to have possessed, inattentive to the high and important duties of his station, he pertinaciously insisted upon what the King had been previously prevailed upon to believe, could not with propriety be granted, and threw up his place—an event which he must ever after have sincerely regretted, for, he must have since been sensible, that it contributed, more than any other circumstance, to bring about those evils, under which the monarchy was finally overwhelmed. In addition to those enemies, whom every man of merit in place unavoidably creates, at court, the grave and silent demeanour of Mr. Necker, his unattractive civility, his strongly manifested determination of depending upon himself alone, created others, and his very disinterestedness, in not accepting the emoluments of his office, was displeasing. I can very well imagine that he felt himself rich enough to overlook the advantage of three or four thousands a-year, added to his income, and that he gratified an honourable pride in serving the publick without pay: but his appointments, which were but a trifle to the means of the nation, might have been made subservient to some purpose of publick utility, or

private charity, and he ought to have avoided driving those who surrounded him to any mortifying comparisons. After three years of privacy and retirement, he again attracted the attention of the publick, by defending his former exposition of the finances, which had lately been attacked, and having given the government some pretext to affect displeasure, from the nature of his arguments, or the expressions he made use of, he was ordered to quit the kingdom. You may now turn to Johnson's noble imitation of Juvenal's tenth Satire, and will agree with me, that it would have been better, perhaps, for Mr. Necker himself, for his family, for his fame and fortune, for France, and for all Europe, had he never returned to court. I say *perhaps*, meaning, in the full force of the word, to acknowledge my incompetency to judge, and mindful of that sort of predestination, according to which the great and important affairs of the world move along, as the heavenly bodies do in their orbits. M. de Calonne, who was a man of genius, is to be distinguished from the general censure passed upon those ministers, who rapidly succeeded Mr. Necker, but *their* administration of the finances exhibited, but too generally, a succession of weak measures and rash expedients: the exile of the parliament of Paris, at the same time, the imprisonment of several respectable and popular individuals, the establishment of the *Cour Plénière*, by which the last appearance of anything like independence, in any branch of the government, was destroyed, were all so many steps towards that general confusion which all men looked forward to, some with dread, some with indifference, but the greater

number with exultation: the finances of the kingdom, meanwhile, were extremely embarrassed, publick credit was at an end, the laws were without effect, the police without energy, and the army in a state of dangerously relaxed discipline; the wrath of heaven indeed seemed poured forth upon this wretched country; for, in addition to all the evils I have mentioned, the harvests, to a great extent about Paris, had been destroyed; they were much less favourable than usual, over the whole kingdom, and bread had risen to an enormous price: rumours too, of political changes, to be effected by the promised assembling of the States General, had gone abroad, ideas of liberty, derived from England and America, were every day becoming more and more familiar to the publick mind, people of all ranks and degrees of information were dissatisfied, and symptoms, which may be compared to those hollow sounds, and to that lowering sky, which precede an earthquake in the W. Indies were every-where apparent: no expedient now offered itself to the King and those about him but the recall of Mr. Necker, whose presence did indeed operate wonders—this must have been a proud moment of his life: the courts of justice soon reassumed their customary authority, the police its vigilance, and the army its former habits of discipline and good order, whilst provisions flowed in from all parts of the world. What was as singular too as any other circumstance, and upon which indeed all depended, was, that the treasury seemed replenished, as if by miracle, and the obligations of the government were fulfilled with honour and punctuality. But still the King had given his word, the nation was not to be tri-

fled with: the assembling of the States General seemed inevitable, and it was necessary they should be preceded by an assembly of the notables. You will see an account of all that followed in any history of the revolution, and how the noblesse and the parliaments seemed to provoke their fate. It is to be presumed that Mr. Necker could not have prevented the meeting of the States General; but he might have prevented their being convened at Paris; from that circumstance, and from the still more fatal oversight of permitting galleries to be erected for the accommodation of the publick, who were allowed to be present, at the debates, and to express their opinion by marks of applause or disapprobation, flowed the greater part of those evils, which afterwards ensued. Of the double representation of the *tiers état*, he was, undoubtedly, not the authour, but he too readily consented, that the individuals of the three orders should vote, as members of one General Assembly, and he was, unquestionably wrong, in not appearing at the Royal Sessions, because the King had differed from him, and, I believe, very properly in opinion.

Fortune now once more afforded him an honourable opportunity of retiring from the arduous station he had filled, but he again refused to avail himself of it, and accepted the first invitation to return, after having been banished the kingdom. I must not convert a letter into what would be, at best, but a very imperfect and inaccurate history of the Revolution, and posterity, after all, can alone decide on the nature of certain events: vision is at times as much obstructed by our being too near,

as it could be by our being too remote from a particular object.

Either Mr. Necker drew down ruin upon France, by giving into dangerous experiments in matters of government, and drawing the attention of the nation to subjects which they were every way unfit to reason about and decide upon, or he was hurried along, as he expresses it, toward a precipice, which was not to be avoided, by a force, which was not to be resisted. It was a misfortune, perhaps, that his mind had been confirmed in its tendency to literary pursuits, by the success of a first attempt; he thought too much, it seems by the event, of his powers of persuasion, and supposed that he could regulate the tumultuous passions of a whole people, by a pathetick, eloquent address, and splendid arguments: he mistook the applauses of the mob, the mad enthusiasm of a wrongheaded frivolous nation, worked upon by designing men, for the effusions of honest patriotism, for the proofs of a virtuous affection to his person, a high sense of his past services, and of his means to save them from the brink of ruin. He had forgotten, no doubt, what he himself relates of their conduct at the funeral of Colbert. Perhaps, however, no man, no philosopher of ancient or modern times, could have resisted the pressing invitations which he received from all parties, to reassume the conduct of publick affairs; from the King, from the National Assembly, and from the people at large: and yet, how short-lived were his influence and popularity! It was to no purpose that he interposed in behalf of the Clergy, now about to be stript of their property, or in favour of those just prerogatives of the crown, which are essentially

necessary to the duration of the most limited monarchy, or that he objected to the forced circulation of paper money; the torrent had taken its course, and bore down everything before it: the nobility and gentry either fled the kingdom or squandered away their rights in motions which were to make them popular, at the expense of their inheritance: religion was insulted, the clergy degraded, and the bonds of society loosened. Having retained his station as long as he could with decency, Mr. Necker at length solicited leave to resign it, and retired, with a melancholy foreboding of the sad scenes which were to follow. He was now treated, in his absence, with the most cruel ingratitude; he was placed upon the list of emigrants, his property sequestered, and a sum of between 80 and £90,000 sterling, which he had placed in the Royal Treasury at his last return to office, was withheld from him, nor has it since been restored to his family. He had, fortunately a castle in the Pays de Vaud, and an independent fortune remaining, out of the control of these ferocious legislators, which enabled him to pass the remainder of his life in that useful and honourable retirement, which were worthy of him. I felt a degree of respect in approaching this distinguished statesman, who seemed to me rather a personage of history, than of modern life, and it was increased by his presence. He was full six feet high, large in proportion over the breast and shoulders, with a long visage, regular features, and very fine eyes. The disorder which proved finally fatal to him had already made some progress; it rendered it painful for him to take exercise of any sort, and brought

on what appeared a degree of lethargy: he could rouse himself, however, at times, and converse, with great good humour and affability, was always communicative, when referred to, was fond of seeing company, and lived with great hospitality: to the poor he was extensively, but methodically generous, or rather charitable, and was, in the whole management of his private concerns, and at every moment of his life, under the direction of that well-understood economy, which he had once so happily displayed at the head of the French Treasury. With the highest idea of the English and American constitutions, he thought France fitted only for the fate that had befallen it, and alike incapable and unworthy of liberty: we had been better in America, he thought, without Louisiana, had it been possible to have had any other neighbour than the one we were threatened with—as it was, he expected we should, in time, whether peaceably or not, be divided into different federations; he smiled when I told him, with exultation, of the ages, during which, our system of liberty would last, nor had I anything to answer, when he observed, that the judiciary branch of our constitution, in which we had happily improved upon our model, had already lost its character of inviolability. I will not take upon myself to appreciate the literary talents of Mr. Necker; they were great, no doubt, and he deserves credit with posterity, for having applied them, on many occasions, with the full weight of his name and reputation, to the promotion of morality: but his style appears, at times, rather turgid than sublime—he thought more than he read, or had not adopted a good model of com-

position, as to language: it is a cumbrous robe of embroidery, with here and there a patch, which he wears upon all occasions, and sometimes even drags after him with pain. I can very well conceive, what contradictory opinions may be entertained of Mr. Necker's merit as a statesman; but his merit in all the various relations of private life, was never yet contested: and when I considered him with attention, observed his demeanour and his language, and reverted in my mind to the character he had established at a very early period of his career, I could not help applying to him what is said of the Emperour Galba: Surely no one would have doubted but that Mr. Necker was fit, in every respect, to be made a Minister of State, had he never filled that office. He had long lived in habits of intimacy with Mr. Gibbon, and spoke of him with great affection, as fond of good-humoured irony in conversation—a trait of character, he thought, peculiar to the English, and as speaking French with the utmost purity, but with an accent, which immediately betrayed him to be an Englishman.

You must remember Madame Curchaud, in Gibbon's Memoirs, and know that she afterwards became Madame Necker. She was the daughter of a clergyman, who had conferred upon her a learned education, and gave lessons at Lausanne, at the time that Gibbon first resided there: her union with Mr. Necker appears to have been the perfection of human happiness; they were, both of them persons of great good sense, as well as of great acquirements, and while his attention was devoted to the public service, she not only did the honours of his house, for them

both, but took upon herself the department of their private affairs.

Had the celebrated and unfortunate Madame Roland been supplied with some similar employment for her active mind, the world might still have possessed that interesting woman, and one unjust and cruel execution the less might have stained the reign of Robespierre. The direction of a splendid family, and the care of a large fortune, however, did not so entirely engross Madame Necker, as not to leave her time for the cultivation of letters: she published one or two works, and accustomed herself to set down, in a sort of commonplace book, everything that she heard, or saw, or thought, as the day was passing over. Dr. Johnson, as you may remember, advises Boswell to keep this sort of register of his life, with the certainty of its being useful to himself, and in the hope, that at his death, there would be found some friend who loved him well enough to burn it. I should have been sorry, that Madame Necker's manuscripts had been so inexorably dealt with, but it had been better for her literary reputation, that the care of selecting such parts of them as were most fit for publication, had devolved upon some impartial person. Her five volumes, like those of the Sybil, might have been prized, in proportion to their diminished numbers: all that they contain worth publishing, might certainly have been confined to two: amid an accumulation of uninteresting materials, they contain, however, some original and interesting anecdotes, and many just observations: they have brought me better acquainted with the celebrated Fontenelle, a singular being, who, with knowledge, and talents, and taste, seems to have been divested

of almost every human passion; who was never transported or depressed, was never in a hurry, nor ever interrupted any one in his life. It was impossible that he should be avaricious, but it never occurred to him to give; he did so when the propriety of it was pointed out to him, but forgot it the moment after, as he might have forgotten any other indifferent action of his life, nor did the good actions of others, towards himself, leave any greater impression upon his mind than his own did. The picture I have seen of Madame Necker represents her as fair, with regular features, and with the rather stiff, but yet dignified, appearance of an old-fashioned English Lady of quality. Her conversation, though formal and precise, was such as might have been expected from her education and early habits of life, and from the opportunities which a long residence in Paris had afforded her, of forming connexions with some of the most distinguished literary characters of the age. "With a great desire of attracting company to her house," says Marmon- tel, "there was yet something constrained in her reception of her guests, nor could she ever acquire the graceful ease and elegant familiarity of a Parisian lady of fashion." She was extensively charitable, and sincerely religious, but severe in her system of domestick discipline, and refined to the extreme in her ideas of female delicacy. She could not bear, for instance, that any one, in speaking of the French, should make use of the singular, and rather coarse appellation, by which that whimsical people chose, at one time, to be distinguished. Her character, such as it has been represented to me by persons who knew her

well, that of Mr. Necker, and that of their only daughter, would convince me, if I were yet to be convinced, that there yet remain many mysteries in the arts of education to be explained, notwithstanding all that has been written upon the subject: domestick example not unfrequently produces very different effects from what we might expect, or some one circumstance in the mode of life, the conduct, and conversation of the parent, makes so powerful an impression upon the mind of the child, as to exclude every other sentiment.

Like her parents, Madame de Stael has always been attached to literary pursuits, and to the company and conversation of men of letters; her mind, however, had not been formed in the walks of private life, nor tried by adversity, and her wit, her love of amusement, a flow of spirits, and the pride of knowledge, have borne her away, as the horses of the sun did Phaeton.

It is singular, that the great good sense of her parents should have left them so desirous of a splendid match for their daughter, and that they should have annexed no other indispensable condition to the disposal of her hand in marriage, but high rank, and the profession of the Protestant Religion. As the wife of an ambassador, Madame de Stael was received at court upon a footing, which she could not have attained to from the claims of her family; she seems never however to have been a favourite there, and I can easily conceive, that the Queen, who had received scarcely any education herself, must have been rather oppressed by such literary brilliancy in another. The society she lived in, too, were all of them, in-

dividually, considered as promoters of the Revolution; they were really so, I believe, and she was delighted to glide gayly along the stream, and to contribute her utmost to the success of a cause, which she supposed congenial to her principles: the atrocious conduct of Robespierre, and some others, rendered her adherence to their opinions no longer possible, and then she retired from the scene, but not till she had made one generous effort in behalf of the Royal family. Mr. Bertrand de Moleville has recorded the anecdote I allude to, though by no means with expressions of partiality; but a candid posterity will give her credit for the ingenuity of the plan, and for having so generously undertaken to risk her life, in the execution of it. She has travelled a great deal, has lived at all times with great hospitality, and has been always ready to do a charitable or a generous and friendly action. She resides generally at her castle of Copet, and would willingly, I believe, diversify her life, with now and then a visit to the capital, but Buonaparte has continued, as Emperour, the restriction he had imposed upon her when First Consul, of not approaching nearer than sixty miles to Paris. He fears her, perhaps, as Mazarin used to dread the Duchess de C—— and the Princess Palatine, who gave him more trouble and more uneasiness, he declared, by their cabals at court, than the Prince of Condé could at the head of an army, in the field: or perhaps, he dislikes, that any one, not within the pale of the imperial family, should attract universal attention so near the residence of his sacred person. He is even said to have felt disagreeably, at the praises so lavishly bestowed upon

Madame Recamier in his presence, and to have made that lady experience the proofs of his displeasure. You will think it impossible, that such little passions should find a place in the bosom of so great a man; but you may remember that the authour of *The Vicar of Wakefield* was mortified that any one should not think him a pretty fellow, or should suppose that he could not throw a pike as well as one of the Fantocini was made to do, and that Voltaire, in all the blaze of literary glory, and in the bosom of Philosophy, and of Friendship, at Cirey, was seen to sicken with jealousy, when the conversation of a numerous circle in which he lived, happened to be engaged, for a day or two, with the story, and the sufferings, of a wretch, who had been broken upon the wheel at Paris.

At all events, and whatever the cause may have been, the fact is, that M^{de} de S. is in a state of continued exile from Paris, a circumstance which will, probably, be of no disservice to her with posterity, and which, when I reflect upon her indiscriminate hospitality, and upon that unbounded flow of conversation she delights in, may, probably, I think, preserve her from being enveloped in some real or imaginary conspiracy against the government.

The first time I saw this celebrated lady, was in her castle of Copet, and when her mind was as yet strongly impressed with the loss of her father, of whom she never speaks, but in terms of the highest affection and veneration: she was surrounded, as usual, with a company of men, who hung upon all she said. By degrees, her natural cheerfulness prevailed, and, placing herself very much at her ease, with her feet resting upon an

opposite chair, she ran on in a flow of lively conversation. She speaks, I think, even better than she writes, and is never at a loss for the happiest expressions, colouring every thing after a manner peculiar to herself, and deviating, at times, into anecdotes and descriptions, which might offend your chaster ears on the other side of the Atlantick. Her person is of the middle size: her features are not all of them good, and her complexion is bad, but she has a certain roundness and amplitude of form, much admired and aspired to in this country, with a good-natured, lively countenance, and very fine eyes.

The writings of Madame de S. bespeak an ardent imagination, a warm heart, and a considerable fund of various literature: she writes, in general, from accurate observation, or where her means of information fail, she guesses more happily than most people. Her principal work is *Delphine*, which you may have seen in an English translation. It was difficult for me to overcome the repugnance I have to all novels, which end unfortunately; I have read it, however, and can recommend it to you, who are the mother of a family. The moral is a good one, for we are to suppose, the authour meant to establish it as a maxim, that no woman ought to think herself independent of the received opinions and prejudices of society; *Delphine*, who is under no such control, though never deviating, in fact, from the paths of virtue, is rendered miserable with a thousand good qualities. It is remarkable, at the same time, that those of the characters which are represented as more under the government of reason and religion, attract very little of our sympathy

and regard, so that we are led to prefer *Delphine*, with all her irregularities, and if that be generally the case, one may assert, that the effect of this popular novel is at variance with the ostensible moral. Such a genius as that of the authour of *Delphine*, is not calculated, as you may suppose, to lie still long, or enjoy more than a momentary repose, and the literary world is already in expectation, that she will soon publish the posthumous works of Mr. Necker, and some particulars of his private life. Her intended tour in Italy, next winter, too, will probably furnish her with materials for an interesting work, and particularly so, if she could submit to what she supposes a very inferior department of literature, and would simply convey to her readers, the impressions made upon her own cultivated mind: but the probability is, that some Italian romance, at best, will be the fruit of all those means and opportunities of information, which high rank and a splendid fortune might so easily procure this somewhat whimsical lady, who, as a writer, prefers fiction to sober truth, and the imaginary crosses and intricacies of an idle love-story, to all the beauties of history, or the interests of courts—there are, as Pope says,

There are whom Heaven has blest with
store of wit,
Who want as much again to govern it.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

Odes from the Norse, &c.

The two last of the translated Odes are from the Welch.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.*

That tuneful voice, that Eagle eye.
Earl of Carlisle.

Owen's praise demands my song,
Owen swift and Owen strong;

q

Fairest flow'r of Rodrick's stem;
 † Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
 He nor heaps his brooded stores,
 Nor on all profusely pours;
 Lord of every regal art,
 Lib'ral hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
 Squadrons three against him came;
 This the force of Erin hiding,
 Side by side as proudly riding,
 On her shadow, long and gay,
 † Lochlin plows the watery way:
 There the Norman sails, afar,
 Catch the winds, and join the war:
 Black and huge, along they sweep;
 Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless, on his native sands,
 § The dragon son of Mona stands;
 In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
 High he rears his ruby crest.
 There the thundering strokes begin,
 There the press, and there the din,
 Talymafra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 || Checked by the torrent tide of blood,
 Backward Thenai rolls his flood;
 While heaped his master's feet around,
 Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
 Where his glowing eyeballs turn,
 Thousand banners round him burn.
 Where he points his purple spear,
 Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
 Marking, with indignant eye,
 Fear to stop, and Shame to fly.
 There Confusion, Terror's child,
 Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
 Agony, that pants for breath,
 Despair, and honourable Death.

Mr. Gray entitles this Ode, in his own edition, a *Fragment*; but, from the prose version of Mr. Evans, which, says Mr. Mason, I shall here insert, it will appear, that nothing is omitted, except a single hyperbole, at the end, which I print in Italicks:

* From Mr. Evans's *Specimens of the Welch Poetry*, London, 1764; 4to. Owen succeeded his father, Griffin; in the principality of North Wales, A. D. 1120. This battle was fought near forty years afterwards.

Gray.

† North Wales: † Denmark.

§ The Red Dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banner.

|| This, and the three following lines, are not in the former editions, but are now added from the author's MS. Mason.

PANEGYRICK

*Upon Owain Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, by Gualhmai, the son of Melir, in the year 1157.**

1. I will extol the generous hero, descended from the race of Roderick, the bulwark of his country; a prince eminent for his good qualities, the glory of Britain—Owen the brave, and expert in arms, a prince that neither hoardeth nor coveteth riches.

2. Three fleets arrived, vessels of the main; three powerful fleets of the first rate, furiously to attack on the sudden; one from Jwerddon,† the other full of well-armed Lochlymians,‡ making a grand appearance on the floods, the third from the transmarine Normans, which was attended with an immense, though successful toil.

3. The Dragon of Mona's Sons was so brave in action that there was a great tumult on their furious attack, and before the Prince himself there was vast confusion, havoc, conflict, honourable death, bloody battle, horrible consternation, and upon Tal Malva a thousand banners; there was an outrageous carnage, and the rage of spears, and hasty signs of violent indignation. Blood raised the tide of the Menai, and the crimson of human gore stained the brine. There were glittering cuirasses, and the agony of gashing wounds, and the mangled warriors, prostrate before the chief, distinguished by his crimson lance. Llocgria was put into confusion,

* See Evans's *Specimens of Welch Poetry*, p. 25, and for the original Welch, p. 127.

† Ireland. † Danes and Normans. (*Norwegians?*)

the contest and confusion was great; and the glory of our Prince's wide-wasting sword shall be celebrated in a hundred languages, to give him merited praise.

THE DEATH OF HOEL.*

Had I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright,
Upon Deira's squadrons hurled,
To rush and sweep them from the world!

Too, too secure, in youthful pride,
By them, my friend, my Hoel died;
Great Cian's son! of Madoc old
He asked no heaps of hoarded gold;
Alone in Nature's wealth arrayed,
He asked and had the lovely maid.

To Cattraeth's vale, in glittering row,
Twice two hundred warriors go;
Every warrior's manly neck
Chains of regal honour deck,
Wreathed in many a golden link:
From the golden cup they drink
Nectar that the bees produce,
Or the grape's ecstasick juice.
Flushed with mirth and hope, they burn,
But none from Cattraeth's vale return
Save Aeron brave and Conan strong.
(Bursting from the bloody throng)
And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall!

* Of Aneurim, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliessin, A. D. 570. This Ode is extracted from the *Gododin* (See Mr. Evans's *Specimens*, p. 71, and 93, and now first published. *Gray*.)

From the extract of *Gododin*, which Mr. Evans has given us, in his *Dissertatio de Barlis*, in the beforementioned book, I shall here transcribe those particular passages which Mr. Gray selected for imitation in this Ode.

1. Si mihi liceret vindictam in Deiorum populum ferre,
Eque ac diluvium omnes una strage prostratum,

2. Amicum enim amisi incautus,
Qui in resistendo firmus erat.
Non petiit, magnanimus, dotem a socero
Filius Ciani ex strenuo Gwyngwn ortus.

3. Viri ibant ad Cattraeth, et fuere insignes,
Vinum et mulsum ex aureis poculis erat eorum potus.

Trecenti et sexaginta tres aureis torquibus insigniti erant;

'Whoever,' says Mr. Mason, 'compares Mr. Gray's poetical versions of these four lyrical pieces, with the literal translations, which I have here inserted, will, I am persuaded, be convinced, that nothing of the kind was ever executed with more fire, and at the same time, with more judgment. He keeps up, through them all, the wild romantick spirit of his originals; elevates them by some well-chosen epithet or image, where they flag, yet in such a manner as is perfectly congruous with the general idea of the poems; and if either, varies or omits any of the original thoughts, they are only of that kind, which, according to our modern sentiments, would appear vulgar or ludicrous; two instances of this kind, occur in the latter part of this last Ode. How well has he turned the idea of the fourth line, *Ex iis qui nimium potu madidi*, and the conclusion, *Aliter hoc carmen compigendum*, &c., the former of which is ridiculous, the latter insipid.' Mr. Wakefield, as we have seen, speaks in equal terms of commendation.

In closing these illustrations, it may be acceptable to subjoin two fragments of the same kind, preserved by Mr. Mason.

'I find, amongst Mr. Gray's papers, a few more lines, taken from other parts of the *Gododin*, which I shall here add with their respective Latin versions. They may serve to show succeeding poets the manner in which the spirit of

*Ex iis autem, qui nimio potu madidi ad bellum properabant,
Non evasere nisi tres, qui sibi gladiis vicinam muniebant:*

Scilicet, bellator de Aeron, et Conanus Dacarawd,

Et egomet ipse (scilicet Bardus Aneurinus) sanguine rubens:

Aliter ad hoc carmen compigendum non superstes fuissim.

these ancient predecessours in the art may be best transfused into a modern imitation of them:

Have you seen the tusky Boar,
Or the Bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So bore Caradoc his lance.

Quando ad bellum properabat Caradocus,
Filius apri silvestris qui truncando mutila-
vit hostes,

Taurus aciei in pugnae conflictu,
Is lignum (*i. e.* hastam) ex manu contorsit.

Conan's name, my lay, rehearse,
Build to him the lofty verse,
Sacred tribute of the bard,
Verse, the Hero's sole reward.
As the flame's devouring force,
As the whirlwind in its course,
As the thunder's fiery stroke,
Glancing on the shivered oak,
Did the sword of Conan mow
The crimson harvest of the foe.

Debitus est tibi cantus qui honorem asse-
cutus es maximum,

Qui eras instar ignis, tonitruum tempestatis
Viribus eximie eques bellicose, Rhudd
Fedel, bellum meditaris.

—
For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In the sixth number of The Port Folio, an Ode has appeared, signed Carlos, and designated as the third of Hafiz. I am led to believe from this, that it is a versification of the third ode of the collection of ten, published some time since in your Miscellany, under the head of "A Treatise on Oriental Poetry."

When a writer attempts to clothe the child of another's fancy in a new dress, whether the drapery be more magnificent or less beautiful, he should always strenuously endeavour to preserve the form of the unoffending bantling, and neither suffer its delicate body to be straitened and compressed, nor to appear distended by superfluities.

Carlos has, unfortunately, in some places, not understood, or if

he did understand, has not expressed the full force and meaning of his authour, and in others has added what can only be the offspring of his own imagination.

In pointing out the predominant faults of which Carlos has been guilty, I shall have recourse to another version of the same ode, which appeared in the sixteenth number of the fifth volume of The Port Folio, signed S., and which, I may venture to assert, expresses the obvious meaning of the authour, in some degree more clearly than that of Carlos, now under consideration.

Carlos begins:

Boy, quick bring the goblets and fill them
with wine,
With sparkling wine till no more they will
hold.

Here we are obliged to break through all propriety, in pronunciation, and read *spark-el-ing*, to help out the measure of the line; when immediately follows a glaring tautology: "*Fill them with wine, till they will hold no more.*" And then, my friends, Carlos should add, Empty them till there is nothing in them.

For Love finds relief in the tears of the
vine.

Hafiz certainly meant, that the pangs of love were relieved by the juice of the grape; but Carlos tells us that the tear of the vine (I suppose he means the sap) is the same as the juice of the fruit which depends from its branches—an important secret, truly.

Tis wine heals the hearts of the young and
the old.

Hafiz says, Wine cures the maladies of young and old. Now, from the above line, the plain inference to be drawn, is this, "The hearts of young and old *always* want a

healing balm, or else, wine cures the heart, without removing the malady. This is a self-evident deduction.

In the second verse, Carlos falls far behind the meaning of his authour—he says,

The wine and the cup are the sun and the moon,
To the arms of the moon, Oh! then, let him retire.

This is tame “to a degree.” The Sun is wine: the Moon is a bowl. A bowl can have no arms; it is circular. Besides, as Hafiz writes, the metaphor is evident: The wine and the cup are the sun and the moon, bring the moon to serve as a circle to the sun. And S. appears to have caught his meaning, in the following lines:

Like the bright god of day is glowing wine,
And like the pale-faced orb of night the bowl:

Haste bring the moon, that she may with us shine,
And round the sun a splendid circle roll.

In the third verse, Carlos says,

If the rose droops *his* head in the fervour of day,
If *its* cheek *is* all withered and faded its hue.

Here the rose is masculine in one line, and neuter in the next. *Droops* is written for *droop*, and *is* for *be*. Because, the verb, being placed in the subjunctive mood, *should* ought to govern; as,

Should the rose droop, &c.
Should its cheek be, &c.

To me it is inexplicable, why Carlos should so far outrage his authour as to give him a preposterous meaning which never was intended. He continues, speaking of the withered rose:

Dip it deep in the bowl: and enlivened and gay,
Its blushes and colour it soon shall renew.

Hafiz merely says “If the rose wither, bring wine of a rose-co-

lour,” certainly meaning that the fragrance of the wine and its ruby colour might well replace the once beautiful but now withered rose. As for the dipping experiment, I believe Hafiz never tried its virtue.

In the fourth verse, Carlos writes

If the nightingale ceases *his* tale to relate,
To the musick of glasses your bosoms expand.

The verb again used incorrectly—*ceases* for *cease*.

Should the nightingale cease, &c.

“*His* tale to relate.” Poor Philomela! Thou art indeed unfortunate. The cruelty of Tereus deprived thee of the power of *relating* thy story; thy ingenuity supplied the want of speech. He, who boasted that his fame would be immortal, vainly thought that he had transmitted thy story to posterity. The poet Ovid transformed thee to a nightingale, and preserved thy sex; succeeding poets have agreed to call thee feminine; but the poet Carlos has transformed thee again, and given thee the sex of thy persecutor. Poor Philomela!

Expand your bosoms to musick, says Carlos; we acknowledge that musick softens the soul and delights the senses, but the question is, are our senses placed in our bosoms, and is the bosom the seat of the soul? This involves a metaphysical discussion, and Carlos appears to have answered the question undesignedly.

With submission, we think that S. has followed his authour with greater precision.

And should the warblings of the nightingale

No more with melody enchant the soul,
Soon let us cease her lost notes to bewail,
And hear the musick of the passing bowl.

Hafiz proceeds with this advice,
“Do not afflict thyself with the

alteration of fortune, but be attentive to the harmony of the lute."

Carlos renders this as follows:

Mourn not for a moment the changes of
Fate,
But hear the lute ring with a masterly
hand.

Fate and Fortune may, perhaps, be considered as synonymous, but a doubt can be suggested. A stringed instrument ringing is a curious phenomenon. The verb *to ring*, is applied to the noise made by any *sonorous* metal; as, for instance, a bell. But Carlos may avail himself of the signification of the word *sonorous*, as applied to any *sounding* instrument.

The verse is thus given by S.

Should Fortune frown, who once appeared
thy friend,
And deaf to prayers, refuse thy fervent
suit;
Cast every grief aside and then attend
The sound harmonious of the well-strung
lute.

Carlos proceeds

I shall kiss my beloved's white breast in my
sleep,
Then again let my cup with the loved li-
quor redden,
To hasten the moment pour freely and
deep,
And Hafiz will drink if allowed or forbid-
den.

Hafiz does not say he will kiss his fair one's white breast, he merely observes, that he will see the countenance of his beloved when he sleeps. Some latitude certainly must be allowed for the imagination of the versifier, and S. has the same thought in the following lines;

When sleep o'ertakes my now half closed
eyes,
I'll see my fair one, dream I taste her kiss.
Fill high again, pour, pour the wine I prize,
To haste the moment of expected bliss.

Next follows, in Hafiz, a verse, which is thus rendered by S.:

For each mad act, when frenzy seized my
soul,
The surest remedy my friends e'er found,

Was wine; replenish then my thirsty bowl,
Till every sense in rosy wine be drowned.

This is totally omitted by Carlos.

The last verse of the Ode certainly deserves more than the single line which Carlos has added to that above beginning with "I shall kiss, &c."

And Hafiz will drink if allowed or forbidden.

In this line, Carlos comprizes the whole sentiment of the last verse of Hafiz, which S. thus exhibits—Once more, the sparkling cup fill to the brim,

Heed not the censor or the railing crowd,
Approve or disapprove, alike to him,
Hafiz will drink forbidden or allow'd.

I shall conclude by adverting to some faults in the composition. The rhyme of *vine* to *wine* certainly cannot be allowed. The line "With sparkling wine, *till no more they will hold*," is dull prose, as also is that of "The wine and cup," &c.

Pope says,

"And ten low words oft creep in one dull line."

But what would Pope say to

The wine and the cup are the sun and the moon!

I feel confident that Mr. Old-school will agree with me, when I remark that the measure of which Carlos has made use, is little adapted to the Ode, although it be a drinking Ode.

W. R. S.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow.
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE SIMPLETON.

Poor Sam, who'd been sick, and indeed
was sick still,

Complain'd of a pain in his thigh;
He made a great noise, although sore
'gainst his will,
For he thought he was going to die.

The Surgeon was sent for, and shortly he
came,
Who told Sam to cease all his pother,
This thigh, said the surgeon, is not at all
lame,
Well then, replied Sam 'tis the other.

—
THE ROSE—By Mr. Fox.

The rose, the sweetly blooming rose,
Ere from the tree tis torn,
Is like the charm which beauty shows,
In life's exulting morn.

But ah! how soon its sweets are gone,
How soon it withering dies!
So when the eve of life comes on,
Sweet beauty fades and dies.

Then since the fairest form that's made,
Soon withering we shall find,
Let each possess what NE'ER will fade—
The beauty of the mind.

—
From The Repertory.
AD VESPERAM.

Cum Sol, discedens, alias citò fertur in
oras,
Et portans hominum curas et murmura
secum;
Inter et agricolas, cum non labor allus a-
ratri
Longius a bovis fessis præsepia claudit;
Cum pastor pecudesque vagas compellit
in unum:
Vespera! tum veniunt tua tempora, nuntia
noctis,
Tum tua, tum venium ferme dilucida reg-
na.
Vallibus incipiunt imis, dum montibus altis
Lux simulatque Diem, dum Vox procul
hæret in Oeta.—
Excelsoque loco, tenebrosa, per æthera,
Diva
Nunc citò descendit, linquens vestigia cur-
rus.
Nunc tua regna fugis, valles non sponte re-
linquens;
Nunc collesque petis; nunc summa cacu-
mina montis.
Siste gradum, tu, blanda Dea, et concede
videri;
Siste gradum, nunc longe fugis; e vallibus
atris
Discedam, montes Diva occupat umbrifera
altos.

L. M. SARGENT.

ELEGY ON MY AULD FID DLE.
"Whose Name shall remain in the Song."
OS31AN.

We see that ilk revolving day,
The rarest earthly things decay;
Nor can our best endeavours save,
Them frae the universal grave;
Still some disaster unforeseen
Makes them as they had never been.

See my Auld Fiddle, ance sae good,
That pat me aft in canty mood,
When a' things fail'd, see how decay'd
In broken fragments where she's laid,
In yon dark nook wi' other lumber,
Nae mair my study to encumber;
Of brig and finger-bro'd bereft:
Nae string nor bass nor tenor left,
Her hand broke aff, her wame dung in,
And for to turtle her ne'er a pin;
Her back and sides in waefu' case,
Sad vestiges of her disgrace.

Nae mair, alas! on her I'll play
Piano sweet or blithe strathspey;
Nae mair, when dowie woods invade,
Shall she be summon'd to my aid;
Like some auld trophy, she may hing,
A dismal melancholy thing.

What though she was of winsome frame,
And frae the fam'd Cremona came,
Yet that and ilka tender note
Could not retard the drunken sot,
Wha, stane blind, fient a haet he saw,
Crush'd her poor banes against the wa'
A tone pathetic, sadly sweet,
She breath'd beneath his clumsy feet,
And like the swan near death, sae she
Sang mournfu' her ain elegy.

Not Robin Burns, nor that glib chield
Height Hamilton o' Gilbertfield,
Nor royal James, o' wit sae keen,
Nor Allan Ramsay's sel' I ween.
Cou'd hae express'd in verse or prose
The wrath that in my bosom rose,
When I beheld my good-auld fiddle
Crush'd like a peat-creel in the middle!
I bann'd, and rais'd my doubl'd loof,
Resolv'd to fell this graceless coof,
And had we been upon a level,
By —— he'd got an unco devil;
But pity twin'd my heart about,
And sav'd the donnert dunce's snout.

May minstrels a' the kestral hate
And mock and jeer him air and late,
May his ass-lugs be ever found
Deaf to the harmony of sound,
May fighting cats wi' elritch screams,
And howling dogs disturb his dreams;
May discord deave him night and day,
And corbies sing his fun'ral lay,
While my auld fiddle, though she's lame,
Like chiefs of yore, shall hear her fame.

Ye winged minstrels of the wind,
 May ye my silent fiddle find,
 And as ye fleet your nightly rounds
 Recall, as erst, enchanting sounds;
 Such airs, as oft in Selma's hall,
 While hung his harp against the wall,
 Half viewless forms, as Ossian sings,
 Oft swept with airy hand the strings:
 Haste, haste! ye tuneful shapes of air,
 And to her ruin'd frame repair;
 Tune her to sadly pleasing lays,
 And wake the notes of other days.

G. TURNBULL.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Is not Moore's song beginning

"When Time who steals our years away,"

little more than a free translation of
 the following lines from Ausonius:

*"Uxor vivamus quod viximus, et moriamur,
 Servantes nomen sumsimus in thalamo;
 Nec ferat ultra dies ut commutemur in ævo,
 Quin tibi sim juvenis, tuque puelli mihi."*

It is true Moore has introduced some
 pretty ideas not found in the original,
 and, on the other hand, his fourth
 verse is almost a literal translation of
 the last line of the above quotation.

MERRIMENT.

When Woodward first played Sir John
 Brute, Garrick was induced, from curiosity,
 or perhaps jealousy, to be present. A few
 days after, when they met, Woodward
 asked Garrick how he liked him in the
 part, adding, "I think I struck out some
 beauties in it." "I think (said Garrick)
 that you *struck out all the beauties in it.*"

An Irish gentleman having made a purchase of Gibbon's *Rome*, 12 vols. in boards, took it into a bookseller's shop so have it most elegantly bound. "Pray, Sir, (inquired the bookseller) what binding would you like best? Would you like to have it bound in Russia?" "Oh, no, no!" replied he, "Russia is too far off; I'd rather have it bound in *Dublin*."

The following curious anagram
 on Napoleon Bonaparte, not being
 generally known it is worthy notice

"Bona rapta pone Leno,"

which expresses, even to a letter,
*"you rascal, lay down the stolen
 goods."*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

An Italian Ode, composed lately by Mr. Da Ponte, on the present situation of this country, was so well received in London, that 40,000 copies were sold in less than eight days. Sanazzaro, a poet of the 15th century, received 6000 dollars, as a present from the republic of Venice, for Latin verses, which perhaps were not more elegant than those of Mr. Da Ponte. Had this charming poet met with the good fortune of Sanazzaro, he would not now have been under the necessity of procuring a bare subsistence in the city of New-York, by teaching young children their A, B, C.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

SHERIFF'S COURT, *Wednesday, April 17.*
 LYNE v. HAMILTON.

The plaintiff, who is a hosier in Oxford-street had paid his addresses to a Miss Wade, the daughter of a respectable tradesman at Lambeth, and afterwards married her. The defendant had also been a suitor with the same lady, and entertained hopes of succeeding, when he was supplanted by the plaintiff, which circumstance became the ground of animosity between the parties. On several occasions the defendant had openly insulted the plaintiff, but by the interference of friends they appeared to be reconciled; until meeting accidentally during the last autumn, at the Horse and Groom public-house, near Kingston; the old topick was renewed, and as they had been sacrificing to the Jolly God, the most impassioned language occurred. The defendant, who is described as a muscular man, exercised his horse-whip on the plaintiff, in a most unmerciful manner; struck him a violent blow in the face with his fist, and was only restrained from proceeding to further violence by the servants of the house. After these facts had been proved, the Jury returned a verdict of 20*l.* damages.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. Philadelphia, Saturday, August 27, 1808. No. 9.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 121.)

LETTER XXXVII.

My Dear E.

ONE of the most agreeable excursions we have made, has been to the glaciers 'of Savoy, which Coxe and other travellers have rendered familiar to you by name, but which no description can convey an adequate idea of. I will simply give you an account of the impression they made upon us, but without entering into particulars which have been so frequently repeated. You must now open a map of Savoy, and observe the course of the Arve, which the road is governed by from Geneva to Chamouni. The towns men-

tioned by Coxe are such as he describes them. The country is wild and savage; little spots of good land appear well cultivated, in places that seem almost inaccessible; and what we should call, in America, the low grounds of the river, are, in general, an accumulation of very fine soil. But in some places, a great deal of injury appears to have been occasioned by the ungovernable fury of the water, which now and then re-assumes, like Providence, in a moment, what it had been ages in bestowing. If we may judge by analogy, the far greater part of this extensive valley of the Arve was formerly a chain of lakes, and one in particular, is known to have been near Servoz. In the center of this lake, stood, on a craggy island, the castle of St. Michel, and a few miles below was the little town of St. Denys, not far, in all probability, from where the *pont des chevres* is placed on the map. Could an inhabitant of those days

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be called to life again, how great would his be astonishment, at the change which has taken place! The poor dismantled remains of St. Michel are no longer on an island. The lake disappeared by the sudden failure of the mound which supported it, and the waters, in their retreat, swept away the town and all its inhabitants. It must have been a horrible catastrophe, and as unexpected as it was irresistible. For an hour or two from Servoz (for in this country they count by hours and not by miles) the road has more the appearance of stairs, badly cut in the rock, than of a mean of communication in carriages. Even the *char-à-banc*, of which I send you a drawing, is with difficulty dragged along. To the right is a steep, impending rock, to the left is a precipice, with the Arve bursting his way, from one obstacle to another, at the bottom. The opposite side rises abruptly, to a very great height, and almost perpendicularly; and yet, not far from the summit, I observed a man mowing. The spot which was to reward his industry, seemed less than a quarter of an acre: it lay, like an island, amid a waste of barren rocks, and was so steep, that had he lost his foot-hold, he must have fallen into a chasm of at least 2000 feet.

It would surely be no difficult matter to collect as many colonists as one pleased, in a country like this, who would cheerfully consent to remove to any part of the United States, from the wilds of Savoy, or of Jura; these last are very little known to travellers, and have been well and eloquently described by Mr. Lequinio.

At a very small distance from the part of the road, where we saw the man mowing, as it were, in the

air, the singular appearance of which will never be effaced from my imagination, we entered the valley of Chamouny, a valley so often described, that I can conceive your being better acquainted with it than with the Calf-pasture, or the Shenandoe. The Arve runs along the middle and on either side the banks, which rise by a very rapid slope, are diversified by various sorts of produce, till they become too steep, or too barren, to be cultivated. Houses and villages are thickly scattered, and every thing bespeaks plenty and good husbandry, while the glaciers, which, like enormous icicles, are protruded down the sides of the mountains they belong to, create a contrast with the beauties of vegetation, which exceeds all I ever beheld, in novelty and in magnificence.

Hitherto, the inhabitants of Savoy, though frequently in possession of a fertile soil, had appeared a poor, dispirited, and miserable race; and the shepherdesses of the Alps had looked more like gipsies than those elegantly rural forms, which the genius of painting had bestowed upon them. But in the valley of Chamouny, the race of man seemed improved, and it was in the midst of all that could delight the mind, that we arrived at the Priory, on the evening of the second day. Our company was not quite the same as in the journey through the south of France. We had the addition of your uncle and brother, of the little Genevan, and of the stout Swiss nurse, who has the charge of her, and who, wearing a gold cross, by way of ornament, was very much afraid of being taken for a Catholick, and a Savoyarde.

Of dangers on the road we experienced none, but we passed fre-

quently where dangers had been; as over the beds of torrents, which bear every thing before them, when swelled with the melting of the snows, and under the brow of mountains, from which masses of rock had often fallen, to the great terror of the neighbourhood. Savoy has had its portion of sufferings during the French Revolution. The clergy was everywhere despoiled of their property, and everywhere the object of cruelty, and oppression. The churches and chapels were converted to some profane use, and the poor parish priests were hunted out and pursued from one hiding-place to another. Yet did not these good men desert their flocks; for five years, that religion was an object of persecution, they persevered in attempting to fulfil their duty and had all the merit of the first Christians in the times of Nero or Dioclesian. I have lately seen two very fine pictures on this subject. The one represents the curate as performing divine service at the foot of a rock, in a remote valley, during the persecution, and the other as returning to his parish, after the *concordat* between the French Government and the Pope.* In this last he is represented as surrounded by the old and the young. "He for God only, they for God in him." As a well-beloved friend and parent, who returns, after a long absence, to the bosom of a family. A group of clowns are in the act of raising the cross, the mayor of the commune is explaining the blessed change which has taken place, and an old couple, who seem too weak with age, to stand up, and who may

have been borne to the church door, and seated there by their children, have an expression on their countenance, which religion alone could give rise to; it seems as if a ray from heaven had come to gild the last moments of their existence. Surely, such subjects are far more worthy the talents of an artist than a market for cattle, or for hogs, or the drunken boors and alehouse joys of the Flemish school.

The gentry of Savoy have suffered almost as much as the clergy; they have been treated as emigrants, for remaining attached to a cause, which they would have been despised for quitting, and have been ruined by fines and confiscations, while a new race of people, like the new race of noxious insects and reptiles who are called into existence by the putridity of our rice-fields, when the water is withdrawn, has risen to opulence and to distinction, in their place. At Salenches, I was looking at the castle, and asked a person who came up, the name of the proprietor. It has been confiscated, he said, and sold for *assignats*, and now belongs to the barber, who used formerly to shave Monsieur le Baron. The moonlight view from Chamouny is extremely sublime. At a small distance, appears Mont Blanc, at the perpendicular height, above the valley, of upwards of 12,000 feet, and to the left is a range of lofty eminences, the lowest of which, would, in any other situation, command the admiration of travellers.

The next morning, at an early hour, we proceeded to ascend a mountain, which is on the opposite side of the valley to the Montanvert, each of us mounted on a mule, and each accompanied by a guide on foot: these guides are a race of active, intelligent, good-humour-

* These pictures were painted by Toffet.

ed people, who live by attending strangers on such occasions, and know the value of a good character. The ascent was, everywhere rapid, and the road, in some places, was but a narrow shelf, hanging suspended over a frightful declivity; so perfectly sure-footed, however, are the mules, and so entirely do they assume the management upon these occasions, that no one seems afraid. After a long ascent, we found ourselves on an eminence which the calculations of geometers have fixed at 3000 feet above the Priory; and here, upon turning round, we beheld Mont Blanc, in all its sublimity of height and of eternal snow. The other mountains and needles of granite, were like enormous giants upon guard around its base. It seemed as if the curtain of creation had been raised, and as if we were arrived at some other world: it is hence that the efforts of those who have attained to the top of Mont Blanc may be conceived, and that the various glaciers may be traced from their origin, in the mountains, to the valley below. We remained here about half an hour, and then descended a little lower, to a spring, where, as Mr. Coxe expresses himself, we refreshed ourselves with some cold victuals, we had brought with us. Plain truth needs indeed no flowers of speech, but such a dinner, in such a place, is deserving of a few words more. A rock, from which the water sprung, served us as a table, and every thing seemed of the best; and towards the end of our dinner, we were joined by two young women of Chamouny, with baskets of berries, which they had collected from the rocks above us. They were attended by a goatherd, who with a hunting horn slung from

his neck, and with a wild yet good-natured countenance, was the very emblem of rural simplicity. Neither he nor the young women would eat meat, as it was on a Friday, but the guides, who are the fine gentlemen of the valley, and have the advantage of travelling, without going from home, were burthened with no such scruples. We descended on foot, and found your little sister waiting for us, at the entrance of the village.

The soil of the valley is fertile, and land is frequently sold at £80 sterling an acre. The air is good, and every necessary of life in great perfection. The good Benedictines, who first settled here, about the time that William the Conqueror went to England, certainly thought themselves and their successors removed from all danger of being molested. They made grants of the land upon very easy terms, and remained in quiet possession of their tythes and other rights till the late revolution. The inhabitants are now relieved from those feudal duties, but they pay heavy taxes, and are plagued with the conscription. It is about 70 years, since their valley was first visited by travellers, and as it has been fashionable, ever since, to do so, and for great numbers of young Englishmen, in particular, the sums of money accumulated by these frugal and sagacious people, as guides, as innkeepers, or as sellers of chrystal, and other curiosities from the mountains, must be considerable.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

The Revd. Dr. Abercrombie, whose talents and principles have procured for him the esteem of many, who have had frequent occasion to witness his honourable exertions

in the cause of literature and religion, has just published a very liberal and candid Sermon on the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal Church. This valuable discourse was preached before the Convention, held in Christ-Church, in Philadelphia, on the 15th June 1808. The learned authour received the thanks of the Convention, who, with a liberality, that honours both them and the Church, printed this Sermon, at their own expense. The authour apologizes for any errors which may be found in the composition, by stating, with his wonted frankness and candour, that he was extremely limited in the time, which he could assign for preparation. Indeed, the number of his academical and parochial cares, is sufficient in the estimation of every considerate critick, to vindicate him from any charge of oscitancy or neglect. On a very careful review, both of the sentiments and style of this pamphlet, we see nothing to reprehend, and much to admire. His theme is a very noble one, and he treats it in a manner corresponding with its dignity and importance. The Sermon is dedicated, with perfect propriety, to The Right Reverend Bishop White, as a publick testimony of the sincere esteem, attachment, and gratitude, of the authour.

Before we transcribe any passages from the pamphlet in question, we take occasion to remark, that without any invidious comparison, the beauty and sublimity of the Liturgy of the Church of England, must claim for it a very high degree of admiration from the scholar and the critick. We remember, that Archdeacon Paley has, somewhere, in his admirable system of *Ethicks*, observed, of the Liturgy, in particular, that it is as near perfection, as the condition of humanity will allow. And another respectable clergyman of the established Church, but who is as remote from a bigot, as he is from an infidel, has thus candidly drawn his lines of discrimination:

“No liturgy can well be so framed as to appear blameless to men of dif-

ferent opinions, or to suit the tastes and wishes of all sects; but though the English Liturgy may be, and certainly is, liable to peculiar objections, does it, notwithstanding, not deserve the sincere, if not the unqualified approbation, of all sects of Christians. In its detached parts, faulty passages may appear; some prejudices may be remarked, which were not so much the errors of the authours, as of the age, in which they lived; but considered as a whole, it breathes the most liberal sentiments, the most enlightened piety, and the most comprehensive charity: it contains petitions suited to all the necessities, and to all conditions of mankind; not a supplication is wanting, that we can ever have occasion to utter, for our own good or the good of others, and it can never be devoutly read, or attentively heard, without the most beneficial influence on our thoughts and actions, our hearts and lives. None of the prayers are polluted by cant, or embarrassed by hypocrisy; they afford the strongest internal testimony, that those who composed them did not write what they did not feel; they are characterised by simplicity and sincerity, and hallowed by the genuine aspirations of unaffected piety. In such a liturgy, so far superiour to all the extravagances of extemporaneous devotion, so salutary in its tendency, so benign in its spirit, and so sublime in its composition, the particular defects are lost in the general beauty; and some few passages, which deserve censure, may well be forgotten, in the many on which it would be rank impiety not to bestow unqualified approbation.”

It is a curious circumstance, in the history of the clashing of Christians, that the splendour of the Episcopal Liturgy is so glaring, that its brilliancy has been acknowledged even by those who would willingly shun the light. Not only sound churchmen, but dissenters, have borne publick testimony, in favour both of the sentiment and style of

the Book of Common Prayer. Nothing less than an Apostolical or an Angelical authour, could compose a better book, in which Taste and Genius, the sublime and beautiful, are as conspicuous as the *soundness* of its words, the purity of its doctrine, the utility of its discipline, and the ardency of its piety. In the pointed language of Mr. Reeve, It comes nearer to the primitive patterns, than those of any of the Reformed Churches. It has always been in high esteem with the most eminent Protestants abroad, and it is disapproved only by the Papists, who grudge that it retains not more of their service, and by the Dissenters, who are jealous that it retains any.

A SERMON, &c.

"I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also; I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."

1 Ep. to Cor. 14 ch. 15 v.

The immediate cause of this declaration of the holy Apostle, was, the ostentatious display of the gift of tongues, with which some of his brethren distinguished themselves, speaking to the people in an unknown language, by which they could not be edified.

Against this practice, St. Paul reasons and remonstrates, in the chapter from which my text is taken, declaring it to be the duty of a Christian, and more particularly of a Christian minister, to perform the publick offices of religion, not only with sincerity and zeal, but in such a manner as should most effectually tend to promote the glory of God, and the spiritual improvement of those who were assembled to worship him.

The occasion of my present address, Brethren, originates in a resolution of our State Convention two years ago, that its future an-

nual meetings should be opened with a Sermon or Charge: and the admirably comprehensive Charge of our venerable Bishop, delivered at the last meeting, and since published, leaving no room to descendant upon the *establishment* of the Episcopal Church, and the *various duties of the clerical character*, I have supposed that no other subject would be more appropriate, than that of the duty of connecting wisdom with zeal in our devotional exercises; as exemplified in that fervid effusion of piety and wisdom, the established Liturgy of our Church.

I propose, therefore, in the following Discourse,

1. Briefly to suggest a few arguments in favour of a preconceived or written form of publick worship;

2. To point out a few of the most prominent excellences of that adopted by us; and

3. To recommend a uniform and general performance of it, agreeable to the requisitions of its rubricks.

That the best exertions of our noblest faculties should be employed in praising and adoring that Almighty Being, to whom we are indebted for them and every other privilege and enjoyment, is the unequivocal dictate of Reason. Sound Reason, however, and the impulses of passion, or the reveries of a heated imagination, often impel to directly opposite conduct. Reason, frequently styled, "the candle of the LORD in man," was given to regulate and restrain the operations of passion, and to direct and control the fervours of imagination. And under the influence of this Heaven-born guide, and the precepts and examples recorded for our instruction in the Sacred Scriptures, holy and learn-

ed men, sanctioned by civil appointment, immediately after that important era, the Reformation, assembled to digest such a form of publick worship, as should, at once accord with the purity of Evangelical truth, the general expression of religious homage, by a whole congregation, and the dignity and authority of Episcopal administration. Accordingly, this truly venerable association, in which a *Cranmer*, a *Latimer*, a *Ridley*, and many others, whose wisdom piety and zeal were, "known unto all men," and, "whose praise was in all the churches," after the most mature deliberation, accompanied by prayer to ALMIGHTY God, for the influence of his Holy Spirit to direct and guide them, produced a Liturgy, which forms the basis of that sublime and comprehensive series of instruction and devotion, that now constitutes the publick service and offices of our Church; and from the doctrinal part of which we have in no degree departed, submitting only to such deviations as local and political circumstances rendered necessary and unavoidable.

The use and propriety of established forms of publick worship, are sanctioned by high and various authority.

We find, in the 6th chapter of the book of Numbers, that God himself dictated the form of blessing that the Priest should use. "And the LORD spake unto Moses, saying, "On this wise ye shall bless the Children of Israel, *saying unto them*, The LORD bless thee, and keep thee: the LORD make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the LORD lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace." And this very form of blessing is prescribed by our Liturgy, in the office for the

visitation of the sick. In the same book, is recorded the form of benediction at the removal and resting of the ark: and in the 21st of Deuteronomy, the form of expiation of murder: and in the 26th the confession of him who offereth the basket of first fruits; and the prayer of him who giveth the third year's tythes. To these, and other single instances, may be added, that rich and sublime variety of prayer and praise in the book of Psalms, which were composed by David, and other pious members of the Jewish Church, for the service of the Temple.*

If we now turn our attention to the New Testament, (for the copiousness of the subject requires brevity in the respective branches of it,) we find, that St. John, the precursor of our Saviour, taught his disciples a *form* of prayer, as the Jewish Doctors had taught theirs: upon which is grounded the application of CHRIST's disciples to him, as recorded in the 11th chapter of St. Luke's Gospel: "LORD," said they to him, "teach us to pray," or, give us some form for our constant use, "as John also," and the publick teachers of other religious sects, have taught theirs.†

Accordingly, JESUS CHRIST (thereby in the strongest manner possible, attesting his approbation

* By Ambrose the Psalms are called, "the instruments of virtue," by Basil, "the Essence of Theology," and by Athanasius and others, "the Epitome of the Holy Scriptures."

† This was a very natural and proper application—for these disciples, as well as Jesus himself, and his precursor John, being Jews, had always been accustomed to an established form of prayer.

For a particular account of the form used in the Synagogue, with extracts from it, see Dr. Prideaux's *Connexion of the Old and New Testaments*, Fol. Edit. Vol. 1, p. 296.

of that mode), dictated to them, that admirably comprehensive *form* called the LORD's Prayer, and enjoined their constant use of it.—“And he said unto them, when ye pray, say, “Our Father, &c.” And this, let it be observed, is an exact repetition of the same form, given upon another occasion, as recorded by St. Matthew, in his 6th chapter. “But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking; be not ye therefore like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him. After this manner, therefore pray ye: Our Father, &c.

It is observed by Grotius, that so averse was our LORD from unnecessary innovation, and the affectation of novelty, that he who had “the spirit, not by measure,” (John 3, 34) and in whom were all the “hidden treasures of wisdom and knowledge,” (Col. 2, 3) selected words and phrases of this Prayer, principally from *forms* at that time well known among the Jews.

These authorities are amply explicit, conclusive, and sufficient for us; they fully authenticate the truth and propriety of our position, with respect to the use of an established form of prayer; which is a mode of publick worship universally adopted by the Christian Church from the earliest ages, and everywhere observed, until a century or two ago, when a rage for innovation, the frenzy of fanaticism, and the folly of enthusiasm, obtained unlimited sway, leading their votaries to subvert all established order, to resist the truth, and to become reprobate concerning the faith. And when by vain and illiterate pretenders to imme-

diate inspiration, their crude conceptions are uttered with distortions of the countenance, convulsions of the frame, and an affected canting articulation, can it, consistently with reason, be supposed, that, “with such sacrifices, God is well pleased?” and can it be wondered at, that the enemies of our holy faith should represent it as a system of fanaticism, and charge such professing Christians, with “offering to God, the sacrifice of fools?” Did CHRIST and his apostles instruct the people in this manner, or did any of the ancient prophets practise such absurdities in their devotional exercises, and publick addresses? I am sure they did not.* Forms of prayer were everywhere used by the Dissenters from the established Church of England, after the Reformation. Calvin, their leader and guide, in a letter to the Protector, under Edward VIth, hath these words: “As to a form of prayer, and of Ecclesiastical Rites, I highly approve that it should be *certain*, from which it may not be lawful for any Minister to depart; as well in consideration of the weakness and ignorance of some, as that it may more plainly appear, how our Churches agree among themselves, and lastly, that a stop may be put to the giddiness of those who affect novelties.”

Mr. Baxter, a well-known, eminent, non-conformist, declared, “Every Church on earth hath a worse Liturgy than the Church of England.”

* It is far from being intended to imply, that extempore prayer is necessarily attended by these extravagances. The argument is, that the manner of publick prayer the most liable to such abuse, is not likely to have been that which was originally established in the Christian Church.

Mr. Carpenter, a pious and respectable dissenting Minister, in the same country, a few years ago proposed a Liturgy for the Presbyterians. He says, in his prefatory address, "Our mode of worship is too refined for the young and ignorant, and I am persuaded that something ought to be done to render our publick services less tiresome, and more interesting to such persons. Forms of devotion would give a dignity and solemnity to our publick worship, and a stability to our religious societies, in which they are now deficient: our publick worship is too uncertain and fluctuating—it depends on the frame of the person's mind who officiates, which is variable, and it changes when Ministers are changed. There is something more solemn and venerable in publick Liturgies, where responses are used, and where all the people are evidently employed in the worship of their Maker."

Several forms of prayer for different *publick* occasions, for *family* worship, and *private* devotion, have been given to the world as the habitual devotional exercises of men whose profound learning, unquestionable energy of mind, and fluency of diction, prohibit all doubt of their ability to express themselves correctly in an extemporaneous address to the Deity, who yet could not reconcile such unpremeditated and familiar effusions, with their just ideas of the awful Majesty of the object addressed, and the propriety of employing their best and most deliberate abilities on so important and solemn an occasion. But, though men of learning and pious dispositions *should* sometimes coherently and judiciously express their devotional feelings, and supplicate for the relief of their wants, and the pardon of their

sins, from the mere impulse of the moment, without any preconceived form, that is not to be wondered at; nor can any argument against a preconceived form be grounded upon such premises: that which is true by accident, being no just foundation of opposition to a general principle. And although no "vain repetitions" should be used, which is rarely the case, no feeble or absurd petitions offered, yet still such are the efforts of the petitioner's mind to recollect the various subjects he would suggest, and to clothe his sentiments in the most expressive language, and on the part of the hearer, if it be a publick address, such close attention to the speaker is necessary, such a degree of unavoidable curiosity is awakened to know what is to be uttered, and such caution in each individual to judge whether the petitions thus offered, are applicable to himself, and such as he can honestly and cordially join in, that it is impossible there can exist that energy and total devotion of the mind, that surrender of the whole heart to God, which should always take place, when we presume to invoke his immediate attention to us.

Another, among many more very powerful arguments in favour of precomposed prayers, is, that they prevent the introduction of heterodox doctrines and false opinions, which are thus sometimes plausibly and artfully imposed upon the hearers, thereby rendering their devotions a violation of their faith, and consequently a mockery and insult to the Deity, instead of a rational and acceptable Service.

Such being the general advantages of an established Formulary of devotions, I proceed to the second head of my discourse, viz.

To point out a few of the most prominent excellencies of that adopted by us. But here, contemplating the amazing whole, the blaze of spiritual light dazzles the mental eye; and where excellencies are thus the distinguishing character of every part, a selection from them embarrasses the mind. Like the sacred Ark of the Covenant under the *Old Dispensation*, which stood in the holy place of the temple, from which the divine oracles were issued, and over the mercy-seat of which the Shechinah, or symbol of the Divine Presence hovered, it should not be approached but with the most profound reverence and awe: for, as that Ark contained the Tables of the moral law, the golden pot of manna, Aaron's rod that budded, and the Pentateuch or *Covenant of the Old Testament*, so in this our Christian and Episcopal Ark are contained in its various orders and offices, the principles and precepts of the moral law, improved and explained under the *New Dispensation*, the precious Manna of Evangelical grace, and the spirit of pure and undefiled Religion, which, imbibed into the human heart, will assuredly produce in us not only the buds and blossoms of virtue and of piety, but the maturest and most copious fruits of true righteousness: and in it are likewise contained, in various extracts from the Gospels and Epistles, the substance of the whole body of the *New Testament Covenant*, which is able to make us wise unto Salvation. And as the Jewish Ark was consecrated with sprinkling of blood, and was carried by the Hebrews as a protection to them through the desert, and borne upon the shoulders of the Priests through the river Jordan, the swollen waters

of which divided, and opened a clear passage for the whole Congregation of Israel; so our Liturgical Ark is consecrated by the great doctrine of Atonement by the blood of CHRIST, which pervades the whole, and with the acknowledgment of which all its prayers are concluded. It is the great spiritual panoply of our Church, leading and protecting her children, through this wilderness of sin and sorrow; and inspiring her faithful worshippers with holy confidence, to pass undismayed through the valley of the shadow of Death, to the promised land of rest, the heavenly Canaan.

Of the several species of Prayer, under the characters of Confession, Adoration, Supplication, Thanksgiving, Intercession, and Petition, the most sublime and perfect models of composition are to be found in the Daily Morning and Evening Service. The general Confession in each, introduced by an affectionate and impressive exhortation, is in the highest degree calculated to solemnize the mind, and humble the heart of the worshipper; thus preparing it for the reception of the divine truths contained in the Lessons and Psalms appointed for the day, and for those strains of praise and grateful adoration contained in the Te Deum, and general Thanksgiving. The fervid glow of devotional ardour which the various and comprehensive petitions in the Litany inspire, embrace all the wants, and extend to all the weaknesses and temptations of "poor, bewildered, miserable, man."

The constant reading of the Holy Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testament, communicate not only historical but moral and religious instruction: and the

Lessons from each are so selected, that where the Service is performed daily, at it is the intention of our Church that it should be, the Old Testament is read over once, and the New Testament three times every year. By this means, the poor and illiterate, who cannot read, the laboriously active, who have not leisure, and the foolishly "wise in their own conceits," who think there is no necessity to read them, hear these sacred oracles of divine truth promulgated, and are thereby instructed in the way of Salvation.

The admirable arrangement of the various parts of our service, and the judicious alternation of precept, prayer, and praise, prevent the mind from being fatigued by too protracted an attention to either: such variety relieves it, and consequently gives energy to its action.

The Offices for the Administration of the two Sacraments of Baptism and of the Lord's Supper, and those for the Visitation of the sick, and Burial of the dead, convey, in the purest strains of eloquence, that Divine Consolation, which is the peculiar characteristic of our Holy Religion.

The established Fasts and Festivals are wisely calculated to keep alive in our minds, the most important incidents and principles which attended the introduction of the Christian system, by annually presenting them before us, and affectionately soliciting our most attentive consideration of them.

In short, the majestick simplicity, and sublime energy, of this wonderful series of devotional exercises, must ever command the affectionate attachment of the members of our Church,* and has

* For the Church of England, I am persuaded, that the constant doctrine of it is so

even obtained the liberal praise of some of the most intelligent and eminent of the non-episcopalians.

With respect to our rites and ceremonies, they are neither numerous nor burdensome, preserving a just medium between the fastidious and melancholy coldness of Puritanism, and the tedious and unmeaning mummerly of superstition, they are admirably calculated to awaken and animate attention. Appropriate, solemn, and impressive, they give dignity to our devotion, and enforce the sublimity of our Service.†

In recommending, agreeably to the third proposed head of my discourse, a uniform and general performance of publick worship, according to the requisitions of its rubricks,‡ I shall first address myself to the Laity.

And here I must be permitted to remonstrate, to rebuke, and to persuade.

pure and orthodox, that whosoever believes it, and lives according to it, *undoubtedly* shall be saved; and that there is *no error* in it, which may warrant any man to disturb the peace, or renounce the communion of it. *Chillingworth*.

† For a more copious illustration and recommendation of our excellent Liturgy, the reader is referred to the writings of Wheatley, Hooker, Jewell, Bennet, Chillingworth, Comber, Secker,—and Shepherd, a modern writer, whose critical and practical elucidation of the Book of Common Prayer, is a judicious and learned commentary on all former writers on that subject.

‡ Rubricks are the rules and directions given in the Book of Common Prayer for the *proper* performance of the respective offices of the Church. They are called *Rubricks*, because they were formerly distinguished by appearing in *red* letters. The Latin word *Rubrica*, from which the English term Rubrick is derived, means red earth, red ochre, &c. The Rubricks of the *Missal* and other Romish offices, are still printed in red letters. In the modern editions of our Liturgy, all the offices, excepting the responses, are generally printed in Roman, and the Rubrick in Italick characters,

A leading idea in the construction of our excellent form of public worship is, that it should be an alternate service between the Minister and the People. Now, unless it be thus performed, so far from producing its intended and proper effect, so far from being a sublime and expressive service, it is rendered, to the audience, not only insipid, but absurd. If, when the people should, with an audible voice, perform their parts, and repeat the appointed responses, they be totally silent, and the voice of the clerk alone be heard, and he speaking frequently in the plural number, how can the intended effect be produced? Besides, by the non-compliance of the people, with the instructions of the rubrick, that ardour of religious zeal, that sacred fervour of devotion, which is always awakened by the irresistible power of sympathy, remains dormant: whereas, did the mingled harmony of prayer and praise resound from the tongues of the whole assembly, how animating, how powerful would be its influence! how sublime and interesting would our service then appear! and how entirely extinguished would be that listlessness and apparent indifference, that supine and torpid deportment which so frequently are seen, and which would lead a stranger to suppose, that such persons assembled for any other purpose, but that of worshipping ALMIGHTY GOD!

The beauty and dignity of our prescribed form of public worship is also often shamefully obscured and diminished, by the standing of some, the sitting down of others, and the reclining attitudes of many, when all should be upon their knees, imploring the mercy, the blessings of God.

The Divine Authour of our Religion, JESUS CHRIST, kneeled down when he prayed, and so did his apostles and primitive disciples.

And certainly, it is the most natural and proper posture for such sinful, rebellious beings, as we are, to assume, when we supplicate the awful Majesty of Heaven, the supreme and transcendently glorious Creator and Governour of the Universe.

Another important and expressive part of our excellent service, which is almost universally neglected by the congregation, is the duty of joining their voices with that of the clerk, and with the Organ in the Chants and Psalms.

Singing, accompanied by instrumental musick, has, from the earliest ages, constituted a part of publick worship. It is a natural expression of devotional feelings. Even the Heathen, in their sacred Festivals, used it. We are told by the prophet Daniel, that when the golden image was set up by Nebuchadnezzar, in the plain of Dura, in the province of Babylon, the act of adoration was accompanied by "the sound of the cornet, flute, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of musick." (Dan. 3, 5.)

In the Service of the Tabernacle and Temple, all kinds of instruments were employed, and bands of singers and musicians, in such numbers, that, one of the Fathers of the Church informs us, the burst of harmony in the Temple, on days of great solemnity, was, from the elevation of the building and the multitude of performers, so loud that it could be heard at the distance of several miles. Numerous are the Scriptural authorities for this part

of publick worship, both in the Old and New Testaments.

Instruments of musick, and particularly organs, were introduced, no doubt to aid the human voice; it too frequently, however, happens, that instead of aiding, they absolutely suppress, the vocal musick, or prevent many in the congregation from singing, as they know the strain will be performed without their aid: this is much to be lamented: for, did every individual consider it his duty to join in the psalmody to the best of his ability, the united voices of the whole congregation, aided by the organ, would produce an effect highly conducive to the great end for which publick worship was originally instituted, viz. the glory of God, and the furtherance of our spiritual improvement here, and eternal Salvation hereafter.

Let me entreat you, therefore, brethren, interested as you all are, in the prosperity of our Church, and in the benefits resulting from her prosperity to each individual, who endeavours to promote it, let me entreat you no longer to indulge in apparent coldness or indifference in the publick worship of ALMIGHTY GOD; but let each individual henceforth determine to perform his part in so laudable, so important a duty; thus will you "give unto the LORD, the honour due unto his name;" thus will you "worship him with a holy worship," and "offer a reasonable and acceptable service," and thus will you kindle in your hearts such an ardent flame of piety and true devotion, as will consume all your earthly corruptions, refine and purify your depraved passions, animate and invigorate you in your Christian warfare, illuminate and exhilarate your path through the valley of the shadow of death, and

finally, conduct you to the Paradise of God.

In concluding this address, permit me, my reverend brethren, most affectionately and earnestly to impress upon your minds the necessity of your most strenuous and unremitted exertions, to induce your congregations to comply with the injunctions contained in the rubricks of our Morning and Evening Service. In an especial manner, would I now address myself to those of you, whose parochial cures are not in the city. Your peculiar situation gives you very considerable influence over your congregations, and I am confident your zeal for the glorious cause in which we are engaged, your regard for the honour of our Church, your attachment to our sublime and inimitable form of worship, your love of order, and approbation of ecclesiastical discipline, will lead you to omit no effort which remonstrance or persuasion can make, to produce this desirable, this blessed effect, in your respective churches. And let your example in the correct and undeviating performance of your part of the Service, induce their compliance with the injunctions of the Rubrick, with respect to theirs; a departure *in any degree* from the prescribed language of the Liturgy, by addition, omission, or alteration, as it originates in vanity and self-conceit, so it invariably lessens the dignity and destroys the perfection of our Service. For, can it be supposed, that the effusions, however zealous, of an individual, can be superiour to the deliberate composition of some of the wisest and most pious members of our Church assembled together in convocation; which composition is also ratified and confirmed by her au-

thority? Besides, let every Minister thus disposed to offend, remember, that at his ordination, he solemnly promised "to conform to the doctrines and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in these United States."

Nothing, I am persuaded, is wanting, to give our Liturgy that marked superiority, in the general estimation, above all other modes of publick worship, which its intrinsick excellence deserves, but the *proper* performance of that part which belongs to the people. Were it duly executed, we should indeed, then "pray with the spirit and with the understanding also; we should sing with the spirit and with the understanding also." The prayers and praises which we should thus offer unto God in his Holy Temple, would be a Service justly calculated to express the profound humility of the worshipper, and as justly accommodated to the dignity and majesty of the object addressed, as the feeble powers of human ability can possibly frame. We should thereby prove that we are a people "taught of God;" and by so proper an exhibition of our inimitable Liturgy, should be justly said to "worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness."*

* It is perhaps worthy of observation, that even in those Christian Societies where extempore prayer is practised in Publick Worship, though the expressions be extempore, and they profess disapprobation of forms as to the Minister, yet they certainly constitute a form as to the Congregation, the people being altogether led by them, and the aspirations of their hearts directed by them. In such case, which is the most likely to be accommodated to the dignity, solemnity, and importance of the occasion?—those prayers which are precomposed by the united talents of the wisest and most pious members of a Church, and which the people are well acquainted with before they utter them, or those which are dictat-

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The reception of "Sir Elmer," and other tales of the same cast, induced me to send you the following. I copied it some years since from a friend's manuscript. He was unable to inform me of its date or parentage. If you have ever met with it before, be so kind as to annex the name of the authour, and receive the respectful thanks of your most humble servant, &c.

THE TWO EARLS

Harold of Curwin, and Arthur of Cranden.

"Brave Hendrick, is the deed performed!
Lies Harold's corse in Curwin low;"
"Yes, noble Earl, this fearless hand
Comes reeking from the blow."

"I stabbed him, on his princely couch,
While dreams of night his fancy led;
Fear not; no morn shall wake him, till
The trumpet calls the dead."

"Brave Hendrick, for this high exploit,
Tomorrow claim the promis'd fee,
Myself alone, in Cranden Hall,
Henceforth thy paramount shall be."

Then gath'ring round the blazing hearth,
Earl Arthur cheered his powerful clan;
And many an ancient cork was drawn,
And many a tale began.

They told of wars in Palestine,
When Monks' and Barons' mighty trains,
Of seventeen hundred thousand souls,
Did muster on Asiatick plains.

And of the last croisade, from which,
Brave Lion-Heart had just returned:
How Ascalon in fight he won,
And scars of glory earned.

How many an English baron bold,
In battle's bosom fought and died,
The flowers of noble chivalry,
For God, St. George, and England's
pride!

ed by an individual at the moment in which they are pronounced, and of which, consequently, the people can know nothing, before they hear them?—Besides, by those who reject a written form of *Prayer*, a written form of *Praise* is *always* used; for they never sing any psalms or hymns, but those which are printed. Is *Prayer* less worthy of previous attention than *Praise*?

The heroes of the cross who bared
Their arms in High Jehovah's name :
Now closed in tombs, but living still
In the long life of fame.

And some did vaunt their valiant deeds
Achieved in savage feudal wars:
And veterans bold arose to boast
Their skirmishes and scars.

One claimed the blood of Harold's sire;
Two of that clan had Rufus slain;
And Hendrick pointed on his blade,
Where Harold's blood did stain.

"My Lord," a humble villain cried,
"A strolling harper waits below."
"Well, send him up," the Earl replied,
Nor was the vassal slow.

To hear the vagrant minstrel's strain
Of scenes and deeds of flying time,
Sat Arthur's lady, courtly Jane,
In beauty's wondrous prime.

The minstrel came; his shrinking height
Seemed bent with age toward the ground
Like the tall oak some storm has seized
And cast its limbs around.

His robe full often wrapt about,
To guard him from the winter blast;
Crossed o'er his head and on his brow
A midnight shadow cast.

His harp was of a stately height,
And richly carved its polished frame;
But when he swept the silver chords
Immortal spirits came!

O surely 'twas no human hand
That wove such high and holy strain!
For even the cold and cruel heart
Grew merciful again.

'Twas like the midnight holy hymn
Of angels on the winter heath,
When round some lost and frozen saint,
They win a soul from death.

But soon he changed the tune to war,
High deeds, and hosts, and wild alarms
Till each eye flamed and beating hearts
All started up to arms.

And then of tilts and tournaments,
And Knights who bore away the ring,
"When Harold vanquished Cranden's Earl
Before high England's King!"

"Hold," wrathful Cranden starting cried,
"Vile recreant! who and what art thou?"
The harper rose, threw back his hood—
"Earl Arthur, ask me now."

His hood curled down, and as it fell,
In shade deceiving lost the eye,
He rose a Knight all clad in steel,
And plumes of sable high.

His mien, majestick as the form
That fancy gives to kings of yore:

And on his stately shoulder high
The cross of Christ he bore.

Like lightning gleamed his awful eye,
Each Cranden started forth his sword,
For lo! all armed before them stood
Earl Harold, Curwin's Lord.

"Thou wretch!" Earl Arthur fiercely cried—

"Thou wretch, was I deceived, betrayed?"

Then deep in ghastly Hendrick's breast
He sheathed his shining blade.

"Ha, bloody fiend! he falling shrieked—
Too well I served false hell and thee!
Curse"—but the red withdrawing steel
There set the guilty spirit free.

"Thou murderer—from thy justest deed,
'Tis Harold, Harold bids thee turn,
Now thou shalt expiate the blood
That stains my father's urn."

"No cursed Harold, now thy days
Are circled just as Arthur willed;
I'll string thy vitals on this blade,
The same thy son and Father killed.

Now pull I down thy haughty clan,
And cast their pride, their boast, their
stay
Torn like an eagle-slaughtered lamb,
On hungry winds away;

But let me rack thy bosom first,
And tell thee e'er we kindly part,
This grasped thy sire, and this the steel
Shoved slowly through his heart.

I took thy son, when hunting gay,
And in the face of fervid noon:
Raised high this glittering sword and
stabbed
As I will show thee soon"

"Earl Arthur, dost thou, basely false,
Accuse thyself to torture me?
Though thou didst foully stab my sire,
Of Richard's blood thy hand is free:

But hold! no praise I give thee there,
'Twere damning guilt to give thee praise:
Thou keepest my son in cavern pent,
To murder all his days.

Beneath this castle vaulted deep,
Where cheery day did never glare,
Round my poor son old vapours weep
Sad on the heavy air.

Like morn of God, on sleep of death,
His dungeoned eyes shall wakened be,
For I am come, ye know not whence,
To settle the captive free."

"Hah! yelled Earl Arthur, haggard Jane,
Art thou a damned traitor too?"
The fainted lady's bosom then
His falcion quivered through.

"Didst thou conspire and cheer my foe?
Thou who alone that secret heard;
Go first and tell the hounds of hell
How thy friend Harold fared!"

On her white breast th' untimely blood
In devious traces wildly ran:
And on their far more savage lord
Stared all his savage clan.

The doomsday voice of Harold broke:
"Now hound! thy dark career is o'er!
Weep, weep, for never human blood
Shall stain thy weapon more."

"Nay, sayst thou so gigantick Earl
Let this thy prophecy attest:"
Then high his spotted falchion reared
O'er dauntless Harold's crest.

The vengeful steel in hurtless way,
Through seeming helm and corslet
wound,
Glanced down the shining form of air
And shivered in the ground!

O, back recoiled the clan dismayed,
And Arthur's eye strained fixed and dim,
The unsubstantial warrior's plume
More awful high did swim.

"Poor Arthur, wouldst thou murder
twice,—
Exclaimed the awful, frowning shade—
Now where is fled thy valour, wretch?
Now lift thy daring blade!

Thou Saracen assassin! gloat,
Yea, raise thy hair, O marked of hell!
Thou hiredst my slave to stab his lord,
And there the murderer fell!

And look—look there! that angel form,
Whose bitter fate allied to thine;
All chaste and fair, lo, there she lies,
A branch of noble line.

So like the lily in its prime,
Cut down before the ruthless plough;
Once fairest flower of all the field,
But who can raise it now?

My butchered father's clammy clay
Long pent in marble vault doth lie;
But now, yea now, his dusky ghost
Glares on his murderer nigh.

And fallen by thee, Earl Harold's corse
Lies stretched, in death's dark temple
laid:

I warn thee soon like him to be,
For I am Harold's shade.

And Hendrick, too, whom riches hired,
And sheeny steel requited just;
Calls loudly in his vaporious pall,
From life still reeking burst.

And faintly in the waving air,
No unenfranchised eye can see,
Yet throbbing warm from clotting blood,
The soul of Jane doth summon thee.

Thou slave of Envy and of Hate,
Now stand on life's extremest bound,
And like an o'erspent tempest view
The ruin spread around.

Shrink, shrink again thou sentenced chief,
Convulsive draw thy counted breath;
For never shalt thou sleep again,
But in the bony arms of Death.

Soon, gathering round thee, blighting
hands
Shall snatch thy spirit and rejoice,
When the high angel of the tombs
Doth call thee with a monarch's voice.

The owl is still, the meteors fall,
Pale Morning rides the eastern blast;
The sprites of hollow hell career
In shivering silence past.

Away to Death's wide-yawning womb
The solemn, restless shade must flee."
The martial spirit sailed away,
Crying, "Arthur, Arthur, follow me."

"Hold! stop him slave," wild Arthur
yelled,
"Strike down the moulded shadow there."
But no man raised his daring arm
To stay the formal air.

It glided down the marble flight
A mist beneath its footing curled;
Then through the avenues of night
Departed o'er the world.

To noble Curwin's later Lords,
This tale a hoary harper sung:
And how he'd seen Earl Richard's self,
Long since, when he was young.

Told how Earl Arthur died that night,
All ghastly wild, and gasping grim;
And how young Richard soon was found
In dungeon deep and dim.

How England's lion-hearted King
Proud Cranden unto Curwin gave;
And Richard Earl of titles twain,
Proved wise, and just, and brave.

How he and numerous Barons more,
From hated, weak, and cruel JOHN,
In Freedom's cause, at Runimede,
The *magna carta* won.

And praising long th' united clans
Loud on the shivering strings:
Clos'd, chanting, "God save EDWARD
bold,
The King of England's Kings."

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. Philadelphia, Saturday, September 3, 1808. No. 10.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 132.)

LETTER XXXVIII.

THE comfortable accommodation of a good inn enabled us to undertake the ascent of the Montanvert, the next day, but the mules, which we set out upon, could only carry us about half-way up, and it was necessary to perform the rest of the expedition on foot: this our ladies prepared themselves for, with courage, and each placing herself between two guides, who walked before and behind her, and resting with either hand upon two poles, the extremities of which were held horizontally by the guides, moved slowly forwards, while the others of us

walked singly. We ascended in this manner about three miles, from where the mules were left, stopping frequently to take breath, and admiring, at every pause, the beauty of the valley below us, in which the narrow fields of grain, of clover, and of potatoes, seemed spread along like ribbons. I took occasion to inform the guides that they were obliged to the country I and my fellow-travellers came from, for the introduction of potatoes, and excited their admiration by telling them of the distance at which we lived, and the ocean we had sailed over. We passed below many fragments of rock, which seemed to have been accidentally impeded on their descent towards the foot of the mountain, and over some steep gullies where a person committing himself to his own weight would have descended with frightful velocity. We approached at length to an open space: it was a small pasturage, and there was a hut and another small build-

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ing of apparently elegant construction, which seemed ready for our reception; but the sensation of fatigue gave way to that of admiration or surprize, when on moving across the narrow space which terminated the ascent, we found ourselves on the brink of another valley, broader than that of Chamouny, and filled up to within a few hundred feet with ice which rose into a variety of forms and inequalities—this is the place described by travellers as the sea of ice, and which extending for several miles, and bordered by high, inaccessible, and naked rocks of granite, and opening from place to place into frightful chasms, seems the seat of eternal winter. If you can suppose for a moment the valley which leads through the S. W. mountains from immediately behind the house at Belvoir filled up with snow blown from the neighbouring heights, and that snow compressed by its own weight and connected into one mass by the water which trickling through from the surface becomes frozen as it descends, and the extremity of this mighty mass protruded into the old fields, and ending abruptly, and a rapid stream issuing from below it, you may form some idea of what a glacier is. Mr. Coxe gives a very good description of the scene which was now before us, availing himself of those who have gone before him, and particularly of Mr. de Saussure—so entirely indeed does he confine his narration to what was already written, that had he not told us that he put crampons to his shoes, and that he afterwards refreshed himself with cold victuals, his description might have been supposed the production of some laborious compiler in a garret. We left some of our company at the top of the

mountain, and descending with the others to the surface of the sea of ice, advanced upon it with great caution, as you may imagine, for about 150 yards: on all sides there was to be heard a rush of waters, and there were crevices the very idea of approaching which was painful, and inequalities like the waves of a high sea; after surveying the scene about us for some time, and hearing the effects of the large fragments of rock which our guides rolled into the crevices, we ascended again, and having registered our names in a sort of temple of fame, which the edifice generously erected by a Monsieur Desportes for the protection of travellers, has been converted into, and on the same pannel with those of Mr. and Mrs. Darby, whom you must remember at—we commenced our return towards the valley taking another road for that purpose, and descending towards the source of the Arveiron, which is at the lower extremity of the sea of ice, and 2782 perpendicular feet below the edifice on Montanvert. We were too late in the year to enjoy the sublime beauties of this view, as they are described by travellers: the immense arch of ice of 100 feet in height and broad in proportion had lately fallen in, but various tints of colour from a pale white to a deep green diversified the surface, which rose abruptly and ended in pyramidal forms, while the Aiguille de Dru one of the naked rocks of granite which I mentioned as appearing to bound the valley of ice was visible above all rising like an immense obelisk to the stupendous height of upwards of 9000 feet from the spot we stood on. What added to the singularity of the scene before us were the forest trees which cover the sides of the

Montanvert, and of the opposite mountain, from the bosom of which the glacier descends. It was now late in the day, we returned to our inn along the meadows and well cultivated fields of the valley. The whole of this country has undergone very great alterations, and by very violent means: the glaciers were evidently 1500 feet more elevated at some distant period than they are now, and the strata of several of the mountains we had passed on the road to Chamouny are not only vertical but what is still more difficult to be accounted for they may be almost said to form segments of circles: perhaps upon the sudden withdrawing of the great mass of waters in the depths of which these mountains were formed by successive accumulations of some soft material, their foundations gave way as the earth became dry, and they thus assumed by the extension of some parts, and the contraction of others those singular appearances which we now behold. I have already mentioned in a former letter the evident marks to be met with of the sea having covered the tops of very lofty mountains, and it is certain that the extremity of the eminence immediately behind the little village of St. Martin, near Salenche, which rises to the height of upwards of 6000 feet is entirely composed of marine fossils. As to the former altitude of the glaciers, it is inferred by the sort of immense detached rocks remaining in different places where no other power we know of but that of the glaciers can have conveyed them, and where they have been left on the slope of the valley, as the ebb tide leaves pebbles on the beach of the ocean.

LETTER XXXIX.

Our third and last day in this happy valley was chiefly employed

in visiting the Glacier de Buisson, which is of very easy access. The road lay for a little way along the river side amid small clusters of houses, each of which was generally provided with an oratory, in which the figure of the Virgin, with the holy infant in her arms, appears as in an oven behind a grating of wire, and at the top is a sacred promise made by the Bishop, that so many prayers said in that spot will operate as a mitigation of so many days in Purgatory: we Protestants, it is true, are no more to be persuaded of the good Bishop's knowledge or power upon the occasion, than we are of Dulcinea's disenchantment in virtue of Sancho's scourging himself; but to the sincere Catholic it is a very different affair, and though one, not even a Bishop perhaps, notwithstanding what the Catholics believe, can tell how far the promise may hold good with respect to purgatory, we may any of us venture to assert, that a person who would devoutly pour out his soul in prayer before an object connected in his mind with an idea of the Supreme Being, would be less likely than another to incur punishment hereafter. I have often lamented that the improvement of the human mind could not have gone on and left the ancient system of religion undisturbed: but to return to the glacier, we approached by a gentle slope, and halted for a moment in a wood to admire the striking and beautiful contrast which is created by the cones of ice, as they rise up at a distance like the minarets of a Moorish town, and glitter through the trees. The ascent became afterwards more rapid, and the cones appeared in all their singular magnificence of height, and structure: there seemed to be many of them higher than the tal-

lest trees, while the base of solid ice they rested upon must be some hundred feet in thickness. As this part of the glacier is uninterruptedly connected with a great mass of ice and snow stretching towards the upper regions of Mont Blanc for an extent of perhaps seven or eight miles, and as the valley it rests upon is in this place extremely rapid, the probability is that immense fragments moving down confusedly together have been brought to assume their present appearance by the joint operation of the rain and of the sun. A little higher up and where the ascent is for a short space much less steep, the glacier may be crossed with safety; and we walked deliberately along under the direction of our guides upon the bed of ice. It was a warm day in August, and that circumstance added not a little to the novelty of every thing about us. We undertook no distant excursions either here or upon the sea of ice, or on Mont Blanc; but you may form a very good idea of the accidents to which persons who make those perilous attempts are exposed by reading M. de Saussure, or Mr. Coxe, who has followed him very exactly: that a hunter who has been from his infancy accustomed to the sight of precipices, should be instigated by the desire of providing for his family, by the love of a sort of glory, and by the animation of pursuit to risk his life amid the frightful wilds "of covered pits unfathomably deep," does not surprise me, but I am, I confess, astonished that the desire of novelty and that the objects even of Monsieur de Saussure's curiosity should lead any one to incur the danger of putting an end to his existence in this wilderness; the danger arises very much from what Thomson, who

seems to have been inspired, calls "Those precipices huge, smoothed o'er with snow." It is not long since a person walking upon the surface of a neighbouring mountain, and on a part always covered with snow, suddenly disappeared to the great horror of his companions: in as short a time as possible ropes were procured, and a resolute mountaineer was let down through the same orifice; at the depth of between two and three hundred feet were found the remains of the unhappy traveller; he had been precipitated between two walls of ice which approached as they descended, and had been compressed to death by the shock; still, however, the ice immediately before his mouth had the appearance of having been slightly thawed, so that he must have survived his fall for at least three or four minutes. A monument by the road side on the way to Chamouny records his name, and his misfortune, and gives a wholesome caution to travellers. On our way back to Chamouny, I observed several of the inhabitants gathering Elm leaves, which were to be put up and used as fodder during the winter, the length of which induces them to neglect no means of providing for their cattle. It frequently happens, that the snow remains to the thickness of a foot in the month of April, but those who are desirous of sowing their grain as soon as possible, are careful to accelerate the thaw by scattering handfuls of dark earth over the surface of the snow. The custom of the valley is to make an equal division of their fields between grass, grain, and vegetables of various kinds, and to transfer the different sorts of labour and culture every six years. Their cows form the principal article of their

wealth, for cheese is the only thing they make for sale. In addition to what they possess in the valley, many individuals have little tracts of pasturage at a distance, and all have a common right to that of the mountain, where they send their cows under the care of a herdsman, and a maker of cheese who is in some places called the fruiterer; and in order that a fair division of the produce may be made, the owners of the cows attend in person, eight days after the pasturage is open, and again on the 15th or 16th of August; the cows are milked and the milk is weighed in their presence, and according to the produce of those two days is their proportion of butter and cheese regulated. The people of the valley are universally civil to strangers; they are intelligent also and conversible; like those of their class in every part of Europe, they are superstitious, and the more so perhaps, as sailors are, from the dangers to which they are frequently exposed: No voyage at sea can indeed exceed in danger or fatigue the excursions of a hunter; and the idea is that when a man loses his life amid the chasms of the ice or the precipices of the mountain his ghost is sure to appear at night to the persons whom he loved best. They are attached to the observance of their religion, but appear to regret their former Seigneurs, the Benedictines, less than I expected. There is something generally odious, I presume, in Feudal tenures, and men are too apt to forget that these form frequently the only price given by their ancestors for the land which they inhabit; some of these tenures were rather ludicrous than oppressive; the representative of the Seignior had a right for instance to place his leg with a boot on in

the bed of a new married lady, and to keep it there a certain time, but the exercise of the right was always bought off by a haunch of chamois, or a saddle of mutton. Monsieur de Saussure whose name I have so often mentioned to you, thought very advantageously of the people of this valley, and has related several characteristick traits of their manners and conversation. "I went once, says he, as I descended weary from the mountains into a lonely hut, and asked for a bowl of milk, which was immediately and cheerfully handed me by the owner of it, a woman of good appearance, who having lost her husband, and her brothers by an epedimical disorder, was left with two young children and an infant in the cradle. After hearing that I was a Genevois and consequently a Protestant, she could not she said bring herself to believe, that all of my persuasion were to be consigned to eternal punishment in another world; that many Protestants were good people, and God was too just not to make a distinction between the good and bad of all sects. But we know nothing of these things after all, however, continued she, for of the numbers who have departed, not one has ever returned! for my part, how have I not lamented my husband and my brothers? how have I not conjured them to impart to me where they are removed to, and what is their present situation? Ah! surely if they existed at all they would not leave me in this state of wretched uncertainty; but perhaps I am not worthy of such a favour, perhaps the pure untainted souls of those children enjoy the comfort of their presence, and a happiness which I must not aspire to."

We now prepared to set off on our return to Geneva, the ladies

with the nurse rode in the charabanc as when they came, but I had prepared a better conveyance for ——— : A gulde of Chamouny, who without one atom of superfluous flesh, was as big a man as your neighbour Mr. ———, and as surefooted as a mule, bore her in his arms over all the bad road, which lasted nearly 20 miles. The charabanc as you will perceive by the drawing near you is a kind of rude sophia upon four low wheels and with short axle trees ; it is easily taken to pieces, and two men convey all the parts of it over a narrow bridge in four turns. The group by the water side will interest you as taken from the life, and far on the left of the road you may figure to yourself the spot where the mower was at work ; he called out to us, I remember, we could not hear what he said but there was an expression of exultation in his voice. I have referred you to Coxe for an account of the towns through which we passed, they are generally small and dirty with narrow streets, and some mouldering remains of walls ; none of them have an air of prosperity but each has a history made up of the usual events, and going back to a period far beyond the time when Columbus began to reason on the form of the globe. The Savoyarde nation is well spoken of, but they appear deficient in energy. Those who inhabit and cultivate the little scattered and almost inaccessible spots of good land among the mountains must be active and industrious, but the inhabitants of the more fertile vallies seem careless how they live, or how they clothe themselves, and are in general the least handsome race of people I ever beheld.

For The Port Folio.

AN ORATION

On the encouragement of genius in America,

Spoken at the late Commencement in the University of Pennsylvania.

BY MR. EDWARD INGERSOLL.

At a period when the whole political world seems lost in the hopes of conquest or the fears of ruin, science still advances, and literature is cultivated with ardour and success. Remote from the scenes of war, the philosopher of America smiles with serenity on its distant ravages, and traces the path of learning with unwearied step. Surrounded with every advantage that a government the most free, a situation the most prosperous, and a tranquillity nearly uninterrupted can bestow—have the arts and sciences been cultivated with that ardour and zeal they so richly merit, and have they advanced in improvement as rapidly as is compatible with their want of age and of maturity? To question the genius that warms, or the vigour of native intellect that animates the American breast would be sacrilege against the deities of truth ; the hardest foe to our interest has not breathed the insinuation. But it has been argued, and powerful attempts have been made to show, that the bright gems produced by nature have been suffered to lose their lustre by neglect, and that the fairest flowers have wasted their luxuriance in a desert and uncongenial air. On a subject fruitful in actual evidence, abstract reasoning is but a tedious mode of proof. Let me then conduct your view to established facts, and illustrate my argument with the most striking examples.

Those nations that have appeared in their meridian, most con-

spicuous for their love of learning and refinement in philosophy and the arts, have always passed their dawn in the midst of tumult and the din of arms. Hence it has become an axiom in political science that glory in war is the unerring harbinger of eminence in literature. What nation then has so just a claim to hope for superiority in letters as that, which in its earliest infancy, destroyed with a heroick struggle the armies of a mighty nation, and rose on the ruins of an empire overthrown?

That in the course of a few short years not many monuments of genius should be erected, is not surprising; it is rather, wonderful, that we should be able to discern already in the horizon of literature, here and there a glimmering star. Should we compare our infancy with that of any other nation since the flood, there is not one in the universe that can stand the test. The instruments of war had but just been buried in a luxuriant soil, when in a moment, in their room, arose over the whole continent halls of science not yet grown into maturity, but fair in prospect and worthy to support the fondest hopes. Can the establishments of yesterday be expected to rise like the men of Cadmus full grown and completely armed? *Can* they equal institutions erected literally on the rock of ages? Nearly a thousand years ago, the genius of learning hailed the appearance of the University of Oxford. During almost all that time, it has been growing perpetually in merit and in fame; and though at first it had to struggle with the disadvantages of a barbarous age, and like our nurseries of science, for a season seemed to droop under the chilling frowns of neglect; yet its obscurity was shortlived—its eminence

is the fruit of centuries. If it has improved only with the years of the nation it adorns, if we can trace its gradual rise from insignificance to fame, its slowly progressive steps through every stage, have we not reason for gratulation, rather than reproach on the appearance of many of *our* seminaries?

Still with such shining instances before us, to flash conviction on the mind, the neglect of literature in America has been so often mentioned, that its frequent repetition has at length almost enforced belief. A thousand accusations are adduced as unfounded as devoid of reason; and many more, whose reality will not make them important. We are condemned for suffering our men of genius to seek wealth or knowledge abroad, and we are referred for examples worthy of imitation to the enlightened republics of Greece and Rome. But it is impossible for a nation to be so great that it may not receive improvement and instruction from others: much more then should it be the duty of a country hardly escaped from the trammels of infancy, to endeavour, by every means, to shine for a season even by the borrowed light of brighter orbs. Rome sent forth her scholars and her philosophers to reap instruction from the academies of Greece. She received and welcomed their professors within her walls, and became inflamed with a love of science, only by an intercourse with that more refined and polished nation.

The disciples of learning in Greece did not hesitate to wander over distant realms in quest of knowledge. They constantly left the scenes of their childhood and explored the regions of Persia, of Egypt, and of India—they received instruction from their magi-

and their priests, and after enriching their minds with the stores of learning abroad, retraced their steps, and diffused their acquirements at home; or sometimes departed like Pythagoras, never to return.

Is there a nation in the world where rewards so speedy and unfailing are held forth to the aspiring and meritorious genius? In the records of America, is there one solitary instance of wretched merit or despairing talents? Either in the elegant accomplishments which adorn and diversify the path of life, or in the severer studies calculated for the contemplative mind has there been an example of the contempt or obloquy of the world? Have not, on the contrary, the smiles of the country been extended towards every laudable undertaking, and a protecting arm been held forth to support its efforts? Has poverty or ruin been the portion of a single legitimate child of genius? If not, come with me to the metropolis of the commercial world, to the boasted asylum of science and the arts. There, where every gale is said to waft on its bosom encouragement to learning, I will show you the miserable haunts where Savage sunk under the stroke of infamy—the couch on which Otway wasted in the arms of death, bequeathing the richest legacy to his ungrateful country—I will show you the grave of Chatterton bedewed with the Muses' tears, and the abode where Dermody expired in all the wretchedness of want. Or I will conduct you to the scenes, over which the spirit of Milton now hovers in all the eminence of fame—scenes *once* disgraced by his misfortunes. Then, turning to reflections more grateful to the feelings, you will behold in America,

the oratour encircled with wealth and with renown—the historian cherished and admired—the scholar supported, encouraged, and protected.

It is true, we have not heard the *thunders of a Demosthenes*; but we have not been cursed with the collision of a Philip, to burst the passing cloud. We have not seen *the conflagration of a Tully*; because the torch of impending ruin has not appeared to kindle the flame. *The scintillations of a Curran* are only conspicuous in a clouded atmosphere, and never could have shone in our brighter sky. But the eloquence of our forum in those departments which have been called into existence, of our pulpits, and our legislatures, has, in many instances, equalled the proudest display of European genius. It is not on the smooth surface of a gentle wave that skill can be displayed or dexterity called into action. In the fury of the winter's storm alone the superiour mind shines conspicuously. We have as yet been blessed with the serenity of peace. May Heaven avert the moment when the hardest bosoms must oppose the torrent, and use their influence in the whirlwind's blast.

Our arts, nurtured in the lap of Liberty, must flourish. Though power may remove from foreign realms their boasted works of genius, and adorn its palaces with the trophies of decayed magnificence, yet the vital spring of liberty is necessary to animate and encourage the cultivators of science. A single age of tyranny may produce a luxuriant harvest, but the fruit must cease to flourish if shaded from the sun of freedom. Was it in the court of Asiatick despotism that literature was always worshipped and adored? or was it among

the free and enterprising citizens of Athens and of Rome?

In a country like America where freedom enjoys a tranquillity uninterrupted either by the frowns of tyranny or the restraints of superstition, learning must advance with a rapid and undeviating pace. From the nature of our government every inducement is presented to the votary of science to prosecute his labours, for he will enjoy in serenity their productions; from the liberality of his fellow-citizens, he is possessed of an unerring road to wealth and distinction, to honour and to fame. By the oppressions of the ancient world, driven to seek for shelter in more congenial climes, may we not hope the sciences will render this their secure abode, and as with our arms we once threw off the yoke of foreign bondage, with our arts may we not fondly expect to enlighten and adorn the world?

From the Providence Gazette.

THE ADELPHIAD.—No. 101.

There are few descriptions of persons who have been of more benefit to the world than travellers—who,

Wand'ring from clime to clime observant
stray'd,

Their manners noted, and their states survey'd;

and have given a true account of their discoveries; as the information they communicate has great influence in enlarging the human mind, and it renders us more familiarly acquainted with the great family of mankind, as well as the geographical situation of different countries. But the travellers who have "traversed Judah's barren sand"—some to confirm and some to destroy the doctrines of Chris-

tianity—those who have brought to our view the classical remains of Egypt, Greece and Italy—or those who have taken a wider range among the unknown nations of Asia, however they may delight or satisfy our curiosity, do not interest the best feelings of the heart so strongly as those who have chiefly directed their attention to the manners of men. In this point of view, some have been of opinion that Sterne, and his numerous imitators, have refined too much—but I now have a work before me, to the authour whereof that objection will not apply. I allude to the *Stranger in Ireland*, a very pleasing performance, published by John Carr, Esq; the well known authour of *A Northern Summer*, or, *Travels round the Baltick*; the *Stranger in France*, &c.

The work entitled, the *Stranger in Ireland*, shows Mr. Carr to be truly a philosophical traveller, whose views are directed to the best interests of mankind. In publishing the account of his tour in Ireland, he says, "I have been prompted alone by an ardent desire of affording my humble contribution towards ameliorating the condition of a country, which, with some exceptions, has laboured under the foulest misrepresentations and aspersions." Faithful to this principle, Mr. Carr has, with much liberality and candour, given such traits in the character of the Irish people as came under his observation; and he appears to have been convinced by experience, that the character of the Irish was truly delineated by the celebrated counsellor Curran, who says, "the hospitality of other countries is a matter of necessity or convention; in savage nations, of the first; in polished, of the latter; but the hos-

pitality of an Irishman is not the running account of posted and ledgered courtesies, as in other countries ; it springs, like all his other qualities, his faults, his virtues, directly from the heart. The heart of an Irishman is by nature bold, and he confides ; it is tender, and he loves ; it is generous, and he gives ; it is sociable, and he is hospitable." "The gentlemen of Ireland act on sudden impulse; but that impulse is the result of a warm heart, a strong head, and great personal determination."—The common people "are by nature penetrating, sagacious, artful and comick." I am happy to see this character confirmed by so intelligent a stranger as Mr. Carr, because when a man pronounces a very high eulogium on his own country, it appears like a species of egotism, and does not receive the entire assent of the mind.

Were the benevolent intentions of Mr. Carr carried into effect, they would be productive of much benefit both to England and Ireland, as the respectable part of the inhabitants of those renowned islands are very little known to each other. The English, particularly, form their opinion of the Irish from a few straggling fortune-hunters, and the labouring part of the community, who emigrate to England in considerable numbers. Mr. Carr observes, that in Spencer's time the wild Irish were believed to have wings sprouting from the shoulders, and it was lawful to shoot them, like any other winged animal ; and even to the present moment the genuine character of the Irish is but little known on this side of the water."

Our authour gives us many instances of archness, wit and humour, among the lowest classes of the Irish—as a sample, I will tran-

scribe one of his anecdotes. "In one of their late revolutionary battles, a rebel hair-dresser ran up to the muzzle of a cannon, to which an artillery-man was just applying the match, and thrusting his wig into its mouth, exclaimed, the moment before he was blown to atoms, by—I have stopped your mouth, my honey, for this time." The vices of the lower order of Irish are attributed, principally, to the want of education, which "has never beamed upon the poor Irishman ; sentiments of honour have never been instilled into him ; and a spirit of just and social pride, improvement and enterprize, have never opened upon him." But it seems the Irish have pride enough to prevent their accepting charitable donations (except in the large towns) nor will they suffer their children to be educated on eleemosynary principles.

At the fairs, wakes, and other places of amusement for the lower classes, clubs and broken heads are among the principal ingredients which afford them pleasure ; but among the higher ranks, it is pleasing to observe that duelling, on the most ridiculous and frivolous occasions, is very much discountenanced, and on the decline.

Mr. Carr appears to have been enraptured by his views of the "Green Island," and he fully assents to the remark of Lord Chesterfield, that "God has done every thing for it ; man, nothing." He concludes that "Heaven never committed to any government the care of a country upon which she has been more prodigally bountiful ; for, independently of the genius of the people, Ireland throughout rests upon a bed of the richest manure : towards thesea, she has sand, shells and weed ; inland she abounds with limestone, gravel,

limestone marl, and other natural manures ; her rivers and surrounding seas are all propitious to commerce, and are open to all quarters of the world. The Shannon, the Liffey, the Lee, the Sair, the Ban, the Boyne, the Blackwater, and other rivers, her creeks, her numerous, vast and beautiful lakes, abound with fish of various descriptions, and, with little assistance from the hand of man, can be formed into canals, which might easily unite the centre and extremities of the island : upon the seas which surround her, vessels from the most distant regions can approach her coasts in the most tempestuous weather with safety : within a circuit of 750 miles, it has been estimated she possesses 66 secure harbours ; the fertility of the country, with a slender exception, is uncommonly luxuriant ; her climate is soft and salubrious, her bogs demonstrate her former consequence, and *can be* and are rapidly *reclaiming* ; an inexhaustible stratum of coal is ready to *supply its turf* ; and her peasantry without having tasted much of happiness and prosperity, possess all the essential qualities by which both are deserved, and can be enjoyed and promoted."

Among the prejudices of the Irish, some appear extraordinary. They will not admit that any country but theirs produces good potatoes—or that an *English hen can lay a fresh egg.* Z.

BIOGRAPHY.

Thomas D'Urfeſy, Eſq. bred to the bar, with too much wit for the law, and too little to live by that only, experienced all the varied fortunes of men who have not great abilities, and who truſt to their pens entirely for

their ſupport. Little more is known of D'Urfeſy's family, than that he was a native of Devonſhire. His plays are numerous, his poems leſs ſo: the former have not been acted for many years, and the latter are ſeldom read. He has been compared to Cibber; but we muſt not rank the laureat with the agreeable D'Urfeſy, on whoſe ſhoulders Charles II would often lean, and hum a tune with him, and who frequently entertained queen Ann by ſinging catches and glees. Honoſt Tom, a tory, was beloved by the tories, yet equally beloved by the whigs. The authour of the prologue to D'Urfeſy's laſt play, ſpeaks thus of him:

"Though Tom the poet writ with eaſe and pleaſure,
"The comick Tom abounds in other treaſure."

ADDISON often pleaded for his friend, and remarks, "He has made the world merry, and I hope they will make him eaſy, as long as he ſtays among us. This," adds he, "I will take upon me to ſay, they cannot do a kindneſs to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honeſt, good-natured man." D'Urfeſy died at a good old age, February 26, 1723, and was buried in the cemetery of St. James's Church, Weſtminſter. D'Urfeſy and Bello, a muſician, had high words once at Epsom, and ſwords were reſorted to, but with great caution. A brother wit maliciously compared this rencontre with that mentioned in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, between Clinias and Dame-tas.

I ſing of a duel in Epsom beſet
'Twixt fa ſol la D'Urfeſy and ſol la my Bell,
But why do I mention the ſcribbling brother?

For naming the one, you may gueſs at the other.

Betwixt them there happened a terrible clutter;

Bell ſet up the loud pipes, and D'Urfeſy did ſputter.

"Draw, Bell, wert thou dragon, I'll ſpoil thy ſoft note."

"Thy ſqualling, ſaid t'other, for I'll cut thy throat."

With a scratch on the finger the duel's despatched;
Thy Clinias, O Sidney, was never so matched.

Sir Samuel Garth was a learned and very able physician, well remembered by his poem called *The Dispensary*. He was born in the county of York, and educated at Peter House, in Cambridge, where he regularly took his degrees in physick. He practised in London, and was admitted a fellow of the College of Physicians July 26, 1692, and became one of their censors in 1702. Such was the violence of party at that period, that a Whig conceived he could be no more cured by a Tory physician, than a Tory by a Whig practitioner. The Esculapius of the former was Garth; the Tories fell to the lot of Ratcliff. The latter being frightened to death by the threats of the Tories, for not keeping queen Ann alive, as it is said, Garth remained without a rival; and consequently, on the accession of George I. he was appointed physician in ordinary, and physician-general to his army; and the sword of the Hero of Blenheim was made use of in conferring the honour of knighthood upon him. The dispensary led Garth to the Kit Cat Club. Physicians are celebrated in our annals as wits, poets, and virtuosi. Who is ignorant how bright a constellation their names in England make from the time of sir Thomas Browne? Friend, Grew, Mead, Garth, Aken-side, Armstronge, Granger, Goldsmith, with others, are remembered with respect. Garth, more celebrated for his abilities than his piety, lived an epicure, and died a latitudinarian, taking, as has been reported, a Roman Catholick priest's absolution as a perfect atonement for a life of voluptuousness. He died at Herrow-on-the-hill, January 18, 1718-19, is buried in the church there within the rails of the altar. He said, when expiring, "I am glad of it, being weary of having my shoes pulled on and off." His edition of

Ovid's *Metamorphoses* did not add much to his reputation as a poet. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the *Dispensary* underwent some alterations in every edition it passed through during the life of the author, and that every change was still an improvement. As the poet left but little behind him, he appears to have been anxious that that little should be of the best; but in the judgment of our great critic, "This poem still appears to want something of poetical ardour; and something of general delectation; and therefore, since it has been no longer supported by accidental and extrinsic popularity, it has been scarcely able to support itself."

Garth, we have reason to believe, was as universally liked as any private person of his day. He was mild and complacent, though a zealous party-man; and kind, though a wit. Pope, who certainly did not resemble him in those respects, always speaks of him with the most decided affection.

"Well-natured Garth, inflamed with early praise;"

And "If ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be one, Garth was that man." He inscribed to him his second pastoral, rather unluckily, being the worst of the four. Lord Lansdowne too addressed some verses to him, when dangerously ill, in a high strain of compliment, which we hope were dictated by the ardour of friendship only.

"Machaon sick! in ev'ry face we find
His danger is the danger of mankind,
Whose art protecting, Nature would expire,
But by a deluge, or the general fire."

And as if this was not enough, mark the conclusion:—

"Sire of all arts, defend thy darling son,
Restore the man whose life's so much
our own;
On whom, like Atlas, the whole world's
reclin'd,
And, by preserving Garth, preserve mankind."

"Well meant hyperboles, as lord Orford observes, on another occasion, upon a man who never used any."

His only child, a daughter, married the hon. col. William Boyle. His estates in the counties of Warwick, Oxford, and Buckingham, were considerable.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constance?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constance?

CURIOUS ENUMERATION OF SCOTCH SONGS.

TO SANDY O'ER THE LEE.

DEAR SANDY.—After getting some *Cumkail* in Aberdeen, with John Roy Stewart, I accompanied him to The House below the hill, where Green Grows the rashes, and where two or three of The Merry lads of Ayr, were taking their Bottle of Punch, having lately come from Don Side. The landlord was Johnney M'Gill, you know he married the Souter's daughter; she gave us a very hearty welcome, for Blyth was she but an' ben, and when She came ben she hobbat, and introduced us to Maggy Lauder, Mary Gray &c. &c. not forgetting the Bonny wee thing; they were all waiting the arrival of Lucy Campbell from Within a mile of Edinbro', for you must know Lucy is to be married to The Ranting Roaring Highlandman. So down we sat to Cakes and ale, and were very happy, when up flew the door and in started a Soldier ladie; I thought it had been Johnney Cumming, but na' faith, says Peggy Band, that's John Anderson my joe, from Bonnie Dundee, for He wou'd be a soldier. Most of us knowing John, we invited him to a seat; he took out his fiddle and was beginning to touch The bush aboon Traquir, but was stopped by Duncan Gray, who begged he would first favour us with God save the King: Hang the King, says Charlie Stewart, who was immediately knocked down by Jack the briak young drummer, who is a Bonny bold Soldier. We all thought that Lewie Gorden would have interfered, who was standing in a neuk whistling Johnney Cope, when in came the Wandering Sailor singing Hearts of Oak, with Blackey'd Susan in one hand, and The Oak stick in the other; and poor

Lewie did not like *A' that an' that* but slunk away as pale as *Hosier's Ghost*. Duncan Davidson was beginning to cry *Kick the rogue out*, but in the midst of the scuffle we had notice by *Roy's Wife of Aldivallock* of the arrival of the young couple from *Walking o' the fauld*; that the cry was *Busk ye, busk ye, Fy let us a' to the bridal*. By this you will understand, that *Johnny made a weadding o't*. We were just going, when *Fenny Nettles* hinted that the *Ale wife* and her barrel must be paid, on which we bid *The good wife caun lawin*. So each of us had a *Sixpence under our thumb*, and *Fenny's Bawbee* made up the sum. On coming to *The back of the change house*, where the wedding was held, near the *Mill, mill O'*, we were met by *The Lads of Dunse* gallanting the *Lasses of Stewarton*. The best man was *Rattling roaring Willie*, and I assure you *Willie is a wanton wag*. The best maid was *Katherine Ogie*, who is the *Bonniest lass in a' the world*, except *My joe Fenet*.—Our dinner consisted of the *Roast Beef of Old England*, *Lumps of pudding*, *The haggies of Bumber*, *Bannocks of barley meal &c. &c.* As for myself *There were three eggs in the pan*, and after dinner we had *Dribbles of Brandy*; the whole cry was *Fill the stoup and had it clinking*, and by no means *Drink hooly and fairly*: then *Come gie's a sang, the lady cried*, so *Patie cam's up frae the glen*, and *Whistled o'er the lave o't*, and sung *Maggy's tocher*. O if you had seen *Auld Rob Morris* laughing at the *Auld wife ayont the fire*, singing *O as I was kist the streen*. We were now growing *Sae merry as we twa ha'e been*, and some of them began to *Trip upon trencchers*. So the dancing commenced, *The bride cam' in frae the barn*, and led down with one of the *Brava lads of Gala water*, to the tune of *The Campbells are coming*. The glancing of her apron, *Silken Snood*, and the *Gowd in her garters* made my heart *Gae pitty patty*. I danc'd a reel with the *Maid of the mill*, and the *Shepherd's wife*, to the tune *I'll mak' you be fain*. *Andrew and his cutty gun* was at *Kiss me sweetly*, with *Bess and gawkie*, whistling the while, *Come kiss me in a corner*. In short, we all danced heartily, and I observed *Fenny dang the weaver*, and *Scoff'd and scorn'd at him*, saying *O gin ye were ane and twenty Tam*. After this we had a *Good night and joy*; I came *Todlin hame*, *Not drunk nor yet sober*, and expected *A bonny wee house, and a canty wee fire* but I could not *Open the door till three*, nor waken *Sleepy Maggy*. At last *My ain kind dearie* heard me, and *She rose and let me in*. By this time *I was a sleepy body*, and got to bed by the light of *The bonny grey-eyed morn*.

Yours, WILLIE WINKIE.

Thursday in the morning.

George Gascoigne, an old English poet, who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, has lately been raised as it were from the poetical dead, by the ingenious incantations of such wizzards as George Ellis and Henry Headley. These elegant scholars have preserved some of the fairest of Gascoigne's pages, and they are by no means disgraceful to the age in which they were indited. The following which is not without merit, is omitted by Messrs. E. and H. but has been indicated to us by the correct and delicate taste of Samuel Egerton Brydges Esq.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE END OF A
WALK IN THE
AUTHOUR'S GARDEN.

If any flower that here is grown,
Or any herb may ease your pain,
Take, and account it as your own,
But recompense the like again :
For some and some is honest play,
And so *my wife* taught me to say.

If here to walk you take delight
Why come and welcome, when you will;
If I bid you sup here this night,
Bid me another time, and still
Think some and some is honest play,
And so *my wife* taught me to say.

Thus if you sup, or dine with me,
If here you walk or sit at ease,
If you desire the thing you see,
And have the same your mind to please,
Think some and some is honest play
For so *my wife* taught me to say.

—
AN ECLOGUE.

BY THE LATE C. LEFTLY, ESQ.

SYLVIA.

COME my gentle RUSLAND, come, forsake
this barren mountain,
Lead for me thy thirsty flocks to yon re-
freshing fountain;
Weary, love, I really am, and sick at heart
with sorrow—
For I have been a slave all day, and must
be so tomorrow.

Scorch'd with heat, or pinch'd with cold,
what serves to say I'm weary?
Ten long lonely miles must I the fowls to
market carry :

I must early rise to lead the cattle forth at
morning,
Mine the task to count them too, and fold
them at returning.

All the household cares are mine ; I glean
in harvest weather ;
At Christmas fetch in wood for fire, and
spin whole nights together ;
Ah ! were but my lover by, how easy were
my labour !
Not so light the village dance, nor half so
brisk the tabor !

Lack-a-day, the moments creep or RUS-
LAND loiters sadly ;
Mournful does his absence seem—but then
we meet more gladly !
Have I miss'd the leafy shade that screens
us from intrusion ?
Oh, no, the spot that Lovers choose, ad-
mits of no delusion !

Didst thou not young hunter, say, provided
I came hither,
We should talk of fairy feats, or sit and
sing together ?
Wherefore dost thou tarry then ? If I have
any notion,
Swifter than arrow's flight, should be a
Lover's motion.

Say, can any artful Nymph, more fair or
more prevailing,
Bid thee disannul thy vows, nor heed my
sad bewailing ?
Had thy love been true as mine, the Nymph
had been rejected ;
RUSLAND had not linger'd thus, nor SYLVIA
thus expected.

Of't have I heard wise ones say, " Ye beau-
tiful, believe us,
" Men by nature faithless are, and study
to deceive us."
Tell me, RUSLAND, is it true—can I no
more delight thee ?
Indeed no, no, it is not so ; yet why then
do you slight me ?

Surely such a courteous youth can never
mean to leave me ;
Truth ripen'd on his ruddy lips unfashion'd
to deceive me :
What so long detains him then ? May no
mishap betide him !
An hour's as tedious as a year, if I am not
beside him.

This playful Kid the Hunter saw, full well
do I remember,
Shivering, wet, half-starved, and cold, a
victim to December :
Up the dangerous steep he climbed, most
hazardly to save it,
Pitied it, and nourished it, and to his Mis-
tress gave it.

Go, thou little wanton, go, inform him by
by thy bleating
How often I have sigh'd in vain, how long
have here sat waiting :
Tell him flowery wreaths I weave to chain
my fickle rover,
What my fearful blushes hide, these tell-
tale wreaths discover ?

Tell him how the roses weep, like me with
heads reclining,
Paler all their colour fades, they sicken too
with pining ;
Tell him though, if he return, his presence
will revive them,
Make their bloom more viv'd glow, and
sweeter fragrance give them.

Say for him alone I stay, for him shall I
be scolded,
Soon must all the goats be milked, at dusk
the sheep be folded ;
Else silently my father frowns, my cruel
step-dame chides me,
And peevishly her fretful son with bitter
taunts derides me.

My love is wise, and, so belike, disdains a
simple creature ;
If so, why did he kiss her cheek, or why
so fondly treat her ?
Why carve her name on rinds of trees, why
comfort her when weeping ?
Why tune for her his beechen flute, or
watch beside her sleeping ?

Soon the nightly dews will fall, the sun is
fast decending,
And see along the wat'ry moor the moun-
tain shades extending ;
Did he come, the time were short to talk
of mutual pleasure,
Oh would the chace were earlier done, or
I had longer leisure !

Hereafter I will love no more ;—hence,
hence, capricious passion :
RUSLAND's false, and so will I, for false-
hood is the fashion :
Methought I heard his distant horn—my
resolution's broken ;
And that I love my RUSAND still, this bea-
ting heart's the token.

HUMAN HAPPINESS.

Though the improvement of the
understanding be attended with
genuine gratification and with sig-
nal advantages, these are not to
be put in competition with the not
less pure and the much more ex-
alted pleasures which flow from
the exercise of the social and be-

nevolent affections. Talents, ge-
nius, and scientifick leisure may be
the portion only of a few ; but, as
light and air in the physical world
are distributed with an unsparing
hand, so, in the moral world, the
delights of self-approbation, and
the endearments of friendship and
of love, have been felt and enjoy-
ed in every country, in every age,
by the learned and unlearned, by
the prince and the mechanick. No
individual can command the gifts
of fortune : but all carry within
themselves the sources of that
peace of mind, of which neither
fortune nor the world can deprive
them. If from weakness or pride,
we reject the boon, and allow our-
selves to wander in the paths of
ambition, or listen to the invita-
tion of vicious pleasures, we have
no reason to repine because anxie-
ty, and disappointment, and vexa-
tion of spirit, should be our re-
ward.

Still the pleasures and delights
which centre in the individual, are
of a very inferiour description to
those which embrace in their range
the feelings and the interests of
society ; which are animated and
exalted by love and gratitude to
the benevolent Father of the Uni-
verse ! By some rare combination
of circumstances, the votary of
selfish pleasure *may* pass his days
without experiencing much bodily
pain, or poverty, or sorrow ; but
he cannot be reckoned happy, at
least in comparison with him who
places his supreme good in the
steady and honourable discharge of
the various duties attached to his
condition. No wonder, then, that
they who prosecute happiness on
the most contracted scale, or on an
erroneous view of the subject,
should stand less high, in the esti-
mation of the wise, than they who
uniformly study to derive it from

the sources of both truth and nature.

Human happiness is not unmixed; and we all know, that calamity may visit the dwelling of the good; but we also know that virtue is certainly not more exposed to evil than vice, that it can much better resist its pressure, and that chosen spirits are often formed and trained in the school of adversity.

LOVE AND MADNESS.

O'er the moor a lady fair
Took her way so sadly,
Her face was pale, and loose her hair,
Sweet she sung, though madly:
"I had a lover once, believe me,
His blue eyes shone so mildly,
He's gone, and can I choose but grieve me?
He's lost,—I wander wildly.
Stranger, do not look on me;
What would you discover?
I had a serpent sister; she
It was who stole my lover.
Stranger, do not weep for me,
I am past complaining;
The struggle that you *think* you see,
Is *pride*, my *love* disdaining.
But this struggle will not last,
Not beyond tomorrow;
Life's idle hour I pass so fast,
I leave *behind* my sorrow.
Farewell, stranger, now farewell,
Here I cannot ponder,
Hark! I hear the warning bell,
Death is waiting yonder.
In dim perspective see, oh! see,
His shadowy figure bending,
O'er a small spot, meant for *me*,
Round pale ghosts attending."
Sudden she turn'd, her wounded mind
With wilder frenzy firing,
"Farewell!" linger'd on the wind,
My soul with grief inspiring.
Sweet maniac! I do not know,
Tho' sad thy lot and dreary,
If happier still thou art not so,
Than of reasoning sorrows weary.

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENT.

The following is a letter from a lady, dated from the banks of the Marne near Paris. "Far from the noise of the city, in a retreat which the presence of my loved parents rendered agreeable to me, I have attained my twenty-sixth year without thinking of hymen; but the tribute which every mortal must pay to nature having for ever separated me from those who alone received my care, and occupied my thoughts, this retreat, formerly so pleasant, appears a desert, and I feel the necessity of repairing the void which that loss has occasioned. After having borne, beyond the term exacted by decency, but surpassed by my grief, the mournful marks, the tears and regret, which I owe to their memory, I wish to divert my mind from the melancholy which has overwhelmed me for fifteen months, and to unite myself with a prudent man of a mild and complaisant character, holding an honourable situation in the capital, so as to maintain a house above the middling rank. The heiress of five thousand francs a year, I offer him this patrimony. He will find my person rather plump than delicate, rather fresh than beautiful, with more good sense than wit, more of practical philosophy than of science; but a good heart and a flexible character. It is to your sagacity, Mr. Mediator, that I entrust this research, begging you to place me on the list of your subscribers."

EPIGRAM.

When gay Lord Edward, in a lively freak
Kiss'd ancient Margaret—for the dame
was kind—
He found, although the rose had left her
cheek,
The thorn upon her chin remain'd be-
hind.

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. *Philadelphia, Saturday, September 10, 1808.* No. 11.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 150.)

LETTER XL.

I AVAILED myself to the utmost of the little time my — staid with me: I carried him to the different places of the environs, whence he could form the best idea of this beautiful country; to Ferney, where the shade of Voltaire seems still to hover, to the neighbouring mountain of Saleve, and afterwards to Meillerai; and when the rain would not permit us to go out, we had old times to talk over, and new books to look into; and we had the inexhaustible subjects of winter grass, English and Latin prosody, the properties of the Lever, and the law of nations. Of those branches of the Alps which

shut in Geneva to the eastward, the most conspicuous is Saleve, which, though at the distance of nearly five miles, appears to one who enters the opposite side of the city, to be hanging over it. Its height is upwards of 3000 feet, and its original length must have amounted to five or six miles. I say original, for some powerful cause, acting in very remote times, has divided into two mountains what must have been, apparently, one: the general opinion is, that the instrument upon this occasion was the water of that great ocean, which once covered the face of this country, and which suddenly, and with irresistible violence was made to change its level. The confused accumulation of rocks at the foot of the hollow that separates the two mountains, renders the agency of water probable, and the marine shells which are found by myriads either in beds, or separately, in various parts of both, and the sand now covered

x

by a thin layer of vegetable soil on the top of the higher Saleve, show that water to have been salt. The interval between the two mountains is a fertile valley; it looks like the bed of some river which had been lately turned aside, and the appearance is the more singular from the long ascent which leads to it by the only road that is practicable on horseback; about midway in the valley is the little Savoyard village of Moneti, and this is succeeded by well cultivated fields, that end abruptly by a precipice on the very edge of which stand the ruins of the Chateau de l'Hermitage: this castle must have been erected in very distant times, long before the use of artillery was known, and when the protection of a family from outrage, and security from the spoils of war were the objects principally attended to in choosing a situation. There cannot be a more beautiful and variegated view than is commanded from this spot, which though in a deep valley, as to the mountains on each side of it is yet elevated to the height of several hundred feet above the plain below. The lake, the city of Geneva, the towns, villages, and cultivated hill sides, and the great basin, which for a while held in the diminished waters of the ocean, are spread out in all their magnificence of extent. The citizen of Geneva, says Monsieur de Saussure, must above all men enjoy this view, he beholds his native city, he follows with his eyes the fortifications, the harbour, and the publick walks, and he traces the portions of subject territory which lie embosomed within the neighbouring States: he thanks heaven, which placed the seat of all his heart holds dear in a land of freedom, and admires with gratitude those coinciding causes, and that

reunion of circumstances, which must forever secure the independence of Genoa. What the feelings of a Genevan are who now looks down upon his native city from the Chateau de l'Hermitage, may be conceived without any great effort of the imagination. I declare to you, that when full of this passage of Monsieur de Saussure, I placed myself as he describes, my feelings, stranger as I am, and from a very distant country, were those of sorrow and indignation. Revolutions must, I know, take place in the political, as fermentations do in the natural world; and I have that reliance on the ways of Heaven which makes me hope, that every thing will still be for the best. But when we reflect upon the waste of human life from one end of France to another; upon the exertions that have been made by a great, a gallant, and a generous nation, and consider what a death stroke has been given not only to the liberty of their defenceless neighbour, but to every thing like liberty among themselves; when we behold the individuals whom the caprice of fortune has elevated to those distinctions in society, which but a few years ago constituted the only crime that hurried numbers to execution or into exile, —we cannot but presume to hope, that Providence has condescended to contract an enormous debt towards a large portion of mankind, which will be paid hereafter to their posterity.

The ride to Ferney occupied a morning very agreeably. You will see in the descriptions of various travellers a good account of the house and of the neighbouring town, which does infinite honour to the sagacity, to the taste, and to the humanity of Voltaire: the bed in which he lay, and the furniture

of his chamber remain as he left them, and there are several valuable pictures of distinguished persons hanging up in the room. The King of Prussia's put me in mind of our old friend Baron de Steuben, but the eyes, though blue, are very far from being such as bespeak a melting soul: they are the eyes of a tiger in the act of leaping upon his prey. The memoirs of Thiebaud, which I have lately read, relate intirely to the court of Berlin, and to the private life of this great King, who was a singular composition of good and bad; of what is great in the estimation of mankind, and of what is mean: with twelve cooks in his service at a time, he never possessed more than six shirts, and could bear to see the friend whom of all men he loved best, in a state but little removed above poverty. These memoirs, will no doubt have been translated into English, and I advise you by all means to procure them: they will bring you better acquainted with some singular individuals, whom you may have heard of, and will disclose to you a great many original views of human life; you will see with satisfaction, that the account which Baron de Trenck gives of himself, is by no means a romance, and that he was a person of more merit, and still less deserving of his hard fate, than appears even by his own memoirs; you will be struck also with the extremes of superstition and incredulity in the celebrated authour of the Jewish Letters; he could ridicule those who said their prayers, and yet would not upon any account but have turned the head of his bedstead to the East, and could never be prevailed upon to begin a work or undertake a journey on a Friday; the conduct of the King towards him in his old age puts the friend-

ship of the great and powerful in a very striking point of view.

LETTER XLI.

My next excursion with my ——— was to Meillerai along the Savoy side of the Lake. The country is by no means as well inhabited or as well cultivated as the Pays de Vaud; the soil indeed is not in general as good, nor the exposure as favourable for the cultivation of the vine; and the government of the King of Sardinia, though not oppressive, was not such as gave encouragement to industry and to the arts: at present the inhabitants seem rather stunned, than roused, and not well awake from the death-like slumber of former times. The town of Thouon, which we passed through, is advantageously situated for trade either with the interior country, or with the opposite shore of Switzerland, but appears the seat of poverty and of uncleanness; at the northern extremity there is a terrace which commands a view of the whole extent of the lake from Chillon to the neighbourhood of Geneva, and along the fertile countries of La Vaux, and La Cote; it also commands a nearer view of the antique mansion of Ripaill, where Amadeus of Savoye spent his time so agreeably. The weather was not favourable to our going there, though we passed very near it, but my disappointment was allayed by knowing it to have been confiscated, a circumstance which has often thrown a repulsive gloom over places that I could have visited with pleasure both in America and in Europe. A company of speculators from the Pays de Vaud purchased in the time of assignats this ancient residence of princes and priests, with its venerable cloisters and its chapel, this noble do-

main of vineyards and meadows, with its spacious park and its extensive woods of old and lofty trees, for less money than the tiles which cover the principal buildings would now sell for. There must surely come a time when the government of France will revise these sales, and let the injustice of confiscation be in some measure expiated by the publick advantage derived from it. Near Evian is a mineral spring which is frequented by great numbers of people every summer, and the town itself might be rendered a place of delightful residence; it stands on the slope of a fertile hill, which leads down to the lake in a beautiful and healthy country, and with a command of gushing waters like those of Staunton; but the streets are dark and dirty, the houses bespeak wretchedness and indolence, and the waters, which might be made to answer so many delightful purposes, are sacrificed to the working of a few ill constructed mills. Immediately out of Evian the road descends to the brink of the lake, and follows it three or four miles, so as to remind us very much of Long-bay; but instead of the mishapen heaps of sand on one side, there are vineyards, and shady woods, or green fields thickly interspersed with walnut trees: nothing, however, not even the lake of Geneva, and its fertile banks, could efface from my mind the remembrance of the great ocean, which is perhaps of all objects the most sublime. In about an hour from Evian we reached the commencement of the new road, which is at first a stately causeway, and then a terrace cut in the rock, where it descends almost in a precipice to the side of the water. This, when finished, will be the common passage into Italy, and will no

doubt be travelled by many a young man, who, with the whole scenery of the Nouvelle Heloise before his eyes, will conceit that he is passing under the very rock that St. Preux wrote from. Meillerai is a miserable village of fishermen, and raisers of stone, who cannot be made to understand the advantage they are to derive from a road being carried through their country,—in a few years they will know better, and will think no longer of a little piece of garden ground, or of a favourite walnut-tree, which may have been sacrificed upon the occasion. We took a boat and rowed out upon the lake, and the little narrow street of wretched houses we had just left, seemed now, as they presented themselves in a bay upon the margin of a smooth lake, and beneath impending woods, to be the very seat of blissful retirement. The part we now floated on is known by actual sounding to be upwards of 1000 feet in depth, so that the mountain behind the house at Belvoir would form a little island of a few acres, which is all that the lake requires to complete the beauty of its scenery. I should have said more to you at times of this great lake, but the account given of it by Coxe, contains every thing worth your notice. That sudden increase and decrease of the water upon the shore, which he mentions as taking place at times, is as inexplicable as ever—it is as if some superiour power amused itself with setting the waters of this great basin in motion, as children might those of a bucket; there is a periodical increase in the month of August, more easily accounted for, as it is evidently connected with the melting of the snow, and this fortunately is the case, when from the heat of the sun, and the dryness

of the season, the exhalations from the shores of the lake might otherwise be dangerous.

We returned to Geneva the next day, and my — being no longer able to prolong his stay, I determined to accompany him by Vincy as far as Giez; these are two villages in the Pays de Vaud, the one near Rolle, and the other but a mile from Granson on the lake of Yverdun. I will tell you in a future letter, why you should be particularly interested in these villages, and hope that you will hereafter look for them in every large map of Switzerland you meet with. It is now the 13th of November, and we are once more fixed in Geneva for the winter, with the prospect of setting out for Paris in the spring. Of publick news I have said nothing: indeed we know no more of what the greater powers intend, than the spectators of the opera do of the machinery behind the scenes. The powers of Germany seem taken in by France as Atalanta was by Meleager, they are besides humility itself. Russia swells and threatens, but does nothing, and the King of Naples is worse than between Sylla and Charrydis, for Russia and France have each made demands; and he cannot comply with those of the one power, without embroiling himself with the other. Switzerland and the Seven United Provinces, now known by the name of the Batavian Republick, are, it seems, on the eve of some great change under the pressure of that mighty hand which moulds them as it pleases. In short, of all Europe, the little republick of St. Marino seems the wisest, and the happiest portion. They had the good sense some years ago to refuse an accession of territory, which was offered them by the Directory of

France, and now reap the reward of it. I wish our government in America had been possessed of the same spirit of moderation. Our rulers were fearful of a dangerous neighbour in Louisiana, but the proximity of hostile powers acting like the pressure of water upon the component parts of a crazy vessel, might have kept the various States united much longer than I now see a prospect of: the crimes and the misfortunes of Europe will not however, I hope, have been exhibited to our view without some good consequences; the principles of revolt, the holy duty of insurrection will not surely be confounded with the rights of man.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

An Ode, by Petrarca.

To institute comparisons between the poetry of different and remote nations is a prominent object of our inquiries; and it is therefore with peculiar pleasure that we select the following ode of Petrarca, accompanied by the English version of Sir William Jones, and an imitation of the first Stanza, by Voltaire. As the production of an Italian poet, it is entitled to a place in our series, in behalf of its country; added to which we are governed on this occasion by the very sentiments expressed concerning this poem by the English translator:

‘The ode of Petrarca was added, that the reader might compare the manner of the Asiatick poets with that of the Italians, many of whom have written in the true spirit of the Easterns. Some of the Persian songs have a striking resemblance to the sonnets of Petrarch; and even the form of those little amatory poems was, I believe, brought into Europe by the Arabians: one would almost imagine the following lines to be translated from the Persian.

Aura, che quelle chiome bion de e crespe
 Circondi, e movi, e se' mossa da loro,
 Soavemente, e spargi quel dolce oro,
 E poi 'l raccogli, e'n bei nodi l'increspe,
 since there is scarce a page in the
 works of Hafiz and Jami, in which
 the same image, of *the breeze playing*
with the tresses of a beautiful girl, is
 not agreeably and variously expres-
 sed.'

QDE

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

Canzone 27.

Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque,
 Ove le belle membra
 Poze colei, che sola a me par donna ;
 Gentil ramo, ove piacque
 (Con sospir mi rimembra)
 A lei di fare al bel fianco colonna ;
 Erba, e fior, che la gonna
 Leggiadra ricoverse
 Coll' angelico seno ;
 Aer sacro sereno
 Ov' Amor ev' begli occhi il cor m' aperse ;
 Date udienza insieme
 Alle dolenti mie parole estreme.
 S'egli è pur mio destino,
 El cielo in ciò s'adopra,
 Ch' amor questi occhi lagrimando chiuda,
 Qualche grazia il meschino
 Corpo fra voi ricopra ;
 E torni l'alena al proprio albergo ignuda :
 La morte fia men cruda,
 Le questa speme porto
 Aquel dubbioso passo ;
 Che lo spirito lasso
 Non poria mai in piu riposato porto
 N'en piu tranquilla fossa
 Fuggir la carne travagliata, e l'ossa.
 Tempo verrà ancor forse
 Ch' all' susato soggiorno
 Torni la fera bella e mansueta ;
 E la, ov' ella mi scorse
 Nel benedetto giorno
 Volga la vista desiosa e lieto,
 Cercandomi, ed, o pieta,
 Già terra infra le pietre
 Vedendo, Amor l'inspiri
 In guisa che sospiri
 Si dolcemente che mercè m'mipetre,
 E faccia forza la cielo
 Asciugandosi gli occhi col bel velo :
 Da' bei rama scenda
 Dolce nella memoria
 Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo ;
 Ed ella si siede,
 Humile in tanta gloria
 Coverta già dell' amoroso nembo :
 Qual fior cadea sul lembo,
 Qual sulle treccie bionde,
 Ch' oro forbito e perle
 Erano quel di a vederle,
 Qual si posava in terra, e qual sull'onde ;
 Qual con un vago errore

Girando pareva dir, " Qui regna Amore."
 Quanto volte diss'io
 Allor pien di spavento
 " Costei per fermo nacque in paradiso,"
 Così carico d' oblio
 Il divin portamento
 E'l volto, e le parole, e'l dolce riso
 M' avevano; e si diviso
 Dall' imagine vera,
 Ch' i 'dicea sospirando,
 " Qui come venn' io, o quando ?"
 Credendo esser' in ciel non lá' dov' era
 Da indi ni quà mi piace
 Questa erba sì ch' altrove non o pace.
 Se tu avessi ornamenti quant' ac voglia,
 Protesti arditamente
 Uscir del bosco, egir' infra la gente.

AN ODE

OF PETRARCH,

TO

THE FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA.

Ye clear and sparkling streams,
 Warm'd by the sunny beams,
 Through whose transparent chrystal Laura
 played ;
 Ye bow'rs that deck the grove
 When Spring her chaplets wove,
 While Laura lay beneath the quiv'ring
 shade ;
 Sweet herbs and blushing flow'rs,
 That crown yon vernal bow'rs,
 Forever fatal, yet forever dear ;
 And ye, that heard my sighs,
 When first she charm'd my eyes,
 Soft breathing gales, my dying accents
 hear !
 If heav'n has fix'd my doom,
 That Love must quite consume
 My bursting heart, and close my eyes in
 death,
 Ah ! grant this slight request,
 That here my urn may rest,
 When to its mansion flies my vital breath.
 This pleasing hope will smooth
 My anxious mind, and sooth,
 The pangs of that inevitable hour ;
 My spirit will not grieve
 Her mortal veil to leave
 In these calm shades, and this enchanting
 bow'r,
 Haply, the guilty maid
 Through yon accustom'd glade
 To my sad tomb will take her lonely way,
 Where first her beauty's light,
 O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,
 When love on this fair border made me
 stray :
 There, sorrowing, she shall see,
 Beneath an aged tree,
 Her true, but hapless lover's lowly bier ;
 Too late her tender sighs

Shall melt the pitying skies,
And her soft veil shall hide the gushing
tear.

Oh! well remember'd day,
When on yon bank she lay,
Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;
The young and blooming flow'rs,
Falling in fragrant show'rs,
Shone on her neck, and on her bosom
smil'd;

Some on her mantle hung,
Some in her locks were strung,
Like orient gems, in rings of flaming gold;
Some, in a spicy cloud
Descending, call'd aloud,
"Here Love and Youth the reins of em-
pire hold!"

I view'd the heavenly maid;
And, wrapt in wonder, said,
"The groves of Eden gave this angel
birth;"

Her look, her voice, her smile,
That might all heaven beguile,
Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:
The star-bespangled skies,
Were open'd to my eyes;
Sighing, I said, "Whence rose this glit-
tering scene?"

Since that auspicious hour,
This bank, and od'rous bow'r,
My morning couch, and ev'ning haunt have
been.

Well may'st thou blush, my song,
To leave this rural throng,
And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;
But were thy poet's fire
Ardent as his desire,
Thou wert a song that heav'n might stoop
to hear!

M. de VOLTAIRE's *paraphrase of the 1st
Stanza*:

Claire fontaine, onde amiable, onde pure,
Ou la beauté qui consume mon cœur,
Seule beauté qui soit dans la nature,
Des feux de jour évite la chaleur;
Arbe heureux, dont le feuillage
Agité par les Zephirs
La couvris de son ombrage,
Qui rapelles mes soupirs,
En rapellant son image,
Ornemens de ces bords, et filles du matin,
Vous dont je suis jaloux, vous moins bril-
lantes qu'elle;
Fleurs, qu'elle embellissait, quand vous
touchiez son sein;
Rossignols, dont la voix est moins douce et
moins belle;
Air, devenu plus pur; adorable séjour,
Immortalisé par ses charmes;
Lieux dangereux et chers, où de ses ten-
dres armes,
L'Amour a blessé tous mes sens;
Ecoutez mes derniers accens,
Recevez mes dernières larmes!

SELF-BIOGRAPHY.

A man, who voluntarily offers himself to the notice of the publick, in the character of his own biographer, will incur the imputation of vanity, and probably with some reason; since it must have been a certain degree of self-estimation, which induced him to form the project of writing his own memoirs. With vanity, however, better ingredients may be combined; and, instead of judging illiberally, respecting the motives of such undertakings, or cherishing any vulgar prejudices against those who make themselves the hero of their tale, we would rather encourage individuals of cultivated minds, and of active varied lives, to present us with the details of their mental progress, with the fruits of their experience, and with the results of their matured reflections. An intellectual and moral portrait of this kind, if executed with skill and fidelity, becomes as much a study for the philosopher, as any production of the mimic art can be for the painter.

It will be objected, indeed, that we can give no person credit for being perfectly open and generous, when his character and reputation with posterity, depend on his own recitals. What temptation, it will be said, is here afforded to concealment on one part, and to exaggeration on another! Who, in such a predicament, can display that fortitude and greatness of mind which are necessary to annihilate self, in the love of honesty and truth? who, moreover, let his intention be ever so pure, is altogether exempt from the influence of self-deception? That the *egotistic* biographer should be perused with caution and allowance, no one will dispute: yet it must not be forgotten, that there are points of

view in which his report is peculiarly desirable. He alone can develop the state of his own feelings and sentiments; and to his contemporaries it must be extremely curious to compare his estimate of himself with that which, from external observation, they have formed of him.

For The Port Folio.

The University of Philadelphia has many claims to our most favourable regard. A rising reputation, excellent governours, an admirable medical school; a correct yet mitigated discipline, a pious yet liberal doctrine, all conspire to increase our zeal to promote the interests of such institutions as contribute to the substantial good of the community. By the recommendation of one of the governours of this flourishing seminary, a gentleman not less distinguished for the urbanity of his manners, than for the soundness of his principles and the extent of his information, we have received copies of some of the academical exercises on a recent occasion. The following, the production of Mr. Robert Smith, is certainly honourable to the youthful writer, and will be perused with emotions of enthusiasm by the American patriot. A family picture is always regarded with interest.

AN ORATION,

BY R. SMITH,

On the advantages of the United States.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, when Ferdinand and Isabella filled the throne of Spain, the attention of Europe was awakened by the discovery of a new world. Columbus intrepidly accomplished this great event through difficulties and dangers, through the disdain and discouragement of princes, through the horrors of imprisonment and chains; and the noble discoverer of America, worn out by continued suffering, ended his days in despair. During the lapse of more than two centuries emigrants from different nations of Europe gradually effected a settlement of the northern continent, and drove

the savage Indian towards the more uncultivated parts of his country. Persecutions in their native land, forced many unhappy subjects of Great Britain, to brave the boisterous waves of the Atlantick and all the dangers of savage war, and to establish themselves in the north-eastern part of our country, while other associations of adventurers settled in the more southern districts. The sound of the implements of labour was heard along the coast, and the well-built town rose in the place of gloomy forests and immeasurable wilds. Thus did the American colonies gradually rise in population and importance, under every circumstance of danger and distress, and without the fostering arm of the mother country. But not only did Great Britain refuse to them assistance, she even imposed on them restrictions injurious to their freedom. Under her arbitrary exactions the spirit of an injured nation at length rebelled: the cry to arms was heard throughout the country, and our little band of patriots erected the standard of American liberty. As the fearless mariner, who boldly opposes his little bark to the fury of the tempestuous wave, that, loud roaring as it slowly rolls along, seems to bring with it his melancholy fate, or as the towering tree, which, raised above its humble brethren, dares the lightning that shoots athwart the sky, so did the undaunted heroes of our revolution, defy the vengeance of superiour strength. And lo! The mariner has arrived at his destined port, the lofty tree has spread its branches through the land, and hid its head amid the clouds of heaven. Through the aid of that Providence, which, with its awful thunders, withered and dispersed the fury of our foes, and led by our illustrious Washington, we have taken our place among the nations of the earth, and flourish in liberty and independence. Our government, admirably adapted to our situation, is, perhaps, as pure in its principles, and perfect in its con-

struction, as human wisdom could possibly have devised. A constitution, the choice of the people, guards their rights with jealous care, and distributes to each individual, his proper situation with regard to the whole. Compare it with the ancient governments of Greece and Rome. Under these indeed, heroes have conquered on the plains of Marathon and Zama, these *have* given birth to a Cato and a Miltiades, to a Leonidas and a Scipio. Under these, Demosthenes has poured forth the torrents of his eloquence, and Cicero has charmed a listening world. But, alas! have not these governments been marked by bloody revolutions, and by the most savage slaughters; by the factions of contending parties, and by the iron rod of tyranny? Has not a Thrasybulus governed *there*, and *here* a Caligula, a Nero, or a Commodus, dishonoured, by his crimes, the throne of the Cæsars? From the bloody records of these celebrated states, we turn with pleasure to those of our own happy country, whose annals are blotted by no daring crime, and defaced by the cruel deeds of no ambitious chieftain. Thus, although we are amazed at the awfulness and grandeur of the thundering torrent, which dashes itself precipitately along, overwhelming the smiling fields of the industrious husbandman, blasting his growing crops, and baffling all his expectations:—we rather delight to view the smooth meandering stream, which refreshes the country around it, and beautifully wanders along the romantick vale. Exhausted by its own force, the impetuosity of the one may soon subside into a petty rivulet, while the inexhaustible streams of the other promise ever to remain undiminished and unchanged.

We possess, my countrymen, such natural advantages as few other nations of the globe can boast. Situated in the northern temperate zone, we neither burn beneath continual heat, nor yet are chilled in regions of eternal snow. Nor are we cramped with-

in a petty territory. The waves of the Atlantick ocean wash more than one thousand miles of our coast, and furnish a noble channel of communication with all the nations of Europe. The ample bays of the Chesapeake and the Delaware are eminently calculated for all the purposes of commerce, while the Mississippi, the Susquehanna, and the Hudson, roll their waves, in awful majesty to their parent ocean. The admiring traveller views with astonishment, the mighty waters of our inland seas, and gazes with dread on their boisterous tempests. The lofty mountains of Alleghany hide their tops in clouds, and seem to look grandeur and solemnity. Our verdant vallies, crowned with all the beauty of the spring, delight the eye, and our fertile plains, decked by the hand of cultivation, furnish abundant crops to the industrious farmer.

As a commercial people we have held a respectable standing among the nations of the earth. The American flag has waved in honour at the ports of every maritime people, and we have seen our ships returning home fraught with the produce of every clime. The spices of India have been wafted on our gales, the teas of China, the cloths of England, the linens of Germany, and all the productions of the western Indies, have crowded our capacious harbours. The enterprize of our north-eastern adventurers has navigated the western coast of America, and dared the winter of both the poles. Our fearless fishermen have plied around the foggy banks of Newfoundland, and returned to their ports laden with the spoils of the ocean. A temporary check, which, perhaps, may be calculated for the best, has, indeed been given to our commercial enterprize, but when this shall be removed, it will revive with renewed vigour, and yield to that of no other people.

During the period of a nation's infancy, it can scarcely be expected that the fine arts should advance much towards perfection; but, from

the encouragement of the liberal, and from the specimens hitherto exhibited, we have reason to hope that America may soon rival, in this respect, those who now surpass her. In the mechanick arts we are inferior to none. The sound of the hammer, and the hum of industry is heard in our streets, and the honest tradesman quickly rises into affluence and fortune. The spires of churches, and the walls of colleges and schools are daily rising around us. American literature is fast improving; and, 'ere the lapse of a century, poets may celebrate the beauties of our groves and vallies, of the romantick banks of our rivers and our streams, in strains not less charming and harmonious than those which have immortalized the Thames, the Avon, and the Ayr. Extending our view beyond the ocean which rolls between us and the nations of Europe, let us trace for a moment, their unfortunate situation compared with that of independent America. France and England, like two mighty waters, are contending for superiority in awful strife. The glories of the once heroick Switzerland are extinguished forever. Amid the fertile vallies, and the awful glaciers of his native hills, the brave, the independent Swiss owned the dominion of no arbitrary lord. But when the throne of the Bourbons fell, with it declined the liberties of Switzerland. Spain has lost her once envied superiority. The triumphs of the successours of Mahomet are over, and the faded glories of the crescent now decorate the turban of an impetuous tyrant. Germany is tottering to her fall, and the rays of liberty illuminate the heroes of the north, feebly as the light of the natural sun.— While such is the situation of the European world, we, my countrymen, are reposing in the lap of tranquillity and peace. We hear the thunders of war rolling at a distance, but they approach us not. The roar of cannon is never heard among our hills, nor do the prayers and praises of a grateful people to ascend the

throne of God, accompanied by the groans of the wounded and the dying.

Casting our eyes round us, we behold Despotism unfurling her standard and establishing her dominion in many regions of the globe. She has erected an altar composed of millions of slaughtered victims, and her sweetest offering is the groan of despair. She has made the polar snows to blush with human blood, and deluged whole nations with desolation and dismay: but ours, my countrymen, is consecrated ground, and she dares not violate our repose. And, ah! long as the world shall last, may the benign goddess of Columbian liberty protect her beloved asylum from the influence of this scourge of mankind: and, though “borne on the wings of the wind,” she shall disseminate herself in poisonous gales over every other region of the globe, may the lofty mountains and impenetrable forests of Columbia, forever bid defiance to her utmost rage.

From the awful scene of the desolations of Europe, where can liberty retreat. She has left her abode on the rocks of Uri, she has winged her flight across the Atlantick, and she now rests her wearied head on the American mountains. Long may she there remain! and there may the incense of grateful millions offered at her altar, propitiate her smiles! And may that overruling God, who “rides on the whirlwind and directs “the storm,” conduct us through the long avenues of time in glorious independence, and cause every nation of the earth, to venerate the name of Columbian Liberty!

For The Port Folio.

The subsequent Oration “On the present and future growth of Philadelphia,” was spoken at a late publick Commencement by Mr. MIFFLIN. Few topics of panegyric are more fertile than those which are or may be employed in praise of the rising greatness of this city. Here neither the interested capitalist nor the eloquent orator has any occasion for the arts of exaggeration. Description halts after re-

ality in any narrative of the rise and progress of the metropolis of the United States. Even the Embargo which benumbs every thing else, seems to operate as a powerful stimulus to the growth of Philadelphia. Every hour adds something to the convenience, the beauty, or the aggrandizement of this city, and while a certain fantastick establishment in the woods is fast dwindling into dust and contempt, this forsaken metropolis, the future forum of our orators and the seat of our statesmen, is constantly augmenting her comforts and splendour. Mr. MIFFLIN has done justice to his theme, and in a very spirited sketch has drawn no overcharged picture.

AN ORATION

On the present and future growth of Philadelphia.

Scarce has a century revolved since the soil on which we live, was the haunt of wild beasts and wilder men. Here, surrounded as we are by the comforts and delicacies of life, the retrospect of a few years, seems to stamp truth on the fabled days of old, when castles and cities arose by magick art, and the pathless wilderness was converted, by talismanick touch, into smiling culture and flourishing towns.

For who that surveys the busy scenes that surround us; who that contemplates the rising streets of this fair city, but is led to calculate them as the offspring of age, as the result of long and continued toil; as the work of man for generations back. Who in casting his eye over the spacious buildings that rise with such improved beauty, but must suppose us seated amid the rich harvest of a thousand years' labour!

Until our forefathers were led to this new and beautiful hemisphere, the course of improvements was of slower growth; and those arts that now embellish society; that science by which the mind of man is enlightened, spread with tardy steps among the enslaved

racess of the older world. Torpid and nearly extinct for many ages, they revived amid darkness, to cast a feeble and glimmering light over the benighted days of our European progenitors. They reached, when perfected, but a favoured few, until the Genius of Freedom, which is the Genius of our Government, and by whom they have ever been fostered, introduced to the dwellings of our humblest citizens, some testimonies of their use.

Those of us, whose trans-atlantic ancestors dwelt in wretched huts, destitute of furniture, and incommoded by the smoak of a solitary fire, inhabit here a house of permanency and comfort; repose on the down that of yore was allotted to the higher ranks alone.

The arts of husbandry, no less propitious to our health and pleasure, have multiplied and cheapened the delicious products of the soil, and made that, which was once an expensive luxury, to be now the easy purchase of the poorest citizen.

Philadelphians! Behold with pride the work of three generations! Behold the fruit of unshackled industry; of tolerant and equal laws! what a mass of wealth; what a proud and beautiful display of ease and elegance! thirteen thousand dwellings, thirty churches, innumerable ware-houses, and extensive publick institutions, have arisen from the dark bosom of a forest, within the memory of man! and which of you who contemplates this miraculous growth will dare to calculate our future progress! shall the flowery banks of the Schuylkill be your boundary? no, already you have burst the limits of your venerable founder,

and spread yourselves for miles on the deep and busy shores of the Delaware. Those shores whence are taken to the utmost verge of navigation the redundancy of your products. Borne on the most perfect models of naval Architecture, your flag visits the rich countries of the East, and protects on its return the stores of Asia. The wealthy planter of the Antilles, and the gaudy Spaniard of La Plata, loll their indolent days away in the high-polished coach of your work-shops, and amid this splendid show of mechanical perfection, behold the seat of the muses, towering with becoming pride! Its classes, open to all our citizens, unfold the book of science, and rear in the youthful mind a bed of flowers, where weeds were wont to grow.

The parent, heretofore anxious for the education of his sons, sent them at a vast expense and much danger to the foreign schools of Europe. In those distant climes, their morals were unwatched, and their political principles corrupted: but now, within the walls of your Seminary, he shall find some of its classes to equal, and perhaps eclipse, their oldest prototype. No longer shall the rival schools of Edinburgh and Leyden, boast of their pupils from the shores of Columbia; no longer shall the honours of European kings be confined to the chairs of their royal dominion; for the professors of our own Universities have extorted from the justice of more than one crowned head, the reward of that merit which formed of late the exclusive claim of their own subjects.

A powerful Emperour conceived the project of founding a capital about the time that the illustrious Penn migrated hither: and his

project was executed with celerity and elegance. But his were the means of an unmerciful despot. Peter of Russia buried in the fens of *Narva*, two hundred thousand of his subjects. He drew by violence, by privileges and bounties, the resources of his vast empire in aid of his favoured plan. Amid the desolation of sickness, military laws and death, this enterprising monarch planted the foundations of his future residence.

Not so the great man who planned our city. Its growth was the growth of industry, cherished by the wisest of Legislators. No discordant cries of compulsion were heard to embitter the toil that raised our walls: No bayonet goaded the artificer of Penn. Just, humane, and pacifick, he hushed even the murmers of the savage tribe, who held without enjoyment, the site on which we live. These aborigines relinquished, for a fair compensation, those rivers that now bear on their bosoms the products of that soil, which erst a woody tract of hunting ground, fed but a few wretched families of red men.

For then a dreary line of matted woods,
In one brown mass obscured our silver
floods,
Umbrageous trees, impervious to the light,
Formed one unvaried, dark, and cheerless
sight.
No labouring ox, or herds of fruitful
ewes,
Gave animation to these picturesque views.

How different now! can it be that on this very spot—here where this holy temple stands, encompassed as it is, by busy streets, thronged with people, and sounding beneath the constant stir of commerce; can it be that on this very ground, many now present, a few years since, have sported in the frolick of youth amid the wild trees of the forest!

And how have these things been brought about? are they of the hot-bed growth of royal favour? has the strong arm of power lavished its wealth and its authority to aid your labours? has some *Idomeneus* brought hither his Trojan spoils to raise the walls of this new Salentinum? No: I repeat to you again, fellow townsmen, that all you see is the spontaneous fruit of the soil of liberty: of the guardian laws of freedom, of the sober, intelligent, and constant labour of your husbandmen; of the enterprise, the distinguished enterprise of your merchants. It is they that have planted this germe of a city: Yes, Philadelphians, this germe of a city! for great and wealthy as it is, how small in its present extent to that which our sons and perhaps our own declining days shall witness!

Already in anticipation, I behold your intersecting avenues, from North to South, from river to river, crowded with capacious buildings, decorated with the magnificent works of our own manufactures. Then shall the gilded spire, the lofty turret, and the marble edifice, rise in proud show on our western sites, then shall the seaman's song, and the white canvas of commerce animate the now silent waters of the Schuylkill; while our beautiful environs, adorned by villas innumerable, shall display their comforts, in publick roads, canals, and verdant parks.

These are not dreams of idle speculation, but the fair and probable conjecture of what is to be from what has been. But to secure this prosperity we must cling with enthusiasm to those laws, to those principles, to that virtue, by which we have been led thus far; and then let us boldly hope that under the superintending protection

of Almighty God, these our fond expectations will not be disappointed.

"Columbia rules a brave and grateful land,

And scatters blessings with a liberal hand:
What though no wave Pactolian laves her shore,

Nor gleam her caverns with Peruvian ore;
Yet she has mines, which need no rod to trace—

Search not her *bosom*, but survey her *face*."

BIOGRAPHY.

CHARLES MONTAGUE,
Earl of Halifax.

The family of Montague has produced many great characters. The above nobleman, one of its most distinguished ornaments, was the youngest son of a younger son of an earl of Manchester, and educated at Westminster, under Dr. Busby, whence he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, being designed for the church. A poet by nature, and wedded to a rich countess, with the provision of a prudent father, he seemed to have all that a son of Apollo could desire. Poetry and politics are not often allied. Lord Dorset, pleased with his poem on the death of Charles II. and still more with the *Travesty of Dryden's Fable of "The Hind and Panther,"* into "*The City and Country Mouse*," introduced him to William III. who received him as was due to the author of the epistle on his Majesty's victory in Ireland.* The brilliancy of Montague's genius was such, that his works as a poet had been read, *admired*, and patronised, by Dorset. Cambridge left her accustomed precision to honour him: in the senate he commanded the utmost attention; and in the palace he was trusted, promoted, and ennobled. He was the active principle that moved the council, the ex-

* The story of Dorset's introducing Montague to William III. as a *mouse*, may be true, as it afforded that witty nobleman an opportunity of saying a good thing.

chequer, and the treasury. His mind prevailed every department of the state. The king valued him as his chief support; queen Anne's prejudices gave way to applause; and George I. created him earl of Halifax, and gave him the garter. This nobleman, whom the Commons had recommended as "deserving William's favour," persecuted him afterwards with a virulence that disgraced them; a strange retribution this for restoring the credit of the national bank; for completing a new coinage of the silver money in two years, which was judged impossible; for his first proposing and effecting the union of the British kingdoms; and his earnestly promoting the settlement of the crown in the Brunswick line. In short, the gentry saw paper instead of bullion, and were frightened. He was seized with a sudden illness, when at the head of the treasury, at the house of Mynheer Daverwoord, one of the Dutch ambassadours, which in four days deprived Britain of one of its greatest ornaments. The earl died May 19, 1715, aged 54, to the confusion of the eminent practitioners, doctors Shadwell and Scigerthal, his Majesty's English and German physicians, sir Richard Blackmore and Mead, who declared that to be a pleurisy, which was an inflammation of the lungs: so little do the faculty know of internal maladies! After lying in state in the Jerusalem chamber, the remains of this illustrious man were deposited, as he had directed, in general Monk's vault, in Westminster-Abbey. Possessed of the most exalted sentiments, he too much despised the base cunning of inferiour minds. Having no child by Ann, countess dowager of Manchester, and disappointed in a second connexion, he solaced himself with the Platonick friendship of the gay and beautiful niece of his friend Sir Isaac Newton, Catherine, widow of Col. Barton Young, whom at his death he enriched, in return for the pleasure and happiness he had in her conversa-

tion." In the poem of the Traversers is this epigram:

Beauty and wit strove each in vain,
To vanquish Bacchus and his train;
But Barton with successful charms,
From both their quivers drew her arms;
The roving God her sway resigns,
And cheerfully submits his vines.

SIR JOHN HOLT.

Sir John Holt, born December 30, 1642, at Thame, in Oxfordshire, was a wild and unmanageable youth; his frolicks were numerous at Abingdon school, and Oriel College, Oxford, where he was entered a gentleman commoner. After his good sense had subdued the propensity to juvenile indiscretion, his application to his studies was unwearied. Called to the Bar, he was made a serjeant at law Feb. 9, 1684, appointed recorder of London, knighted in Feb. 1685-6, by James II. and made king's serjeant April 22, 1686. Objecting to the rapid strides of James against law and liberty, he resigned his recordership in April, 1687. The king having withdrawn himself, some settlement of the government became necessary, and it was well known that the prince of Orange came for, and would receive nothing less than the crown; the conditions were to be determined by the convention. Holt was chosen by the peers, at St. James's, with Maynard, Pollexfen, Bradford, and Atkinson, to assist them in their consultations. His abilities raised him at once to the highest office in the Court of the King's Bench, being appointed lord chief justice, April 17, 1689, which he held twenty-one years, a circumstance never known before nor since. To an offer made him of presiding in Chancery, he said, "I never had but one cause in Chancery; and, as I lost that, I cannot think myself qualified for so great a trust." The law and justice were never administered with more effect than when he presided in the King's Bench, and all

their terrors sat on his brow.* It happened that a poor old decrepid creature was brought before him as a sinner of great magnitude, "what is her crime?" "Witchcraft." "How is it proved?" "She uses a spell." "Let me see it." A scrap of parchment was handed to him. "How came you by this?" "A young gentleman, my lord, gave it me, to cure my daughter's ague." "Did it cure her?" "O yes, my lord, and many others." "I am glad of it.—Gentlemen of the Jury, when I was young and thoughtless, and out of money, I, and some companions as unthink-

ing as myself, went to this woman's house, then a publick one, we had no money to pay our reckoning, I hit upon a stratagem to get off scot free. On seeing her daughter ill, I pretended I had a spell to cure her; I wrote the classick line you see, so that if any one is punishable it is me, not the poor woman the prisoner." She was acquitted by the Jury, and rewarded by the chief justice. This most exalted character, comprising every excellence, died of a lingering illness, March 10, 1710–1, aged 67; and was buried in the church of Redgrave in Suffolk. He married a daughter of sir John Cropley, by whom he had no child. The Judge published, in 1708, sir John Keyling's Reports, with annotations of his own, with three modern cases of great importance.

* In the Banbury cause he told the House of Peers, that they ought to respect the law which had made them so great. Presiding over which, he should disregard any of their decisions; he would not even condescend to give them a reason for his conduct. In the same manner he set the Commons at defiance; they sent to demand reasons, he gave none:—the Speaker and a select number of the House went in person to the Court of King's Bench, his answer was, "I sit here to administer justice; if you had the whole House of Commons in your belly, I should disregard you; and if you do not immediately retire, I will commit you, Mr. Speaker, and those with you. Where there is a right," said he, "there is a remedy;" when it was urged that no injury could be done by a returning officer refusing a legal vote, against the sense of the other Judges, he directed a satisfaction to be given. Neither his competitors, nor the houses of parliament separately could bend, or, even both of them collectively, intimidate him; his invincible courage was equalled only by his incorruptible integrity. Queen Ann was compelled to dissolve the Parliament, that the acrimony between the two Houses might cease. A mob assembling before a trepan-house, in Holborn, the guards were called out: "Suppose," said he, "the populace will not disperse, what will you do?" "Fire on them," replied an officer, "as we have orders." "Have you so! then take notice, that if one man is killed, and you are tried before me, I will take care that every soldier of your party is hanged." Assembling his tipstaves, and a few constables, he went to the mob and explained to them the impropriety of their conduct; at the same time promising that justice should be done against the "crimps," the multitude dispersed.

PRINCE OF PEACE.

I am accused of having treated this Spanish favourite indecorously, and add the following circumstance in his favour.

Don Romos de Salas, a respectable professor and doctor of laws, in the university of Salamanca, was condemned to six years imprisonment in the inquisitions, for certain speculative opinions: against this decision his friends appealed; but the Archbishop of Toledo, "considering de Salas as a bold, unbending spirit, a philosopher of the present age, and one who had presumed to doubt the necessity of an inquisition," confirmed the sentence.

The Prince of Peace being applied to for his intercession, laid the business before the king, who ordered the proceedings to be revised; this the Grand Inquisitor refused, but his majesty enjoining obedience to his mandate, the ecclesiastick paused, and relying on his influence with the queen, ad-

dressed himself to her majesty on his knees, and in pathetick language, but without success.

It was on this occasion, that the queen of Spain burst fourth into the following animated words: "Your grace," for our spirited female was speaking to the Archbishop of Lorenzo, who was using *his* endeavours after the Grand Inquisitor had failed, "your grace must excuse me, for I can listen no longer; it is to these inquisitors, and to hypocrites like these, that the sovereigns of Europe are indebted for all the revolutions, and all the misfortunes they have experienced." De Salas was set at liberty, and this is said to be the first instance, in the Spanish annals, in which a decree of the inquisition had been reversed.

In certain late remonstrances which took place between the English and Spanish courts, the Prince of Peace has been censured for his degrading submission to Gallick indignity; what might not any man be obliged to submit to, rather than expose his throat to the knife of a footpad, or his head to the pistol of a highway-man?

[*Lounger's Common Place Book.*]

ODE

Occasioned by reading an Ode to Bishop Percy, on the Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

When Conway's surge with horrid roar,
Had whelm'd the Druid's tresses hoar,
Hovering o'er the haunted flood,
The Genius of the sacred wood,
High the dripping mantle shook,
And floating lyre uplifted took,
Where bards immortal, mid the tuneful
spheres,

Chant to Heroick shades the songs of elder years.

"Mantle, erst by Merlin given,
"Dipt in rainbow tints of Heaven,
"Fraught with many a wizard spell,
"Mortal language dare not tell;
"Spells that human hearts control,
"Awe the sense and melt the soul;
"At Terror's voice bid Health's bright
rubies fly,
"Or gem with pearls divine soft Pity's
angel eye.

"Relick of the awful Seer,
"Wond'rous key of Joy and Fear;
"Who can boast a kindred spirit!
"Who thy magick power inherit!
"What child of Earth shall now aspire
"To touch the doom-denouncing lyre!"
The Minstrel Choir in mute attention hung,
Whilst to his airy harp thus Taliessin
sung:

"Bear them from that fatal shore,
"(Mona's melody is o'er)
"To the Nymph of fairy song,
"Caledonia's groves among,
"Bid her build the lofty rhyme;
"Bid her raise the hymn sublime,
"Fit for the King of Bards in days of
yore;
"Fit for the mighty Lord of legendary
lore."

Worthy of the high command,
Hark! the Virgin's potent hand
Strikes the chords of pain and pleasure,
In a sweetly-varied measure;
She with Pythick ardour firing,
Felt within the God inspiring;
And whilst the shell resounded Percy's
praise,
We heard the heaven-born strains of Ar-
thur's golden days.

EPITAPH.

Nymph! over thee, chaste, fair, and young,
Each bosom breathes a sigh;
Applauses flow from every tongue,
And tears from every eye.

Still lives, and ever shall thy name,
Thy beauty only died:
Envy has nothing to proclaim,
Nor Flattery to hide.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. Philadelphia, Saturday, September 17, 1808. No. 12.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 165.)

LETTER XLII.

AT this time last year I little imagined that I should pass another summer near Geneva, but a variety of circumstances have contributed to keep us here; there needed no great violence as you may suppose, and I trust that we shall never have cause to regret it. We are now at Secheron, where we have a very good house on the borders of the lake, and the pleasure of going upon the water of a fine afternoon is thus added to the many other enjoyments of this fine country. Our great and principal object of education for a part of the family is promoted by our stay, your new — will be bet-

ter able to bear the fatigue of travelling, and your — will enjoy the advantage of a paternal home a little longer. He will follow us in less than two years and finish his education in his own country. The persons who direct our seminaries or universities in America are, I presume, upon a footing with the teachers and heads of houses of other countries, but their plan of instruction commences so soon, and goes on so rapidly, that a young man is often left unemployed at a very awkward moment of his life. I was once in hopes that we should have had a great national school and university in a central part of the United States, where young men from different parts of the Union might have become acquainted in early life, and have been in some degree united ever after; a very small part of the sums so uselessly and unwisely lavished in the purchase of Louisiana, might have collected men of science in every branch of

instruction, and have provided all the various apparatus for lectures on chymistry, astronomy and experimental philosophy. It would no longer have been necessary for strangers to bring us acquainted with the natural history and geology of our country, a taste for the fine arts might have been introduced, and some liberal employment provided in time for that immense accumulation of money which all seem to aim at and so many succeed in procuring: but all such views have vanished before the spirit of parsimony which forms the great political virtue of the times, and which seems indeed to afford the only solid basis of popularity. Those advantages which might have resulted to the youth of the United States in general, from a national university, seem to have been long enjoyed by the Virginians, who certainly owe a part of their preponderance in public affairs to their being very generally educated under the same professors—it enables them to add discipline to the force of numbers, and to act as it were in column against the loose array and scattered forces of their political antagonists.—I will now go back to my journal which finishes in my last with a promise to give you some account of an excursion my brother and I had made into the Pays de Vaud. Immediately behind Granson, which you will find on any map of Switzerland, is situated the little village of Giez, where our kinsman sir James K—passed a retired and blameless life of many years: he was heir at law to a good estate in Scotland, when in travelling through Switzerland he became smitten with the charms of a young lady of Berne, of good family but of small fortune and married her in oppo-

sition to the wishes and injunctions of his father: some years before, he had, as was pretended, made a promise of marriage to another person, and as the law of Scotland is far, if I may use a French expression, from understanding railery upon this subject, he was outlawed, and left at his father's death, with no other provision than an allowance of three hundred pounds a year, the estate passing to his younger brother, as if he had been physically dead.

I saw him when I was formerly in this country, and used to admire the cheerful resignation with which he bore his misfortunes. He had so nearly forgotten his native language that he preferred expressing himself in French, which he however spoke with so broad an accent, that it was sometimes difficult for his children to comprehend him.

There was something in the circumstance of us, Americans, passing a day with a number of relations, at the foot of Mount Jura, that was singular and almost romantick. They received and treated us with the greatest kindness and hospitality, in a house which bespoke a decent plenty, which is better than opulence; they talked over, but without bitterness, the injustice which the family had suffered in Scotland; they showed us the good old gentleman's picture done in his better days, with the family arms in one corner of it, and pointed out the oak tree, under the shade of which it had been his desire to be buried. Between the village and the lake is the field where the duke of Burgundy held his head quarters, and the stone is still distinguished on which, tradition says, he was seated, when he treacherously gave orders for the execution of the garrison of Granson; it is called, to this day,

the stone of evil counsel, and has remained a memorial of the duke's wickedness and folly, for upwards of three hundred years: you know what ample vengeance the Swiss took of him and his army afterwards; but the ossuary of Morat, in which the bones of the Burgundians had whitened for so many years, was destroyed by the French when they entered Switzerland. I can very well conceive their considering it as an object of evil omen, and so it might have been, had the Swiss continued united in these latter days, as they were in the 15th century. Ancient as well as modern history renders the whole of this country interesting. Yverdon and Orbe, every town, and almost every village we passed through, are known to have been Roman stations, and the road we travelled on was the same which was used in the time of the Cæsars.

Having parted with my brother at Giez, I returned to Geneva by the way of Vincy, but stopt for an hour at Allamans, which you will find on the map to the north of Rolle: upon a gentle eminence overlooking a little village, is an old family-house, there is a spacious garden annexed to it with a stream of water running through, and an ancient wood and a natural terrace of nearly a mile, with a river at the foot of it, which is seen to enter the lake; on the other side of the lake, the view, after reposing for a moment on the slope of the vineyards near Thonon, loses itself in the Alps. Such is Allamans, and, if to the circumstances I have mentioned you add, that it is in the midst of a high, healthy and well cultivated country, you will think it singular that the proprietor of such a place, who is also a man of very large fortune, should prefer passing his summer in Ge-

neva: but the revolution in the Pays de Vaud, which destroyed the remains of the feudal system, has produced a bitterness of animosity between the former seigneurs and their vassals, which must render the residence of a castle unpleasant.

The event has not however been as injurious to the former as I once imagined, the government of the Pays de Vaud proceeding with a degree of liberality, which is to be admired in revolutionary times, granted the seigneurs twenty years purchase of their allodial rights, reserving however, the tithes for themselves, and confounding very unjustly some cases of mortgages given at distant periods, with feudal tenures. As these indemnifications were made in what we should have called treasury incidents in America, and as there prevailed the same want of confidence in the government as originally with us, they have been very generally parted with and at a very great discount.

Vincy is the seat of a gentleman who married a grand daughter of sir James, and I felt myself here, as well as at Giez, in the house of a relation. It is in the finest part of La Côte, and situated in a manner to remind me very much of Belvoir. The mountain behind the house rises to about the same height and they look down upon the lake, as you do on the tops of pine trees; but after a space for a terrace before the door, and the garden ground, with a small portion of the mountain which furnishes fire-wood, the whole as far as the eye can reach, and down to the lake, is in a state of the highest cultivation and principally in vineyards.

Mr. de Vincy who served many years in Corsica, knew the present

emperour there, and used to lend him books as to a promising young man, that is, he used to permit him to come and read them at his quarters. The strangely brilliant fortune of this wonderful man, this emperour, has excited a great deal of curiosity and inquiry as to his earlier life, and I ought in justice to inform you, that he is generally represented, as having preserved a grave, and rather dignified demeanour; of having practised the virtues of obedience as an inferiour, before he began to command. He is expected here in the course of next month, and it may be in my power learn something interesting of his private life, which I may communicate to you without indiscretion. To judge of him by what I as yet know, he appears to be a man of singular talents and of great attainments, and yet deficient in that sort of plain, I might almost call it vulgar good sense, which makes no splendid figure in life, but which is so useful in the arrangement of our private concerns: he has had opportunities of acting either as Monk did in England, as Timoleon did in Syracuse, or as Washington did in America: perhaps the nation he served was capable of no situation in which such conduct would have placed it; but some semblance of liberty might have been left, some consolation for the horrors of the revolution might have been afforded to those, who have been the sufferers in the contest: recollecting the instability of fortune, he might have remained satisfied with being as great as Lewis XIV in all his splendour, he might have raised not humbled Spain, have left Holland the advantages of neutrality during the present war, respected the independence of Switzerland, and not trampled up-

on the powers of Germany; he might still have pursued the glorious policy of uniting Italy under one sovereign, without aggrandizing himself and his relations; and feeling superiour to the angry passions of the moment, he might have refrained from an act, which all men condemn, and which will lie heavy on his conscience to the end of life, unless, which you will say is very possible, I may have been misled in my opinion by publick report.

LETTER XLIII.

I am not very certain but that you will think I have already said too much of Geneva; but you are yet to wade through a particular account of their plan of education; and I will endeavour to make you acquainted with the state of science in its various branches here, as far as my opportunities and my knowledge will enable me to do so. The little too, which I have said of their political differences would admit of my adding considerably to that article, nor would it be difficult to attract your attention by some interesting descriptions; why, for instance, should we be made to admire the firmness of the Roman senators remaining in their places as the Gauls entered the city, and know nothing of the affecting sight which the magistrates of Geneva afforded, when seated in their robes of office across the streets, they stopt the march of a column of mutinous citizens? You must trample upon our bodies, they said, before you can approach your fellow-citizens with any hostile views. The sad scenes also which distinguish Tiberius and Caius Gracchus in Plutarch, have been acted over and over again in Geneva, and the last moments of many of the victims of those frightful pe-

nods have been such, as Plutarch would not have thought unworthy of being transmitted to posterity.

I will return to this subject hereafter perhaps, but will in the meantime give you some idea of a short tour which your —— and I are just returned from. Our object was to fill up the interval of a vacation at school in the most agreeable manner, and the result of the family council held upon the occasion was, that we should cross the Alps and go by Turin as far as Milan. Your —— was delighted at the prospect of seeing another nation, of hearing another language, of pursuing the road of Hannibal, and of breathing the air of Italy, which had produced so many great men; and I was to attend him as the Sybil does Æneas, in order to explain some things, and to give him a distinct idea of others, which he will better comprehend hereafter. The little village of St. Julien put me in mind of the sisters of St. Claire, who experienced a hospitable and affectionate reception there, when they were compelled to quit their convent in Geneva; and our first halt was at Frangy, which you will easily find, if you can prevail on yourself to spread a map of Savoy upon the table.

The inn was a castle of former days, and it still, even in its present degraded situation, retains somewhat of a castle-like appearance. I remembered stopping at the same house about seven and twenty years ago with two English gentlemen, one of whom is distinguished by Dr. Moore in his tour, by the letter H, which was the initial letter of his name; he was then, when we dined together at Frangy, a spritely, good humoured, handsome young man, of large fortune and still greater expectations; un-

fortunately for himself and for mankind, to whom he would have proved an ornament, he was desirous of distinction, but totally mistook the proper road which led to it; he lost his money at cards although he hated gaming, and drank to excess without any passion for liquor; he so managed, in short, that his fortune and his constitution expired together at the early age of five or six and twenty.

"'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool."

The little town of Frangy lies at the bottom of a circle of hills surrounding it like a funnel; these slopes have long been distinguished for the wine they produce, and which Rosseau says, contributed as much as the arguments of the curate to make him abandon the Protestant faith. The whole surface of the country resembles that of the ocean in a storm upon an immense scale; we found ourselves at one moment upwards of a thousand feet above the level of the lake of Geneva, and then the moment after nearly two hundred feet below it. We stopt at Rumilly for the night, after ascertaining the spot as we entered the town over a bridge, where two young people travelling in a chaise, were some years ago exposed to a frightful fall. The postillion perceiving that the impulse of the carriage would prevent his turning in time to reach the bridge, had left them to their fate on the brink of a precipice of upwards of sixty feet, down which they were precipitated so as to fall on the edge of the river—the horses were killed and the chaise crushed, but it had fallen on the top where there was an imperial filled with clothes, the shock had been by that means diminished, and the young people escaped unhurt.

As we arrived early in the evening we had time to walk about the town, and found a guide for that purpose in a well looking woman who had formerly, she told us, been a nun, and who carried us to the ruins of her convent; the church had been converted into a storehouse, and a detachment of gendarmes was in possession of what remained of the cells—this was a sight which our guide had not been yet rendered callous to, and I observed a sort of satisfaction in her eyes, when she told us of a fatal accident which had happened to one of the principal purchasers of the convent. She had known more sorrow during six years in the world she told me, than during fourteen in her former recluse life.

In continuing our route towards Aix we were soon, as you will perceive by the map, between two small lakes, that of Bourget, which we now and then got a glimpse of, and that of Annecy at a greater distance on our left. There is something extremely picturesque in the appearance of a lake surrounded by lofty mountains, that of Annecy in particular, the borders of which, though rising abruptly, are in the highest state of cultivation, and have excited the admiration of all travellers: that of Bourget extended most probably, in former times, as far as Chambéry, it is now about nine miles long, but forms a source of variety and amusement to the valetudinarians who take the water of Aix; we arrived at this little watering place before the service of the church had commenced; it was Sunday, and we were diverted at the arts of a religious mountebank: he was selling crosses of pewter, which had been blessed by the Pope, and finding the crowd of

peasants rather slow in purchasing, although he spoke with wonderful volubility, he took out a fiddle from under his cloak, and proposed to the assembly, that they should join him in a hymn. Orpheus himself could hardly have been more powerful; they now began to buy after the first two or three stanzas, and the whole stock of crosses were disposed of at the rate of six sous a piece before the hymn was finished.

Aix seems to have been a place of favourite residence in the time of the Roman empire, and to have been inhabited by opulent people; there are several remains of antiquity, and a set of vapour baths which might be restored to use at no great expense: many of the vats into which the water was received, and which were cased with marble, are still entire, as well as the tubes which conveyed the vapour; nothing struck me more than the size of the bricks made use of in this subterraneous edifice; they were in general of the dimensions of six by twelve inches, and seemed to have been materials worthy of those who built for posterity. Chambéry, so long the capital of Savoy, is a town of about ten thousand inhabitants, situated in a pleasant valley of well cultivated fields, without any great marks of opulence either within or around it. Rousseau has given a very interesting picture of the inhabitants in his time, and one naturally looks out for the Charmettes in descending by a noble road, from the upper part of which there is a prospect of the whole country. You know the life he led there with Madame de Warens, for whom I cannot feel as Arthur Young pretends he did: her good-nature was folly itself, and the most sacred of all names seems to have been applied in a very unworthy manner.

From Chambéri, where we remained but an hour or two, we passed on to Montmelian, and thence to Aiguebelle, where we stopped for the night. There have been several fatal instances in this country of parts of mountains which have suddenly given way and overwhelmed a portion of the plain; a league of country at a little distance from Chambéri still exhibits the effects of such a catastrophe, though it took place in the thirteenth century. Several villages were destroyed, and more would have shared their fate, had it not been for the interposition of our Lady of Mians, whose miraculous image may be still seen at a neighbouring church. Such at least was the publick opinion, and in a picture which relates to this event, the very devils who are supposed to have been the authours of the mischief, are made to bear testimony in confirmation of the miracle: Why do you not push on, says one of the devils, who was busy scattering fragments of the mountain, it is only a step from here to Chimay? Why, you blockhead, says the other, do you not see our Lady of Mians, who is ready to drive us back again?

The Castle of Montmelian exhibits a poor appearance of ruined works and dismantled towers, and as the road winds up the hill on the opposite side of the river, it is very easy to understand the grounds of Sully's confidence as to the facility of taking it; we thought of Sully again at Aiguebelle, but there are no traces upon the neighbouring mountain of the fort which he so gallantly made himself master of.

We now entered the narrow vallies of the Alps, the sides of which were cultivated and chief-

ly in vines, wherever a little interval of soil amid barren rocks, would admit of it, while the river Arck rolled along at the bottom bidding defiance to every species of navigation, and frequently rising from its natural limits to lay waste the narrow strip of low grounds which sometimes borders it. The great road which the French government is carrying on for the passage of the Alps begins hereabouts, and follows the course of the river. It will afford a safe and easy conveyance for troops and artillery, and the traveller in future times will hardly believe the accounts of those who have preceded him. But what are we to think of Hannibal, who made his way through this country with all the incumbrances of a large army and in opposition to the continued efforts of a fierce and warlike people?

I know there are various opinions as to the direction he took, but it added too much to the interesting nature of our journey, the believing ourselves passing over the same ground and in view of the same rocks and precipices which the Carthagenians did, not to agree with those, who are convinced that he crossed mount Cenis. The common tradition of the country is in favour of it, and even points out the places where the Carthagenians were attacked. The village of Solliers, which you will find on the map, is supposed to be about the place where the mountaineers made a desperate assault upon them, and where the great Hannibal must have passed a wretched night.

We now ascended almost continually through a savage country fit only for wolves and bears to roam at large in, and overgrown with mountain pine, the appear-

ance of scattered cultivation had ceased, and the rushing of torrents precipitating themselves from rock to rock was heard on all sides. Lanslebourg is a large village, altogether inhabited by muleteers and chairmen, who are at the service of those who wish to cross the mountain, and the traveller is saved both from their importunity and their imposition, by a system of police, which is strictly carried into execution.

For The Port Folio.

The University of Philadelphia in common with many of her learned sisters throughout the Union, annually sends out many laurelled sons, who, by the powers of genius, and the force of application, are qualified to adorn and benefit their country. By the benignity of one of the officers of the above respectable institution, we have been favoured with the following Academical effusion, which as the genuine production of the youth whose name it bears is certainly entitled to a very candid consideration. The Juvenile authour is ardent, sanguine, and impassioned, but these are the graces of his age, and, who, but the moroser powers will carp at the romantick sallies of youthful patriotism? The Seminary, whose honours he has lately received and deserved, is by no means disgraced by compositions of the following character. Much of what Mr. P. has advanced is true with respect to the improvement of the moderns, and the rest is plausible; at any rate, the oratour is sure to have a majority on his side. Whatever flatters the pride or soothes the self-complacency of our contemporaries will scarcely be perused with a frown.

AN ORATION

On the improvements of the 18th century,

COMPOSED AND DELIVERED BY
THOMAS F. PLEASANTS.

In conformity with the past tenour of human affairs there is nothing more liable to experience changes and to fluctuate in different periods than arts and science, among mankind. Thus by fre-

quent vicissitudes, are formed particular eras remarkably distinguished for eminence in the higher circles of literature.

The Alexandrian age among the Greeks, and the Augustan among the Romans, have been justly appreciated for the elevated station which was filled by learning and the laurels of honour with which they encircled her brow. The period of barbarism which ensued from the decline of Roman grandeur did not totally annihilate learning, but excluding it from society, confined it in cloisters and monasteries. The dissolution of the unrestrained oppression which the Pope exercised over Great Britain, again liberated the spirit of genius, and fired it with an eager impetuosity to resume the prosecution of its studies. At no previous period, did Science soar aloft with such rapidity. Anterior to the 18th century, the confused mass of matter, which escaped the ravages of barbarity, was hewn into its genuine and beautiful form; but it was the 18th century, which gave it a tinsel polish, and infused in it those new charms, which add considerably to the lustre of the old.

In the present state of society, the progress of literature has, if possible, surpassed the proficiency which was made in it by antiquity. Ever before the 18th century, the human mind seems to have been fettered to its distinct province, and confined to certain limits, which the Authour of Nature was thought to prescribe it; but now it has burst all restraints, overstept its ancient boundary, and appears to have mounted to a newly explored region, and mingled with a distinct species of creation.

The 18th century, therefore, merits the appellation of a scien-

tifick age, and claims preeminence in the temple of fame.

Among all the arts which have arisen at different times among mankind, none have ever received greater improvement, flourished in a higher degree of perfection, or produced more beneficial consequences than that of natural philosophy in the present period of the world. The daring spirit of man in his bold career has winged his flight to the celestial concave and discovered new regions which were unknown to former ages. The enlightened mind of Newton, Franklin, Herschell, and others, stimulated by a solicitous philanthropy, aspired at, and attained the honour of raising the human character to a nobler dignity and directing its pursuits through the pleasing fields of nature. Not content with investigating wonderful phenomena, they have ascertained their laws and the springs by which their operations are performed.

Before the blazing genius of Newton shone forth and guided mankind by the lights of reason, an opaque veil of obscurity shrouded the beauties of nature which delight by their contemplation, and concealed their utility which has so considerably alleviated the misfortunes and distresses of mankind. He, at one time, soaring on high, unbounded by the limits of humanity, scaled the lofty walls of heaven and revealed the mysterious arcana of nature; and at another, carefully prying into those subtle parts of creation, which, by their minuteness, escaped the observation of the keenest eye, found out those invisible beings which inspire the vital breath.

With the enterprising spirit characteristic of his country, the bold soul of Franklin stripped even the heavenly lightning, which scour-

ges the wild elements of nature, and rends asunder the congregated mass of worlds, of those awful terrors which it hurled among percipient beings, divested of those direful effects by which the noblest works of man were prostrated in the dust, and directed its vivid flash harmless through the air.

See on yon dark'ning height, bold Franklin tread,

Heaven's awful thunder rolling o'er its head,

Convolving clouds the billowy sky deform,
And fork'y flames emblaze the black'ning storm.

See the descending streams around him burn,

Glance on his rod, and with his guidance turn;

He bids conflicting heavens their blasts expire,

Curbs the fierce blaze, and holds th' imprisoned fire!

Herschell too, ambitious of emulating their glory and perpetuating his name in the memory of posterity, mounting on the swift wings of transcendent genius, has added a new world to the sun's revolving system, "and yields the lyre of heaven another string."

By the speculation of such philosophers it is, that an *indelible* certainty has been affixed to our knowledge, and practical conclusions established instead of probable suppositions. Those circumstances which were formerly deemed satisfactory, by inventing hypotheses unaided by reason, have now been either totally exploded or received rational or experimental sanction, and whatever was concealed from the acutest ingenuity of human conception has been expanded to the view of all inquiring minds.

But it is not in philosophy alone that the late century has improved the literary state of society. Never were the beauties of language more strikingly illustrated, nor the

fertile fields of rhetorick more successfully cultivated, than by many writers who have recently flourished. The genuine fire of modest genius and melodious beauty apparent in the writings of Addison, the pleasing instruction which he conveys, and the sublime sentiments which he impresses upon the mind have entitled him to the first situation among the authours of the age. The wonderful natural powers, with which the mind of Johnson was endowed, and the great acquirements which his own exertions have produced, have established his fame upon a permanent basis, not to be shaken by the capricious mutability of the opinions of men.

The celebrity of Locke stands unrivalled on the records of history, and affords an illustrious example of the dignity of man, since he has evinced such clearness in his conceptions, such accuracy in his reasoning, and such depth in his researches through the mazes of the mind.

The vast numbers in the catalogue of eminent authours who have, in this period, acquired a lasting reputation, are too great to require a particular enumeration.

The rapid elevation to which eloquence has been raised in the 18th century, transcends the anticipated hopes of her most sanguine zealots, holding in their view the degraded state from which she had just emerged. Her votaries, with seeming propriety, apprehended that eloquence was doomed to flutter on the surface of mediocrity, and scarce hazarded a faint belief that she would attempt to reach her ancient eminence. She has however, in the persons of Chat-ham and Burke, appeared clothed in the terrors of thunder and

arrayed in the sublimity of heaven ! She has stunned the ears of a corrupt ministry, terrified the heart of savage ferocity, and upon the rapid wings of fame has mounted to her zenith and animated all mankind by her powerful influence. Commanding the heart by the pathos of a Sheridan, pleasing the understanding by the imagery of an Erskine, and governing the passions by the insinuating address of a Pitt, or the irresistible torrent of a Fox, eloquence possesses unbounded sway over human affairs. A Patrick Henry bends to humanity the heart steeled and inflexible to tender sentiments, and actuates the throbbing pulsation in the vein of virtue. He meditates an unerring blow against tyranny and usurpation, and parries the dagger aimed at the fair breast of liberty.

The liberal spirit of the 18th century guarded with vigilant attention the progress of learning and spread its genial influence so extensively as to enlighten all classes and promote their happiness and independence.

Literature, being thus more equally distributed, and generous sentiments operating upon the mind produced a general emancipation, by curbing the domineering impetuosity of noblemen of high rank and dignity, yet tended in an extraordinary degree to soften the rude manners of the age, and introduce urbanity and refinement.

Thus we have observed that the scientific improvements of the 18th century have been extremely great, nor have the political improvements been less, nor been followed by less beneficial consequences.

The extensive field which has of late been appropriated for commerce, and the many nations,

which are now united by the ties of intercourse must necessarily have made a material alteration in the science of policy ; for the predominant dispositions of a people and their form of government, must, by the rules of nature, uniformly coincide : Thus, if man be born in a country where human nature is debased by servile bondage he implicitly submits to the overruling mandates of tyrannical oppression ; but, if he inhales the generous air of liberty, he opposes the *first* encroachment on his rights, and appeals to arms for the maintenance of national freedom.

Though new principles and motives actuated the cabinets and governments of the European nations, yet the most effectual mutation which political constitutions have undergone was reserved for another quarter.

The liberty of America, which was purchased at the price of the most valuable lives, was upon the verge of being sacrificed by our want of energy and our intestine dissensions. But the genius of our Washington hovered over it, and shielded it from danger.

He, with other illustrious patriots and statesmen, framed a constitution which shall be dearly cherished by every *native* American while virtue and heroism animate our souls and prompt our actions.

Posterity will record the magnanimity of our citizens, and future ages commemorate their virtues in having adopted such a masterpiece of policy, such a *perfect sample* of the refinement of man ! And if the line of our conduct forms a perfect coincidence with the rules prescribed by the constitution we may congratulate ourselves upon being the happiest of mankind

protected under the impenetrable shield of justice.

In every civilized quarter of the globe political and martial talents have copiously abounded, from the artful intrigues of European courts to the open candour of the American nation.

And in perusing the history of the 18th century, the heart of sensibility becomes chilled upon contemplating the black crimes which tarnish its page, and the horrid cruelties which have been perpetrated by licentiousness and ambition. Such events, however, afford no gratification to the mind, but on the contrary present a melancholy scene, and an affecting example of the depravity of man, and the degradation of his nature. We shall therefore silently pass them over under the impression that the improvement in the art of war is no improvement to the dignified nature of the human soul.

After having mentioned the great improvements which have been made in the 18th century, we think it a duty incumbent on us to acknowledge that we have in some respects sullied the fair character which a rational creature should possess.

Luxury is now gaining a great ascendancy over the human mind, and infusing its poison with an insinuating guile, through every fibre of the heart. Gradual is its progress ; but fatal its effect. Luxury undermined the Grecian power and reduced to ashes the towering might of Rome.

Unless, then, this cloud, which hangs over human affairs be immediately dispersed, and luxury avoided as a deluding phantom, which contaminates by its pestilential contact, the vast improvements which have been made will be entirely irrelevant, and the mind

of man, from the lofty regions to which it is raised, descend to grovel in ignominious ignorance.

For The Port. Folio.

MORTUARY.

DIED, on Thursday the 8th inst. in the 39th year of his age, **WILLIAM SANDFORD, Esq.** formerly of the Inner Temple, London. He came to this country in 1795, and for the last twelve years acted as an officer in the Bank of Pennsylvania, being the greater part of that time the first book-keeper. His abilities as an accountant rendered him eminently useful, while the urbanity of his manners, and the unbounded benevolence of his heart, commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

The circumstances attendant upon the close of this excellent man's life are somewhat remarkable; evincing, in a very striking manner, the uncertainty of all sublunary prospects and expectations; and at the same time the blessed influence of genuine Christianity in qualifying the human mind to receive the summons of death, however sudden, with tranquillity and resignation.

Mr. SANDFORD's unwearied assiduity and incorruptible integrity in executing the duties of his appointment, induced the Directors of the Bank to reward his fidelity and zeal by placing him in a situation of greater responsibility, of less labour, and more emolument. With this view, he was unanimously chosen CASHIER of the BRANCH BANK, to be established at EASTON in this state. But, on the very day before his intended departure from this city, he was seized by a violent and invincible

disease, which, in the course of eight days, notwithstanding the utmost exertions of medical skill, effected the separation of his soul from the body.

The writer of this article visited him during his illness,—at the time when his physicians announced the certainty of his approaching dissolution,—and, just before it actually took place. Throughout the whole of this awfully interesting period, Mr. SANDFORD preserved the most undisturbed serenity of mind, and viewed the advance of death, not only with *Christian* resignation, but with a degree of exhilarating confidence, and holy exultation, which nothing but the animating influence of that divine religion could inspire. Conscious of an habitual conformity to its precepts, and of a uniform observance of the rites and attendance upon the worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which he was a zealous and exemplary member, he was always ready to "give an account of his stewardship;" and has doubtless, therefore, now "entered into the joy of his Lord." After bidding an affectionate farewell to his afflicted wife, children, and surrounding friends, he expired in the full possession of all his rational powers, and immediately after uttering this triumphant exclamation: "Oh! what a glorious place I am going to! May I meet you all there!"

Let the *deist* or *infidel* seriously contemplate such unequivocal attestations of the heavenly efficacy of our holy faith; and he must be convinced, that though the pride of human reason may, in some instances excite a stoical apathy, or affectation of frigid indifference about the termination of our existence here, *Christianity* alone can elevate its true disciples above the

natural fears of dissolution, and enable them, "rejoicing in hope," calmly to submit to the severest abrubtion of earthly happiness, and even to the extinction of human life; well knowing, that "the things which are seen," though in the highest possible degree accommodated to the promotion of our temporal felicity, "are not worthy to be compared to the glory which shall be revealed to," and the bliss which shall be conferred upon, "those who live Godly in Christ Jesus," when the fetters of mortality shall be broken, and "the spirit shall return to God who gave it."

Let the *cold and careless professor* of Christianity be assured, that a profession of faith in that religion, without the profession of its virtues, and the practice of its duties, will but increase his condemnation: for, "If," said the divine authour of Christianity, "I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak (or excuse) for their sin." (John 15, 22.) And, therefore, saith St. Peter "It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it to turn from, or disregard, the holy commandments delivered to them." 2 Pet. 2, 21.

And, let the *sincere and zealous Christian* be encouraged by such examples as the present to persevere in the path of righteousness; convinced that it will finally conduct him into the Paradise of God.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Num. 23, 10.

From the Providence Gazette.

THE ADELPHIAD.

"Tis to the Press and Pen we mortals owe

"All we believe, and almost all we know."

If ever Solomon erred, it was in not carrying his idea far enough, when he said, there is no difference between a man and a beast. The prophet Isaiah seems more properly "to have hit the nail," as Partridge says, "*ad ungurum*," when he gives beasts the preference. *The ox, saith he, knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.* We enjoy the blessings and benefits of life, without any gratitude to the *inventors* or *discoverers* of them—indeed without bestowing a single thought on the subject: De Guignes has searched, and laboured, and written in vain. Next to articles of the first necessity, the *greatest benefit* that ever was conferred on mankind, was the art of PRINTING—yet the greatest readers are, generally, unconscious of their obligations to the inventors of that noble art, or to those who now continue the practice of it.

Before the discovery of Printing, books were in very few hands; they were copied by writers at an almost infinite expense of labour and of time; and a person who wished for information on any particular subject, was obliged to travel till he found a work, in some library, which contained the particulars he desired to be acquainted with. It was a prodigious undertaking of Plutarch to collect the materials for his *Lives*, which he compiled with so much ability and integrity. Other learned men were exposed to similar inconveniences.

As to the inventor of the art of Printing, the learned are divided in opinion. The cities of Mentz, Strasburg and Harlem, contend with equal zeal for the honour of having produced him. The cause of John Mantel, of Strasburg, was zealously espoused by a French physician of the same name, who supposed he invented Printing A. D. 1442. The cause of John Guttemberg, of Mentz, is espoused by Polydore Virgil, Pasquier and others. Naude, &c. contend for John Fust (commonly called

Faust) of the same place—but Boxhornius, Schrevelius and others are the champions of Koster, of Harlem—from whom some say that Guttemberg, and others that Fust, stole the printing materials. The advocates for Fust ground their opinion on the circumstance of his name being in the Latin bible printed anno 1462—and to Tully's offices in 1465. But the advocates for Koster produce the proof of books, now at Harlem, which were printed by him in 1430 and 1432; and they say that it is evident that the work called *De Spiegel Onser Behædinge*, could not be Koster's first essay. Before that time he must have practised on loose sheets, some of which, without date, are in the library of the King of England at St. James's, and others in the Bodleian library at Oxford. These specimens are the rudest of any which are extant, and form no inconsiderable argument in favour of Koster's being the original inventor. But the honour of inventing *single metal types* belongs to Schoeffer, the servant, son-in-law and partner of John Fust, of Mentz; so that I should conceive he ought be considered as the *real inventor* of Printing; the *wooden cuts* of the other competitors having been of but little use, and such a method of Printing was known in China time immemorial: however, as there was not, at that period, any intercourse between Europe and China, it is altogether probable that neither Mantel, Guttemberg, Fust or Koster, derived any information from that quarter.

I have on a former occasion, mentioned the *Codex Argenteus*, in the library of Upsal, in Sweden, concerning which I expected to have found some valuable information in Carr's Northern Summer: but I have been disappointed. Mr. Carr says, it is richly illuminated with "large silver and some golden letters, which have been made by the brush." Mr. Carr, confessedly, is not an antiquary; but the antiquary Ihre supposed this work was stamped with

hot metal types, in the manner the backs of books are lettered. If the opinion of Ihre is just, here is an instance of Printing in the fourth century; this *Codex Argenteus* being a translation of the four gospels made by Ulphilas, the apostle of the Goths, That work was at Prague when Printing was practised by Fust, &c. but I cannot say that they were acquainted with it. It is more probable they laid the plan of their designs; from the works of Maso Finiguerra, Baccio Baldini, Sandro Botticelli, Antonio del Pollaiuolo, of Florence, and other Italian engravers, who brought that art to a considerable degree of perfection in the fourteenth century. If this should have been the case—and it is highly probable—no wonder the German and Dutch printers did not settle the point among themselves, who it was that *invented* printing—they probably knew that neither of them invented it; for it is said that Finiguerra, the first engraver, "pressed a piece of damp paper on his engraving with a small wooden roller, and the engraving on the metal remained imprinted on the paper, just as if it had been designed with the pen." The only alteration the Germans made in this business, was to cut their letters in wood: therefore I am far from being convinced, that either Mantel, Guttemberg, Fust or Koster, has any *just* title to be considered as the inventor of printing. To Schoeffer, however, we must concede the invention of the method of printing by means of the single metal types, which is in fact the *soul*, or by far the most valuable part of the art. From Germany the art of printing was carried into all the countries of Europe, except Turkey.—There it was allowed from 1730 to 1740; but was not finally established at Constantinople till 1784. William Caxton, an English merchant, who had long been in Germany, took over to England Frederick Corseilles, who understood the printing business; and he established a Press at the University of Oxford, about the

year 1470. The first book printed in English was the history of Troy.

No one could have calculated *a priori* the immense and lasting benefits the world has received from the art of printing. Within a century from the time it was invented, it produced the reformation; it being impossible longer to keep the scriptures and other books out of the hands of the laity, who before that time were profoundly ignorant. Printing laid the *book of knowledge* open to all descriptions of people, and rescued the world from the dimness and obscurity of what are called the *dark ages*. In those times the appearance of learned men was nearly as rare as that of the great comet—but since the era of printing, they have increased so as to have acquired the appellation of the *learned world*: and there is no one so poor, but he may enjoy the gift of Hermes, or obtain a draft from the spring of Pieria. The enemies of Christianity talk of the trifling effect it had on the manners of its votaries.—They say that “the martial principles of Odin triumphed over the peaceable laws of Christ; and that Christendom was in a state little short of barbarism—that the crusaders, the most zealous assertors of the Gospel cause, thought they should do God service by cutting the throats of the Saracens, whom they considered as infidels.” The fact is, they were unacquainted with the *principles* of the gospel, *because they were illiterate*. Lord Lyttleton says, that in the reign of King Stephen, it was a mark of nobility *not to know a letter*; but since printing has diffused a knowledge of the *true principles of Christianity*, the condition of man has been meliorated, and is now in a state of progressive improvement. Such excrescences as Robespierre, or the Corsican Goth, are merely as the nebulae on the disk of the sun—defects which wear away and vanish in the course of time. In respect to knowledge, it is from the *Press* that we derive the greatest part of it—

and the *Press* is the creator of nearly all our great literary characters. Had printing been unknown, our renowned Dr. FRANKLIN had been unknown also. Had he been anything but a printer, it is probable he never would have improved the principles of Beccaria and the Abbe Nollet, so as to draw lightning from the clouds, to the astonishment and admiration of mankind, *and to the lasting honour of our country*.

But the time would fail me to tell all the great and manifold advantages we receive from printing. Suffice it therefore to observe, that no one has made greater progress towards rendering the art of printing perfect, than *W. Caslon*, a self-taught letter-founder in England. To delineate the gradual improvements of this art, would carry me far beyond the bounds assigned to this essay—and perhaps prove tedious to the reader.

Z.

In looking over a file of old papers, we met with the following facetious little poem, addressed to a certain class of political characters of that day by a writer in the “*Western Telegraph*,” under the name of the “*Scots-Irishman*.” We are induced to republish it, for its ingenuity and pleasantry.

THE SCOTS-IRISHMAN.

TO THE
SMA' FEDERALISTS.

“neither sea
Nor good dry land.”

MILTON.

Awa' frae me, ye wav'ring tribe!
Your hums an' has I canna bide—
Ye just can scud 'lang wi' the tide,
Wi' wind in tail;
But ye're na fit the ship to guide
In adverse gale.

Altho' ye ken fu' well the port,
Instead o' steering straight gate for't,
O' ilka pop'lar breeze the sport,
Ye'd hing an' swither;
Till, in destruction's gulf absorpt,
Ye'd sink forever.

Or, falling on a dang'rous coast,
'Mang rocks, an' shoals, an' shipwrecks
tost,
Whare ilka frightfu' sp'rit an' ghost
Shrieks frae the shore,

Ye'd still *doubt on*, till ye'd be lost
For evermore.

Sill unconfirm'd by proof or fact,
Ye'd dosing lie in danger's lap,
Unheeding compass, chart or map;
Or dreaming stan';
Ay hoping to find out the track
To *Fairy-land*.*

Fræ your weak han's Lord keep the helm!
For should misfortune come pell mell on,
An' wild confusion us owerwhelm,
Poor feckless crew!
Ilk ane maun strive to save himsel, then—
Not look to you.

Instead o' scouring up your swords,
Ye listen to deceitfu' words,
The dolefu' screams o' rav'nous birds,
Wha hope ane day
That ye an' a' the land affords
Will be their prey.

Ye hear what baith sides hae to say;
Sometimes turn this, sometimes that way,
Like ass between twa wisps o' hay;
Your mind's a road,
On which opinions pass an' stray,
But find na' abode.

When *Harper* pours his manly sense
In a strong tide of eloquence,
Ye think round property *a fence*
'Twere best to draw,
'Gainst those wha pay nae reverence
To right nor law.

But, whan sleet *Gallatin* does growl
About *th' expense*, wi' ruefu' scowl,
I'll lay it charms ye to the soul
To hear him *squall*,
Like that ill hoding bird the owl'
On ruin'd wall.

"Peace, peace," ye cry, "an' moderation
Will be maist useful to the nation,
By handing in a middle station,
Between the parties."

But ane may judge, by your profession,*
WHICH WAY YOUR HEART IS.
Gif ever things come to a push,
Well con'd I tell (but I will hush)

* Their attachment to Jacobin principles, by which are meant the doctrines of *equality, sovereignty of the people, and right of resistance*, which, unless exploded from all free, and legitimate governments no regular system of civil liberty can have long duration—Order and the absolute reign of the laws, which are the very soul of republics, can never be established. Chaos must forever overspread the political world,

Which side ye uppermost would wish:
Sure ye'll declare
For *philanthrophick hug an' buss*—
I'll say nae mair.

Or, may be, wish to stan' in sight,
(Judging the *strongest* side the right)
An' quietly see the parties fight
Till ane prevail;
Syne, smack! to fa' wi' a' your might
On them wha fail.

Mayhaps I'm wrang—I dinna ken—
Some o' ye may be honest men,
On wham *the people* do depen';
But, shame fa' me,
Gif T'd na trust ould *Nicky Ben*,†
As soon as ye.

I am a plain, rough kind o' cheil,
Wha canna *craftily* conceal
What in my mind I strongly feel;
Gif I abuse ye,
Ye are sa MEEK, I ken fu' well
That ye'll excuse me.

THE WINGS OF LOVE.

Translated from the French.

'Tis said Love flies;—whence came his wings?

The boy was born with no such things,
For innocence would never rove,
And wings were useless then to Love:
Nor did they shoot up as he grew,
For Infancy is fond and true:
Thus, still unfledg'd, he reach'd the age
When tender sighs the heart engage,
For Constancy will ever prove
The sister fair of youthful Love:
But soon as e'er one balmy kiss,
From Chloe's lips, had seal'd his bliss,
And taught his little heart to leap,
The callow-points began to peep.
Another kiss!—the callow points
To pinions sprout with downy joints.
Kiss follows kiss!—two days, 'tis said,
Full plumage o'er the pinions spread.
In fine, he talk'd and woo'd so well,
He gain'd much more than I shall tell.
Soon as his power the Urchin knew,
He proudly clapt his wings and flew.

and mankind will finally revert to that state of savage independence, and self-government, which we see our Indian neighbours so *happily* enjoy, and which some *humane* modern philosophers have preferred to the blessings of civilized society.

† An old name for Satan—This gentleman's character is, at least, a *decided* one.

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(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 184.)

LETTER XLIV.

WE could not bear that there should be but a few miles between us and a prospect of Italy, and determined to ascend the mountain on the evening of our arrival at Lanslebourg. We had figured to ourselves some projecting rock from which Hannibal might be supposed to have pointed out the fertile plains below to the impatient curiosity of his soldiers; but no such rock appeared; we found ourselves on a plain when we ascended, and this terminated by a gentle slope in a very pretty lake of between three and four miles in circuit. There was still some snow on the plain, but in

small masses, and there was the commencement of a most luxuriant vegetation.

I have mentioned to you before, that the lake of Geneva is twelve hundred and forty feet above the sea; Lanslebourg is three thousand three hundred and eighty two feet above the lake of Geneva, and the plain of mount Cenis is about two thousand two hundred feet above Lanslebourg, so that the little Inn where your ——— and I found a bed for the night, is nearly seven thousand feet higher than the level of the sea.

We began to descend at a very early hour the next day, and found time to admire the great efforts which the labourers upon the new road were making under the direction of a skilful engineer: Our guide pointed out to us also a sharp rock of prodigious height far upon our left, on the pinnacle of which, is a Chapel dedicated to Notre dame de la Neige, whose image has been long renowned for

many miraculous cures, this holy image is still visited and adored by great numbers, in the month of August particularly, notwithstanding the fatal accidents which this dangerous pilgrimage has given rise to: two thousand persons have been seen there at a time, and as there is only room on the point of the rock for the Chapel, and within the Chapel for the Priest who officiates, the congregation is in clusters, as they can best place themselves, like pigeons, on a housetop: the priest whose mode of life may be supposed to have rendered him less expert in climbing, is generally assisted in the ascent and descent by a rope about his body; but it frequently happens, that some one, whom devotion has ceased to inspire, either falls asleep during the service, or makes a false step, or remains too late to find the way home, and is precipitated into the abyss. With a view of saving these pious people from danger, the government had the holy image removed to Sura, a few years before the revolution, but it was missing the next morning from the Sanctuary, where it had been deposited with all due reverence, and was found precisely in the niche it had formerly occupied: so at least are all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood persuaded, nor can they of course have the smallest doubt of the divine interposition on the occasion. I saw another Chapel similarly situated on the Savoye side of the Alps, to which it was customary, I was informed, to convey such infants as die without baptism, and whom the tenderness of their parents very naturally endeavoured to rescue from the penalties which the Roman church denounces in such cases: the child, after some time past in prayer by the

attendants, and after the proper gifts have been placed on the altar, is always seen to give some sign of life, and this however small, is always such as justifies the immediate administration of baptism. It is interesting to observe how the human mind takes refuge in one absurdity from the consequences of another. You will find in the celebrated letters of Doctor Middleton from Rome, an account of these two Chapels, and some observations on the tendency which men in all ages have manifested to acts of worship on high places: but it is to be regretted, I think, that the degree of enthusiasm, which the mind so generally experiences in the pure air of lofty mountains, should be perverted to the purposes of superstition. We are now in Italy; to the bleak rocks and snowy extremities which surrounded the plain of mount Cenis, succeeded the verdant fields and vineyards of the neighbourhood of La Novaleze, and a softness and sweetness in the air not unlike the refreshing breezes of the sea after a hot day. You will find an account of Piedmont in any history of modern Europe, and will learn how the Dukes of Savoye were first entitled to a portion of that fertile country, and how they had been able to add one province to another.

It was the opinion of Victor Amadeus, that all Italy might be got possession of in some manner, with the precaution which a man exercises when he eats an artichoke of taking it leaf by leaf. The private history of that great Prince is also very interesting. He had rendered the most eminent services to his people, he had aggrandised his dominions, and added a regal title to the hereditary honours of his family, but his arts

of cunning and intrigue had re-toiled on himself, he was under the necessity of abdicating, in order to get clear of contradictory engagements, and having afterwards expressed a desire to reassume his former station, and taken some measures to ensure success, he was torn from his bed at midnight and shut up in a Castle; nothing which has been alleged in vindication of his son, has made me cease to think, with execration of his conduct on this occasion.

The Alps terminate by a much more rapid descent on the side of Piedmont than of Savoye, after which, the traveller finds himself in a plain, which is by no means the case on the other side, where the surface of the earth for a considerable distance might be compared to the enormous waves of some great ocean in a storm: on both sides, the effects of an immense body of water in rapid motion at some distant period of time are very apparent from circumstances which my former descriptions, if you have not forgotten them, will suggest to you. As soon as the charm of breathing the air of Italy had a little subsided, I began to be struck with the knavery and imposition of the few people we had anything to do with, with the number of beggars in the small towns, and with the apparent poverty and wretchedness of the inhabitants, in what appeared one of the most fertile countries I had seen, where agriculture and the science of irrigation (and I think it deserves the name of science) seemed so well understood.

The Piedmontese countenance is very generally an animated one, but it too generally seems connected with that sort of imagination which would make a man an active member of a troop of banditti;

hundreds might sit for the picture of Gil Blas's Captain Rolando. Those I saw at work in the fields were generally ragged and had a hungry look; one poor man was ploughing with a miserable horse, and a little half-starved cow fastened to the same yoke: The drivers of carts and waggons were generally fast asleep on their loads. We now began to study the language, as Dean Swift somewhere mentions his studying poetry, and though the Piedmontese be but a sort of half Italian, it was impossible not to remark its superiour melody over the French of the other side of the Alps. We passed through Suze, once distinguished for its Citadel, but this famous Brunetta, this key of the Alps, has been laid in ruins during the late war and exhibits a most dreary appearance; we next passed through St. Antonin and stopped for a night at St. Ambrosio, where the church though small appeared to your ——— and myself the very perfection of architecture. There were some good pictures too, over the several altars, and we were now, we felt ourselves, in a country, where the arts had long been cultivated. The valley which had gradually widened, was here about a mile and a half across, and the two projecting branches of the Alps were seen to terminate abruptly.

Mr. De Saussure, to whom I am indebted for everything that approaches an appearance of science in my descriptions, has described both these eminences with his usual accuracy. On mount Musinet which is to the left of the traveller who leaves the Alps, he found a great many pieces of a sort of stone, which though perfectly opaque to appearance, is rendered transparent by being dipt

in water. Doctor Johnson would have called it hydrophanous, and he would have found some other epithet to express its being also rendered transparent when exposed to the action of fire: it would in either case afford a very happy emblem of a drunken or an angry man, who discloses all he has upon his mind. On the opposite mountain, which is called mount Picherriano, stand the very respectable remains of the Abbey of St. Michael, the monks of which having refused to submit to some new regulations towards the end of the sixteenth century, and change their mode of living, which was thought too worldly and luxurious, were removed to other convents, and their Abbey deserted. I have seen nothing in Europe more calculated to impress the mind with awe than this ancient religious house seated on a pinnacle which rises full sixteen hundred feet perpendicularly above the streets of St. Ambrosio. The church is in very good repair, and a great part of the Abbey habitable; from about the centre of it there descends a stair case between a double row of tombs into a spacious vault below, and there, placed on a projection from the wall, are seen the dead of former times in the habit of their order; they are such probably as were removed from the tombs where they were first placed, in order to make room for others of their brethren, and the bones which are scattered about the immense floor, show that the removal was frequently destructive to what remained of the human frame in these wretched objects; a venerable Benedictine has chosen this place for his residence, and stays here through the year with another individual who rings the bell of the church at cer-

tain hours and assists the good man in celebrating mass. He is said to be in comfortable circumstances, and to receive with great hospitality such as choose to visit him. What a fine scene would this Abbey have afforded Mrs. Radcliffe! she might have described a traveller as taking shelter there in a stormy night, and as wandering down the great stair-case with one solitary taper; a gust of wind might have extinguished this taper, and in the midst of a noise of desolation over head from repeated peals of thunder, and the howling of the storm; the succeeding flashes of lightning might have disclosed this scene of horror to his astonished eyes. It is not unworthy of remark that Mr. DeSaussure found several pebbles of various sorts of stone upon this eminence, and that they all appeared to have been rolled along in some current of water.

The approach to Turin is by a level road which was formerly shaded by a double row of trees, but the greater part of them have been sacrificed at different times to the wants of the French or Russians, who were quartered in the neighbourhood during the war. Turin, which is interesting from its great antiquity, which was besieged and taken by Hannibal, and relieved by Prince Eugene so many centuries after, and which the Princes of Savoye had adorned with many stately buildings, and all the appendages of a court, has long been distinguished as the residence of several eminent artists: it is a very handsome place of seventy or eighty thousand souls. The greater part of the streets cross each other at right angles and as the houses of the one by which we entered, were set off by tapestry let down from

the windows in honour of the Fête Dieu, we thought it by far the most superb city we had seen in Europe. We joined the crowd at mass in the great church, and stood behind the soldiers who were drawn up as it passed: such pomp of exterior worship, such paganism, and so little devotion, quite put me out of conceit with the Roman Catholick system, and the coarse jokes of the soldiers, who were kept from their dinner, expressed how little they felt themselves concerned in what was going on, or respected the occasion of their being under arms.

LETTER XLV.

You cannot expect that I should attempt to describe a place which I staid but two day at; I must refer you therefore as I did in the South of France, to some printed account, which you may easily procure, and will only say a word of two of the Superga. This is an elegant church built on a high hill in the neighbourhood of Turin, it is much admired for the architecture, for the handsome pillars which support the dome, and for the pictures and statues which it contains. In the vault below, which on any other occasion might pass for a handsome place of worship, are the tombs of several of the Kings of Sardinia. That of Victor Amadeus attracted our attention above all, both from admiration of that great Prince, who contributed so much to enlarge the possessions of which his posterity has been despoiled, and for the admirable sculpture which adorns it. Your — was particularly struck with the beauty and perfection of a female figure, which is meant to represent religion. It has indeed all the noble simplicity which best adorns that daughter of heaven,

but he did not like that the emblems which are held out as characteristic of divinity, should be a wafer and a cup.

From the cupola or top of the dome, the view is carried over an extensive country either of plains or of moderate hills, and is bounded on two sides by the Alps, where the various passages by which different armies have entered Italy from the time of Hannibal to that of Bonaparte, may be easily and accurately traced; a variety of towns and villages are also spread out under the observer, or appear to bound the horizon; he easily distinguishes the eminence in the neighbourhood of Turin, where the French headquarters were, when Prince Eugene attacked them, and the attendant will point out to him the palaces which were once the pride of the royal house of Savoye, but which are now the residence of persons, whom fortune seems to be amusing herself with, as the Sultan does with the hospitable Hasan in the Arabian Night's Entertainments.

Though the government of this country was acknowledged even at the time of its existence, to be mild and paternal, there must have been some defects in the administration, or surely the inhabitants would not have submitted after so short a defence; a degree of republicanism had perhaps sprung up amid the mercantile opulence of Turin; and it is certain, that the officers of the royal army, had rendered themselves odious by treating all other professions with contempt; these, added to the love of change so natural to the human mind, were materials, which the poison of French principles, inculcated with all the energy of successful warfare, was

well calculated to work upon. The Sovereign himself was a good man, but weak and bigoted to excess, and the politicks of his ally the Emperour of Germany, were those of a cold-hearted, selfish individual. What would you think of a master of a vessel, who before he relieved another in distress, were to stipulate for a third or a half of the cargo? We went to the play at night, it happened to be the *Glorieux of Destouches*, which was miserably misunderstood and ill represented, and I was shocked, as I am at every French play, with the multiplied absurdities that arose from the authour's determination to preserve the unity of place.

From Turin, we made a short day's journey to Cigliano, and entering the new Italian Kingdom near Vercelli, proceeded through Novarra and Buffalona to Milan: There is no part of Europe perhaps where the rivers are more destructive in their inundations than in Italy, and yet none where the inhabitants know so well how to avail themselves of water in the cultivation of their lands; where a stream descends from neighbouring mountains, it is generally with great rapidity, and it is easy if the means and knowledge is possessed, to give such a direction to a portion of it, as with less fall, will carry it gently along to any part of the country where it may be wanted; the canals which have been constructed for this purpose in Italy, serve also in many instances, as a mode of conveyance for merchandise, and for the produce of the soil; in rising from the low grounds of the Sesia, we passed three of them at the distance of some hundred yards from each other; they were like artificial rivers more than canals, and must in the course of their

return to the parent stream communicate the benefits of irrigation to a prodigious extent; they afford also a great facility to the establishment of various sorts of mills. One advantage which the Italians derive from the diffusion of water, is the facility of cultivating rice. Their mode of culture is a very different one from that practised in Carolina, the grain being sown at broad cast, and the land kept continually flowed; to this subject however, and to the other sorts of culture which I could judge of myself, or obtain any information about, I mean hereafter to devote a letter or perhaps two, and will only observe at present that the neighbourhood of rice fields seems as unfavourable to health in Italy, as it is in Carolina.

The labouring people both in Piedmont and in the Milanese make a more miserable appearance than our negroes; they are as badly clothed, and scarcely eat meat from one year's end to another. They are none of them indeed owners of the soil they till, and but very few hold their farms directly of the proprietor; a middle man steps in between, and he, as you may suppose, has his fortune to make, and the expense of some luxury to defray: great possessions or large farms may and do contribute to many improvements in canals, in machinery, and in the breed of cattle, but they leave a large portion of mankind very miserably provided for: you will see this subject which I confess I understand but very imperfectly, well treated by Arthur Young.

If you trace us on the map, you will perceive that our road on the confines of Piedmont and Milanese, led through a country of many rivers: these are generally crossed on bridges of boats, and

are extremely rapid; the Tesino is particularly so, and the neighbouring low grounds have all the appearance of being frequently overflowed: it was upon the banks of this river that the first action took place in Italy between the Carthaginians and the Romans; the astonishment of the Consul Scipio in hearing that Hannibal had crossed the Alps, must have been still greater than that of the Austrian General in 1801, and nothing could be more precipitate than his conduct: the Austrian General on the contrary appears to have reposed in fatal security, and had already lost some of his artillery of reserve, and his principal hospitals, before he seems to have believed that he should be attacked. After all, the battle of Marengo, is still an inexplicable event, the French were certainly defeated during the greater part of the day, nor is it possible to account for the despair and consternation of the Austrians the day after. A great many stories are told which remind me of those that circulated in America after the defeat of Count de Grasse; and this battle of Marengo, will, in all probability, be as great a mystery to posterity as it is to us. Providence which intends, and which always in the end, establishes what is best, proceeds by means best known to itself, and by ways, which to our feeble comprehension, are all mystery and contradiction. Not far from the field of battle of Scipio and of Hannibal, and probably near the village of Ro, which we passed through a few days afterwards on the road from Milan to Sesto, was the scene of Marius's great victory over the Cimbri; you may read the particulars in Plutarch, and can easily suppose how much a reference to

such events in history renders a journey more interesting.

It has been the hard fate of the people of the Milanese that their country has been for ages an object of contest to the greater powers of Europe, while they have possessed hardly any more means, or expressed any more inclination of taking part upon the occasion, than a parcel of frogs do, when two bulls are fighting in the neighbouring meadow. It is certain at least, that they have patiently submitted to be trampled upon by both parties.

We found the roads good, and the inns tolerable; there had been several robberies committed the year before, but every danger of that sort was supposed to be now at an end, though we met the Gendarmerie once or twice conducting prisoners along to a place of trial; some of these wretches had such abominable countenances that they haunted our imagination for several days afterwards, and particularly when we were later than usual in arriving at our inn. Our driver showed us a place not far from the Tesino, where the Diligence had been fired on two years ago; the coachman, a postillion, and the guard with three inside passengers were killed, but the horses taking fright, ran away with the carriage to the next posthouse, and thus saved a considerable sum of money which had been the object of the villains who fired. The inns, as I said, are tolerable, they are generally very large buildings with long corridors, which give privacy to the rooms, and a balcony in front, and as to the living, it did for hungry travellers who piqued themselves upon not being very delicate. The dishes generally contained what appeared like scraps, and I do not believe that

a joint of meat in any shape whatsoever was a thing ever heard of out of the butcher's shop.

As I was walking along the balcony of one of these inns, I met with a French general of division, who seemed a well behaved and well informed man: we spoke of the revolution, which he had served in from the beginning. La Fayette, he said, was unfit for the part he undertook; but *this man* had a strong head and a transcendent genius: two crowns in so short a time was what the world had never witnessed before, and all Italy was at his disposal. I asked what was the political liberty so solemnly promised to the Italians at the late coronation? What it consisted in and how it was secured? They were words of course he said to which the people themselves attached no meaning. He spoke a little English, and talked of Thomson and Pope, like a man who had read these authours, but he astonished me by asking whether the Americans were really an independent sovereign people or not. I fancy we are not so much the objects of attention and admiration on this said of the ocean; as we are apt to imagine.

We now approached the ancient city of Milan over a well cultivated plain, but I saw no country seats and met with no travellers; there were some loaded carts and waggons, the drivers of which, or rather they who ought to have been the drivers, were fast asleep, and a few people at work in the fields who looked wretchedly. The sound of the French language was no longer heard, and we were struck with the soft terminations and melodious flow of the Italian whenever we passed a village, and heard persons conversing. A beggar asking charity made use of

words which seemed to command it, and even the accents of a coachman talking to his horses were delightful; they were such as a lover might be satisfied to make use of in pouring out his heart to his mistress. I began by degrees to recollect the little I had formerly learnt of Italian, and we made out better than you would imagine.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN LOCKE.

This memorable person was of ancient and respectable descent; but he derived little from ancestry, in comparison of the services he rendered his name and nation. He was born August 29, 1632, in a mean house, near the church of Wrington, Somersetshire, where his mother was unexpectedly seized with labour, as she was passing to her husband's seat at Pensford. After a domestick education for some years, he was at length sent to Westminster school, and thence to Christ-church, Oxford, where he pursued his studies with unremitting assiduity; but the peculiar turn of his mind was strongly marked, and he was more admired than beloved, and more the object of wonder than an example for others. His attention was principally directed to the study of physick, intending it perhaps for his future profession; but legislation and metaphysics engaged no small share of his time and attention. Indeed his health suffered considerably by his exertions. He left Oxford as secretary to sir William Swan, envoy to the court of Brandenburg, and thence accompanied the earl of Northumberland; afterwards he attended lord chancellor Shaftesbury as secretary, who placed him at the Board of Works, with a salary of 500*l*. However, he held these employments but a little while. Sir William Swan returned; lord Northumberland died at Turin; Shaftesbury lost the seals; and the Board of Works was suppressed. Previous to

this period, he had published his Work "On the Human Understanding," and he now renewed his attack on the Aristotelian system; but a consumptive habit compelled him to seek the genial air of Montpellier, where he continued his correspondence with those worthy men Sydenham and Mapletoft. Lord Shaftesbury, when restored to office, invited his return, and in six months that profligate nobleman fled for safety to Holland, whither Locke accompanied him. Proscribed by James II, he remained in concealment until he sailed with William III, for England. As a commissioner of appeal in the Exchequer, he received 200*l.* per annum; and he had the offer of an envoyship in Germany, which was much beneath his merit. Ill health and disgust induced him to seek an asylum at Oates, in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis Masham, which he left for three years on being appointed one of the commissioners of trade and plantations; but he returned again to Oates, where he breathed his last October 28, 1704, in the 73d year of his age, with the serenity that religion and virtue only can bestow. He was buried, by his own desire, in the cemetery at Oates. He had received from Sir Masham all that attention and tenderness due to his age and literary character. Mr. Locke died unmarried. We still admire his writings, but his theories are too refined for practice: that which appears well in the study, ill suits the government of a community. He formed a code of laws for Carolina, which was soon abandoned as impracticable. His system of education had many admirers, but has few followers at present. That of toleration does equal honour to his head and his heart. Moderate in his wishes, temperate in all his habits, he felt neither the stings of ambition, nor those of avarice; but his intimacy with Shaftesbury sullied his fame. His life, his writings, his manner of living and dying, prove that he had firm faith in revealed religion. His irritability of

temper may be excused from the weakness of his frame. His energetick letters to the vain and affected earl of Shaftesbury, authour of the *Characteristicks*, are such as would have converted any man who had not been besotted with "philosophy, vainly so called;" for those who have read them bedewed the MS. with their tears. But what is so callous as the heart of an infidel? Locke not only well understood the writings of the great apostle of the Gentiles, but the duties which Christ taught. He says, "Our Saviour's great rule, that we should love our neighbour as ourselves, is such a fundamental truth for the regulating human society, that by that alone we might, without difficulty, determine all the cases and doubts in social morality*".

STATE OF THE QUESTION.

It has been asked, what is the state of the question now at issue, on the great contested points of monarchy and democracy?

* It is singular that Locke, to whom a successful party was so much indebted—(it is even said that William III's throne was established by his writings)—never gave him either honours or any suitable emoluments living, nor erected a memorial to his memory. Queen Caroline placed his bust with those of Bacon, Newton, and Clarke, in her pavilion, in Richmond park, rather as a philosopher, than as an advocate for Christianity. Bacon explored nature, Newton the celestial regions, Locke sought the anatomy of the human mind, and Clarke attempted to purify religion from superstition. As philosophers, the two former are, and perhaps ever will be, unrivalled; but Locke was sometimes too much a metaphysician, and Clarke errs by his fears of believing too much. In the garden of Mrs. More's elegant cottage, near Wrington, Mr. Locke's humble native village, is placed an urn inscribed:

This Urn,
sacred to the memory,
of JOHN LOCKE,
a native of this village,
was presented to Mrs. HANNAH MORE,
by Mrs. MONTAGUE.

- C C -

My reply is, that I am not qualified *coolly* to state it; but from the collision of opinions, one spark of information, one great and important fact has burst forth and been diffused, which renders it no longer a mere controversial subject, or a matter of speculation; it now comes home to men's bosoms, as a question of taste; a question of feeling; a question of property; a question of life; and is reduced to the following simple axiom, addressed from one of the parties, to the other, frequently wrapped up, it is true, in various forms, and different expressions:

"You have property, and I have none; but I am determined, if possible, to gain possession of it, at all risks, and by every means in my power."

If this, my statement, be correct, and from ocular, as well as auricular demonstration, I have strong reasons for being of opinion, that it is so; what can we say, or what ought we to think of those, who are so sanguine, urgent, busy, and persevering, in bellowing for an increase of popular power, and augmenting the weight already so dangerously preponderating in the democrattick scale.

Such reasoners are like *bottle-holders* to an athletick boxer, cheering him, and giving him cordials, when he has already crippled his antagonist; and certain pathetick declamations against increasing the influence of the crown, are like giving a tedious lecture on the danger of galloping, to a traveller pursued by highwaymen.

"Is nothing then to be done, to sooth popular discontent?" says an exasperated reformer at my elbow, "would you make no concessions?"

In universal suffrage, shorter parliaments, &c. in a word, poli-

tical power; for that is what they all mean, not a single iota.

To *recede* or *concede* the breadth of a hair, under our present circumstances, and with men's minds in their present state of morbid irritability, would infallibly crush us to atoms.

But while I would recommend the most unfeeling obduracy to ministers, as politicians and statesmen, I would endeavour to awaken their sensibilities, as Christians and as men; I would earnestly recommend that, which I hope and believe they have earnestly at heart, to augment the comforts, and diminish the burthens of the people; to retrench superfluity in publick expense, and reduce all enormous salaries; thus would pleasure and duty go hand in hand.

I am fully aware, that I differ widely in opinion on this subject, with men, whom I venerate and love; but situated as we are, and on *such* a subject, friendship and personal attachment must yield to a more sacred duty; I again repeat that I would not add the ninety-nine thousandth part of a grain, or an inch, to the prescribed space and momentum of the democrattick branch of our constitution; I am fully persuaded, that were the people set fully at liberty, on the points *they demand*, we should instantly become the most miserable and ignoble of slaves ourselves; in that case, I would instantly set sail for Algiers, or become a subject of Napoleon's *brother* Emperor, his imperial majesty of Morocco.

I may be mistaken; but with due reverence, I call the Almighty to witness, that in the present perverted state of men's minds, nothing, in my opinion, can preserve the reign of law, religion and

tranquillity, but the cannon, the bayonet, and musquet; under the direction of fortitude, prudence, moderation, and publick spirit; *res duræ talia cogunt.*

The hand which does not firmly grasp the sword, will soon lose the sceptre.

Another palpable truth, collaterally connected with the present question, has also been established; that human hands and human hearts are not pure and clean enough to conduct a republick, and that it is a form of government, in every instance, incompatible with external tranquillity, and internal peace; this point it is true had been decided many ages since; but modern theorists, had set an old question again afloat, and many modern reasoners were disposed to doubt the fact.

It has pleased Providence, in compassion to human infirmity, to establish the opinion I have given, beyond a doubt, by the past and present state of the ci-devant republick, but now absolute monarchy of France: may the question be considered as everlastingly settled; may it never again be agitated by erroneous zeal, or the malignancy of ill-design.

[*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*]

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

For who, the bards among,
May but compare with thee, lamented
Gray!

Whose pensive solemn lay
Drew all the list'ning shepherds in a
ring.

Well pleased to hear thee sing
Thy moving notes, on sunny hill or plain,
And catch new grace from thy immortal
strain. Anon.

ODE—On Spring.

The original manuscript title, says Mr. Mason, which Mr. Gray gave to this ode, was *Noontide*; probably, he then meant to write two

more, descriptive of *Morning* and *Evening*; his unfinished *Ode on the pleasures arising from Vicissitude*, opens with a fine description of the former; and his *Elegy*, with as beautiful a picture of the latter, which, perhaps, he might at that time have meditated upon as the exordium of an ode; but this is only conjecture. It may, however, be remarked, that these three capital descriptions abound with ideas which affect the ear more than the eye; and therefore go beyond the powers of picturesque imitation.

The description of *Morning*, alluded to by Mr. Mason, it will give the reader pleasure to see:

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing;
With vermil cheek and whisper soft,
She woos the tardy Spring:
Till April starts and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground;
And lightly o'er the living scene,
Scatters his freshest tend'rest green.

New-born flocks, in rustick dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet;
Forgetful of their wintry trance,
The birds his presence greet:
But chief the skylark warbles high
His trembling, thrilling ecstasy;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Here we are irresistibly tempted to recur to the description of *Morning*, by Cunningham. It is always pleasing to compare various pictures of the same subject; but in the present instance, our principal object is that of showing from the productions of the two poets, what that species of excellence is, which constitutes the characteristick beauty of Gray:

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to partlet perched on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.
Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows nursed by night, retire;
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn;
Plaintive where she prates at night,
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roofed cottage ridge,
See the chattering swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arched bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloyed,
(Restless till her task be done)

Now the busy bee's employed,
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock,
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promised corn
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)

Anxious hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—oh sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossomed spray!

Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day!

There is a strong similitude between the last of these stanzas, and an unfinished one of Mr. Gray, which immediately follows those we have above transcribed:

Rise, my soul! on wings of fire,
Rise, the rapt'rous choir among;
Hark, 'tis Nature strikes the lyre:
And leads the general song!

It is difficult to believe, that one of these passages was not the parent of the other, but whether Gray copied Cunningham, or Cunningham Gray, it is not easy to determine. Gray died in 1771, and Cunningham in 1773. It is not probable that the fragment of Gray's Ode was made publick, till after his death; but whether Cunningham's *Day* was written so early as 1766, when he printed his *POEMS, chiefly Pastoral*, we are not informed. There seems to us, however, great reason to believe that Gray wrote his stanzas after having read the pastoral of Cunningham. In that pastoral, there is, we think beyond contradiction, scenes of images, so painted as to delight us more than those of Mr. Gray; but Cunningham is a painter, Gray a poet; we see and hear the *tenant-cock*, and nothing can better describe the cheerful crowing of the bird, or re-

fresh the mind with more hilarity than the verse—

Jocund that the morning's nigh.

How delicious, how visible, how vivid, when he tells us :

Swiftly from the mountain's brow
Shadows, nursed by night, retire;
And the peeping sunbeam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Cunningham describes, Gray personifies: thus the latter—

Now, the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing;
With vermilion cheek and whisper soft,
She wooes the tardy Spring.

Cunningham, making less use of his imagination than of his eyes, sees nothing *waving* but the lighter trees, Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale.

Gray's imagination appears to great advantage in the couplet,—
Till April starts, and calls around
The *sleeping fragrance* from the ground:

This is true poetry ; indulging the metaphor, it is a charming personification; dropping it, it is a physical truth. The herbs and flowers, inactive, asleep, during the winter, have their juices set in motion, and are raised to spread their odours in the Spring.

Gray's *new-born flocks*, plying their *feeble feet*, remind us of, but do not, I think, set before us, a charming scene. There is more clearness and chastity of diction in Cunningham's description of his *kidlings*: we may think of the one, but we see the other:

Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies, in the dewy dale.

The very circumstance of the *kidlings beginning* to crop, leads my thoughts to the earliest period of the morning, and fixes my eyes on the noses of the animals, smelling the herbs, and selecting, with some daintiness, the first daisy to be cropped. It must not be forgotten, however, that the *kidlings* are descriptive of morning; the *new-born flocks* of April. But the passage in which the genius of Gray stands most contradistinguished with that of Cun-

ningham, and in which his superiority as a poet is most conspicuous, are the following :

And the lark to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the Shepherd's sight.

But chief, the skylark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Cunningham's image is so familiar, his diction so unencumbered, that we scarcely give him the praise he deserves for presenting it with so little ostentation to our mind, the manner in which it is drawn is so strong, that, though little is said, everything is told. When Gray speaks of the song of the bird, we turn to see in what manner Cunningham has treated this circumstance, and discover, with surprise, that that song which we heard while we read his verses is not so much as mentioned. Our eyes had followed the bird, till it soared—beyond the Shepherd's sight ; and, devoted to the gratification of one sense, we had never doubted that our ears, all the while, had received their portion of delight. When the lark rose to meet the morn, and when it rose higher, we were satisfied that it sung. We recommend these verses as a study to poets and painters : it is a striking example of the power of single ideas so completely to engross the mind as to induce a belief of the existence of all accessory circumstances ; a phenomenon, this, which is also of the highest interest to the metaphysician, and which is one of the most remarkable, as well as important in the history of the human faculties. To the philosopher, it explains many mental illusions ; to the artist, who is to create those illusions, it evinces the superfluity, if not injuriousness of minute details, and the facility with which the imagination is to be filled with one characteristick idea, which leads along with it all the associate ideas. When I see the Venus de Medici, I forget the whiteness of the marble ; we forget that there is no lustre in the eye, no rose

on the cheek, no ruby on the lip ; we know nothing of the absence of these ; the beauty of the form fixes our whole eye ; and our mind, occupied with this, supposes all the rest.

But, Gray has described the song of the Lark, and described it so exquisitely, that it renews in us the sensations experienced from the song itself.

His trembling thrilling ECSTASY.

Cunningham omits it altogether, and, in a vague way, we believe we heard it ; Gray brings it distinctly to our ear ; we are no longer careless about it ; we listen, we catch every note ; we imbibe all, and we are ravished. It is thus with the statue of the Venus. We believe that the eyes glisten and the lips glow, and our imagination feels no vacuum ; but when a painter absolutely shows me the brightness of the one and the redness of the other, my state of mere acquiescence is exchanged for that of admiration. With the first we were not displeased ; with the second, we are enraptured.

By the way, Gray is fond of the word *thrilling*, and we take this fondness as evidence of the vivacity of his feelings. He applies it to music and poetry ; and we infer an ear delicately sensible to both. Mr. Burke speaks of pleasures which only the liveliest imagination, and the most sound and exquisitely sensible body could enjoy ; and it is for such imagination and such a body as here supposed, to talk of *thrilling*.—We must by no means omit to notice the beauty of the epithet *trembling* : we both see and hear the lark.

Gray, however, has not merely filled up the picture, he has redrawn it ; and, in that part where he encounters the same particular as that selected by Cunningham, it is impossible not to see that, if the image is not more strongly, it is at the least, more poetically drawn :

And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the Shepherd's sight.
And lessening from the dazzled sight,

Melts into air and liquid light.

The *lessening from the dazzled sight* is a natural picture, which Cunningham himself might have given; but the *melting into air and liquid light* is peculiarly Gray's. It unites physical truth with all the beauty of metaphor and all the grace of diction.

It is these high poetical pretensions that justify Mr. Wakefield in attributing to Gray all that Horace demands of a poet:

Ingenium cui sit, cui mens diviniore,
que os
Magna sonaturum, de nominis hujus
honorem. HOR.

Creative genius, and the glow divine
That warms and melts th' enthusiastick
soul;

A pomp and prodigality of phrase,
These form the poet, and these shine in
thee.

But there are vices on every side; and, if Mr. Gray rarely err on that of simplicity, it must be confessed that he is not wholly free from blame on its opposite; a topick on which it would be more proper to enlarge in a general view of the merits of this elegant poet: of our sentiments on these merits some notion may be collected from this, that in closing the preceding sentence, we were about to call him a *charming* poet, when our judgment condemned the epithet, as inappropriate, and dictated the substitution of that of *elegant*, conveying a eulogium which we cannot better support than by transcribing the remaining stanzas of the beautiful fragment by which we have been led into this long digression:

Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly;
Mute was the musick of the air,
The herd stood drooping by:
Their raptures now that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know;
'Tis man alone that joy describes,
With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace;
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly low'r
And blacken round our weary way,

Gilds with the gleam of distant day.
Still where rosy Pleasure leads,
See a kindred Grief pursue;
Behind the steps that Mis'ry treads
Approaching Comfort view:
The hues of Bliss more brightly glow,
Chastis'd by sabler tints of Wo;
And, blended, form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest flow'et of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common air, the sun, the skies,
To him are op'ning paradise.

Humble Quiet builds her cell
Near the source whence Pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes.

Mr. Mason observes, 'I have heard Mr. Gray say, that M. Gresset's *Epître a ma Sœur* gave him the first idea of this Ode; and whoever compares it with the French poem will find some slight traits of resemblance, but chiefly in our authour's seventh stanza.' We shall only add, that if Gray had written more of such poetry as the above, he would have been called *charming* as well as *elegant*.

The images in the stanza, *Yesterday*, &c. belong to Horace, Ode IV, lib. 1; but Gray has added the philosophical reflection, and embellished what he has borrowed: *the herd stood drooping by*, is worthy of Thomson.

SAVAGES.

What authour or what traveller is it, who exclaims, on seeing certain inhabitants of an unknown coast, on which he landed; "We have nothing to fear from these people, they have not till now, seen a European."

I have heard this invective against civilized society much commended, yet I doubt if the theory is tenable: like other theories, it must be taken with considerable allowance.

If it were possible that navigators

could have their choice, whether, in case of being wrecked, they would prefer a civilized or a savage coast, I believe few would prefer the latter.

That too many Europeans, an unhappy portion of society, unprepared by education, uninfluenced by religion, and stimulated by poverty, are continually practising a merciless system of plunder and violence, I confess with regret; but it is not customary to pronounce on the excellence of a vintage, by a sample, drawn from the feculencies and dregs of the wine-vat.

The savage after depriving the boat of its nails, and the carpenter of his tools, as hunger or a love of variety may tempt, will devour the unfortunate seamen.

Against such attacks, says the author I quote, a traveller, aware of his danger, may guard; but in his intercourse with polished society, evils present themselves, which prudence cannot provide against, nor circum-spection avoid.

He will probably be received and treated with kindness, his wants will be liberally supplied; but these attentions will afford a very slender compensation, for a wife seduced, a daughter debauched, and a son corrupted: for a heart pierced by the envenomed arrows of hypocrisy, fraud, and ingratitude, concealed under the specious exterior of hospitality and friendship.

MERRIMENT.

A gentleman speaking of the *Carmen Seculare* of Horace, in company where a learned alderman was present, his worship gravely observed, "that in the line of his business, he had frequently employed men from every company of porters and carmen between Tower-hill and the Old Swan, and he would be bold to say, that there was no such company as the *carmen seculare* from one end of *Thames-street* to the other."

A gentleman who sat to Hayman for his portrait, desired that it might be kept a secret. Notwithstanding this injunction, the artist showed it to some of his friends, who not being able to discover any likeness, Hayman observed that the gentleman wished it to be kept a secret.

TO A BAD POET.

Your verses, friend, I think with you,
Surpassing all in one sense;
Downright and sound, you said; 'tis true;
All *sound and downright nonsense*.

A devotee lamented to her confessor her love of gambling. "Ah Madam," replied the priest, "it is a grievous sin. In the first place consider the great loss of time." "Yes," replied the fair penitent, "I have often grudged the time that is lost in *shuffling and dealing*."

Rock, the comedian, when at Covent Garden, advised one of the scene-shifters, who had met with an accident, to the plan of a subscription; and a few days afterwards he asked for the list of names, which, when he had read it over, he returned. "Why Rock," says the poor fellow, "won't you give me something?" "Why, zounds, man didn't I give you the hint?"

A man of wit being asked what pleasure he could have in the company of a pretty woman who was a loquacious simpleton, replied, "I love to see her talk."

Two gentlemen at Bath having a difference, the one went to the other's door early in the morning, and wrote 'Scoundrel' upon it. The other called upon his neighbour, and was answered by a servant, "That his master was not at home, but if he had anything to say he might leave it with him." "No, no," says he, "I was only going to repay your master a civil visit, as he left his name at my door in the morning."

A gallant soldier was once heard to say, that his only measure of courage was this: "Upon the first fire I immediately look upon myself as a dead man; I then fight out the remainder of the day as regardless of danger as a dead man should be. All the limbs which I carry out of the field I regard as so much gained, or as so much saved out of the fire."

For The Port Folio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

A RHAPSODY,

ADDRESSED TO MISS M——.

O, Poetry! thou nymph divine
Who first supreme in Greece didst shine,
When first thy Homer sung;
Sweet melody and Fancy's child,
First born when frolic thought was wild,
Was vigorous, bold and young!

Thou who command'st the tear to flow,
The warrior's noble soul to glow,
And pant for glorious fame.
And when some mighty deed is done,
The sparkling crown of conquest won,
Dost consecrate his name.

Celestial nymph, be thou my guest,
With thy own raptures fire my breast,
And agitate my soul!
Lead me beyond the utmost bound
Of every earth-seen comet's round,
To Heaven's remotest pole.

With thee entranced, I'll soar sublime,
Impetuous whirl thro' space and time,
And mock the lightning's speed,
The glorious dead shall rend the shroud,
And mightiest heroes round me crowd
From graves oblivious freed.

And if thro' pathless wastes of night,
Thou tak'st a bold adventurous flight,
Far from a glimpse of day.
Like Milton let me sweep the string,
With hideous clang—let chaos ring
With sounds of dire dismay.

But if thou curb'st thy wild career,
And sweet Elysian scenes appear,
May then the liquid lay
Of murmuring love, mellifluous sound,
And on the breeze diffus'd around,
In undulations play.

O. P. Q.

IN OBITU

MARIÆ ROSS,

Filiæ JA. Ross Imperatoris municipio Lancastriensi, quæ, die octo-decimo Julii, 1803, obiit.

THRENUS

VIRGINUM sociarum

MARIÆ ROSS,

Exiit ergo Maria et amanda ac cara Maria!
Exiit æthereas incolitura domos.

Exiit heu! dulcis nobis nunquam reditura;
Obvia nunquam oculis post erit cara Comes!

Mortua namque Maria, est mortua pulchra Maria,

Pompæ olim nostræ quæ decus eximium.
Numinis haud Tecum sacratas ibimus aras:
Non manibus structas incolis alta domos.

O quoties, et quanta locuta est nostra Maria!

Dulce faceta ferens, dignaque mente pia.
Nos, Tibi funereos, igitur, faciemus honores;

Nos lachrymas ferimus munera; nos gemimus.

Audiet et respondebit resonabilis Echo,
Audiet et fientes nos taciturnique nemus.

Interea lachrymare viæ, collesque videntur
Cara Maria perit! Nostra Maria perit!

Voce supremâ ter citâ, nunc condimus urna
Reliquias Hujus: Cara Maria vale!

Fama diu at terris durabunt nomina, virtus
Insignis tua, laus, egregiumque decus.

EPIGRAMS.

TO A QUACK.

Tom, you tell us, has treated you ill past example:

He's sick—go prescribe—your revenge will be ample.

On a Person not celebrated for his Veracity.
On Tuesday next, says Tom to Ned,
I'll dine with you, and take a bed.—
You may believe him, Will replies,
Where'er Tom dines, he always lies.

"Alas! I've been robbed." "Friend, I join in your grief."

"All my verses are gone!" "How I pity the thief!"

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI.

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 1, 1808.

No. 14.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 200.)

LETTER XLVI.

MILLOT's Elements of History may have told you all that was necessary to know of the Milanese and of its capital: I will only observe therefore, that Milan appears to have been a place of importance at a very early period of the Roman republic, to have been afterwards the residence of an Emperour, and to have had its full share of those calamities, which assailed the declining ages of the Empire: it was for sometime a free imperial city, but becoming a prey to the dissensions and jealousy of several powerful citizens, one of these of the house Visconti, was at length acknowledged and admitted as their

Sovereign in the twelfth century: it was in virtue of his near connection with this family that Louis the XIIth of France made so many efforts to get possession of the Milanese. He was succeeded in his pretensions by Francis the first, but the battle of Pavia put an end to all such views, and the Milanese remained annexed to the crown of Spain from 1525 to 1706. It has since been divided between the King of Sardinia and the house of Austria, and now forms a separate monarchy, the chief of which has assumed the proud title of King of Italy.

Milan is a large and well built city containing upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; they appeared to me to be a handsome race of luxurious people, and I saw a great many splendid equipages in the streets and many marks of opulence. We arrived early in the morning of Sunday, and having a valet de place as a guide, went immediately after

D D

to the Cathedral, which nearly fills up one side of a large square ; it is an immense building and covered as far as it is finished, with marble. It looks more like a mountain than a church ; it was with difficulty we made our way through a crowd in the square. They were collected in groups, and were some of them listening to three ballad singers on a temporary stage, while others were diverted by a puppet show, and others again were attentive to some experiments which a travelling natural philosopher was making with an electrical apparatus. Nothing could be more remote from England and America than such an audience so amused on such a day ; there is something too in the Italian countenance, in the Italian expression of any feeling that is far beyond the modes of speech and actions of other nations. It needed not all the pomp and dignity of the Catholick worship to impress the mind with religious awe on entering the Cathedral, which is four hundred and eighty-six feet in length, and broad in proportion. A dome is suspended over head in the centre, at the height of two hundred and fifty-seven feet, and fifty-six columns of ninety feet in length and twenty-six round, seem but of a proportionate size to the mighty mass which they support ; four of these columns are of oriental granite, and of a single piece. I am convinced that there are certain ideas which the mind readily admits, and perhaps with a degree of admiration, but of which mere description is very inadequate to convey a proper sense ; if the length and breadth of this great Cathedral could be accurately laid down on the lawn before the door, and you could represent to your-

self a church like that of St. Michael in Charleston, placed on the pavement, and reaching only to within one hundred feet of what we should call the ceiling in a building of another sort, your imagination would much more easily attain to the idea of greatness I mean to convey ; and do but trace a circle of twenty-six feet upon the grass, if you wish to conceive an idea of the size of the columns. There are a number of altars to different Saints along the sides of the Cathedral at which different individuals may be seen offering up their devotions, according, no doubt, to the opinion of the Saint's credit in heaven, or the particular case in human affairs, or the particular disorder in the human body, to which he has most frequently extended his influence in a miraculous manner : you will find in twenty different books, but particularly I believe in Robertson's Charles the fifth, the origin of this worship of Saints, than which nothing, not even the worship of Jupiter and Apollo, appears to me more absurd. If all Saints indeed had the merit of the Hermit in Switzerland, who brought two hostile parties of his fellow-countrymen to listen to reason when on the point of shedding each other's blood ; or of St. Charles Borromeo, who is in a particular manner venerated at Milan, we might smile at it inwardly, but we should respect the exaggerated gratitude of mankind.

The life of this distinguished individual, St. Charles, was but of short duration ; but all that could be done by a man for the promotion of good morals, for the discipline of the church, for the encouragement of learning, and for the comfort and protection of the poor and the sick, was effected by

his active and truly religious zeal and humanity. His shrine, which is at the upper end of the Cathedral, is held in the highest veneration: you will find a description in any book of travels through Italy of the ornaments which adorn it, and which I could not approach near enough to examine, on account of a crowd, who seemed in earnest devotion; while a priest was saying mass at a little altar near it; having wandered about the Cathedral for sometime, we ascended the steeple, and surveyed the city, now fortunately relieved of its famous citadel, which is in ruins. The highly cultivated neighbourhood, the various canals, and a long extent of the Alps, and the commencement of the Apennines; Marignan, where Francis the first taught the Swiss that they were not invincible, seemed at our feet, and Pavia, where all was lost except his honour, was visible at a distance, and Rebeck was pointed out to us, Rebeck, where Bayard supported to the last, the superiority of a soldier, who dies fighting for his country, over him who bears arms even successfully against it: a little attention to a book, and to a map I had in my hand, might have enabled me from this elevated situation of four hundred and ten feet above the plain, to trace out also the scene of other distinguished actions, which had taken place during the war of the revolution, but I recede involuntarily from such inquiries, as I do from the death of Charles the Ist, and Louis XVIth in history, and as I remember receding when a school-boy from that of Hector in the Iliad. The hospital which we next visited is upon a very great and liberal scale: in a long room, the doors of which are thrown

open at a certain hour every day, we saw a double row of very clean beds, where the sick appeared to be many of them waited upon by their own children. In the late war, there have been fifteen hundred wounded men here at a time, and here many of these poor victims of ambition breathed their last: they were of all the various nations who were concerned in the contest; they lived, as long as they did live, in great harmony together, and were treated with equal humanity and attention.

I have mentioned to you, what is said of the apparent indifference of the Milanese to what might be the event of the war, but this seemed at any moment to cease, as soon as Fortune had declared herself. To them, the vanquished were always in the wrong,* and they submitted, with cheerfulness almost, to the demands of the conqueror: three hundred pounds (of 12 oz.) of plate were taken from this very hospital, when the French first entered Milan, as were all articles of gold and silver not necessary to the celebration of mass, from all the churches. The convents too were made to contribute very largely, and what had appeared at first but a ferocious rabble of half naked banditti, was converted into a well clothed, well equipped and well paid army. I was glad to find that although several convents had been suppressed, there were still some left, and that those were now safe with their property under the protection of the law. "It may be improper that any young people should be allowed to take the vows, but to a man advanced in life, who has no family,

* Sequitur fortunam ut semper, et otio damnatos.—JUVENAL.

or to a woman who has failed of a settlement in the married state, a convent affords very frequently the best retreat from inutility and want."—*Hume*.

We saw some good sculpture, and a great many good pictures; but I regretted that the talents of such distinguished artists should have been employed upon imaginary miracles and martyrdoms. At night we went to the great opera, for which we had in some measure prepared ourselves by reading the piece that was to be performed, but we by no means expected such a theatre. There were six rows of boxes, of thirty-six in each, besides an extensive pit, and an orchestra where there seemed at least fifty performers. I was delighted to see your—— so well pleased; he has had in some measure, you know, a musical education, and yet confessed, that he had never heard musick before, or had conceived a possibility of such a union of harmony and melody; such sweet voices and such an accompaniment.— The scene changed still more frequently, I observed, than upon the English stage, and the tendency of the audience, with all their taste and sensibility, was rather to encourage buffoonery in the actors, than any other talent. The only actor very much applauded and encored, was one, who, describing in a song the pleasures of a country life, contrived to roar like a bull, to whistle like a bird, and to bleat like a sheep, besides dancing from time to time like a shepherd at a wedding.

The boxes are private property, and only lighted as it may suit the conveniency of those who occupy them, except that which was destined for the royal family, of which none of the illustrious in-

dividuals were present upon this occasion; but the box attracted universal admiration, and gave me an idea of that recess in a Chinese palace, where, on particular days, the divine spirit of the emperor is supposed to be present, though his person be at the distance of several leagues.—

There was a ballet, and a great deal of dancing in the Italian style, which Arthur Young has very happily described. It was quite a tempest of agility, and not a great way removed from tumbling; the principal man struck his forehead repeatedly with his feet, and the principal woman seemed to take a pleasure and a pride in showing more of her form than I care for describing: the dancing at Bordeaux was decency in comparison. The Italians excel in pantomime, and with their fine eyes, expressive countenances, and extreme agility, are able to convey any meaning in dumb show as if they spoke; but I will venture to assert, that their taste in dancing is false and licentious.

There is a great deal of literature, I am told, both in Milan and Turin, and men of distinguished talents who keep pace with the rest of Europe in the improvement of every art, and the progress of the sciences: of this, however, we were by no means able to judge. I should have liked, had I remained a few days longer in Milan, to have found out the count Castiglione, who travelled through America about seventeen years ago, and has since published two volumes of his travels. His account of the northern states is, I believe, accurate, and did he not exaggerate the horrors of slavery in Carolina, there would not be much to find fault with in that part of his book,

as far as regards the sea-coast; but the people of our upper country would be hardly satisfied with his account of them, and it is a fact, that where man has lost the virtues of the savage life, without having acquired those of civilized society, he is a very disagreeable animal: unfortunately for Virginia, the Count not being able to travel through that State, took what he supposed the best authority, and describes the manners and customs of Virginia from Smyth, who, you know, represents the Virginian, if in good circumstances, as passing the day with hardly any other exertion than a walk to the stable after breakfast, and as stretched upon a matrass with something to drink within his reach during the sultry hours of summer, while one negro servant rubs the soles of his feet, and another keeps the flies off. If this should not appear a very exact description, and perhaps it is not of those immediately about you, let it at least have the effect of putting you upon your guard against every printed account to the prejudice of other countries, and do not let an English traveller persuade you, that because an Italian lady is always attended by a Cicesbeo, she is therefore lost to every idea of virtue and propriety; the morals of Milan are said to be better than those of other parts of Italy, and the hospitality of the great nobility is very much applauded by those who have been in a situation to judge of it.

Your—— and I crept along unknowing and unknown, and could judge only of what we saw; but we passed our time delightfully.

LETTER XLVII.

We passed an hour at the library, which appears well supplied

with the best authours in all languages and very well regulated. There is a long table at which as many as choose to read, are furnished with any book they desire, and with the means of making extracts, and the most profound silence is observed: we had no time, as you may suppose, either to read or make extracts, but got into a carriage which was waiting for us, and proceeded to Lodi. You will see in Young, a very just account of the road we passed along, and a very lively description of the effects of good pastures and well understood irrigation; no people indeed, I am told, understand the management and use of water better than the Italians, and it is to this knowledge that the city of Milan and a great extent of country in its neighbourhood is indebted for all the advantages of fertility and commerce. One canal, as you may observe by the map, joins the waters of the Tessin, and another those of the Adda to the city, and a third is prepared to receive the superabundance which may at any time be occasioned by sudden rains, and conduct it, so as to render it of service.

Our object in going to Lodi, was to visit the bridge which gives name to an action, that took place there between the French and the Austrians in 1797, and which decided the fate of the campaign: notwithstanding the success of the French on several occasions, and the pusillanimity of the smaller powers of Italy, who were beginning to offer up to their invader those resources which might have afforded them the means of honourable defence; the Piedmontese were still numerous, and a well appointed army of the Austrians holding the left of the Adda rendered the possession of Milan in-

secure to the French; it was an object with Bonaparte therefore to force the bridge of Lodi, which crosses the Adda at a place where the river is about two hundred yards broad, the breadth of the bridge is about ten; a battery of cannon commanded the whole length of it by a raking fire, while other batteries above and below, threatened destruction to any force that should attempt to cross. It would have been wiser however, in the Austrian general to have cut the bridge, or to have placed a fire-ship under it. Without losing a moment, though it was late in the evening when he arrived at Lodi, Bonaparte thinking as Cæsar would have thought, that nothing was done, while anything remained to be effected, ordered the passage to be attempted, and a column of the French headed by the principal general officers of their army, persevering after a moment's hesitation under a deadly fire,—this most singular instance of military enthusiasm and audacity was crowned with complete success. The Austrians were driven from their batteries, the Piedmontese army lost all spirit of resistance, and the people of Italy as if awaking from a dream of many ages at the cry of liberty, aided the arms of France in overturning the government of their different Sovereigns: we now know what that promised liberty ended in; that all the powers of Italy, except the Neapolitan dominion, and a part of the Venetian territory are become, though under various names, but mere appendages to France, and that this interesting country, after having been ravaged by contending armies, having been deprived of thousands of its youth, and despoiled of its treasures, and of those precious remains of antiquity,

which had escaped the rapacity of former conquerors, is as remote from liberty as in the days of Augustus. If liberty alone were all that the neighbourhood of Rome had been deprived of in a lapse of ages, there might be no great cause of regret; liberty cannot exist without laws, it is like a sword in unskilful hands, which is upon many occasions more dangerous than useful to the holder: but the wretched inhabitants of Campania, are the prey of hunger and disease, and that coast which was once covered with shady groves and beautiful gardens, and the country houses of opulent citizens is now a naked and frightful solitude; this however, I must observe to you, arises chiefly from the defects of the Papal government, which has long been in all the decrepitude of decline, and has not been awakened to a proper sense of its interests by the losses and sufferings of the late revolutionary war. The same impunity in cases of assassination prevails, and the same neglect of all method in the relief of the real poor, who are thus deprived of that assistance which is lavished upon a numerous race of active beggars.

In the days of Roman greatness, Ostia at the mouth of the Tiber, was a city of eighty thousand souls, where valetudinarians repaired in numbers for the advantages of bathing and sea air, the banks of the river on the way to Rome were covered with villas, and on the neighbouring island, which was formed by the branches of the Tiber where it falls into the sea, and which was known by the venerable appellation of the Sacred Island, was the temple of Apollo, in whose honour there were games celebrated every five years: these games consisted of races on foot,

in chariots, on horses, and in barges on the river, and we may well imagine, that nothing which taste could design, or a profusion of wealth could execute, was wanting to render them attractive and magnificent. The traveller on his way to Ostia, now enters into a perfect desert at a short distance from Rome, and finds no house but a single miserable inn during the whole of the remaining twenty or twenty-two miles; he then beholds an enclosure of ancient and lofty walls, where four or five houses with two towers in ruins form a square with a church in the middle, and that, he is told, is Ostia, the inhabitants of which are the keepers of two or three drinking houses, and the wretched soldiers who guard the still more wretched galley-slaves; to complete this scene of wretchedness, the authour from whom I derive the account I now give you, and whom I have the advantage to be acquainted with, says, that the town and the neighbourhood were infested when he was there, by mad dogs, and that the people could not be persuaded to shoot such as had been bit; one had nothing to do, they said, but to make an incision upon a dog's head in the form of a cross, as soon as he began to sicken, and there was not the least danger of his going mad. What think you of such a residence as Ostia, amid the clinking of chains of galley-slaves, joined to pestilence and famine, and mad dogs and superstition? The change of appearance on the Sacred Island is little better than what has taken place at Ostia; a solitary house protects the herdsmen who have the care of the cattle that graze upon it, and one of the vaults of the ruined temple of Apollo serves as a dairy. In an extent of a

hundred leagues square, there are hardly so many inhabitants, nor as many families in the whole extent of ancient Latium, as there were formerly different tribes, and you will be grieved to think, that these poor remains of the human race, have no other subsistence than bread, which is brought from Rome, and raw herbs: a young man of eighteen who acted as guide to Mr. de Boustetten, whose work has furnished me with the details I have given you, being invited to partake of the dinner that was carried in a basket, said that he knew that what he was helped to, was meat, for he had eaten some once before. In continuing his walk along the coast, Mr. de Boustetten discovered what he supposed to be the ruins of the villa of Pliny, or of Hortensius, and paints in very strong colours the melancholy contrast which is exhibited by the silence and desolation of the present scene compared with that which Pliny has left us a description of: another authour, whose works I shall mention to you more particularly hereafter, (Chateaubriand) has given a description of the neighbourhood of Rome, which I despair of doing justice to in a translation: it is contained in a letter to a friend, and composed in a style which religion and the spirit of poetry seem to have inspired and adorned. "A growth of withered grass, which the eye of the traveller easily mistakes for the promises of a plentiful harvest, very frequently conceals the traces of some ancient road, but no modern path bespeaks the haunt of men: no labourers are seen at work, no flocks and herds are wandering at large, hardly a tree gives variety to the scene, which is made up of ruined aqueducts and tombs, with here and

there a miserable house either deserted altogether, or guarded by some poor wretch a prey to poverty and fever: one might suppose, that no nation had dared to occupy the fields which had been cultivated by the masters of the world, or that the denunciations of the prophet Isaiah against Babylon and Tyre, were here exemplified against the Campania of Rome. It is in the midst of this sad scene, this extent of dreary and inhospitable wilds, that the immortal city presents itself, a city which has twice and for a lapse of ages governed mankind, which has survived so many vicissitudes, and which now in its decline gives rise to recollections that elevate the mind of the beholder, and warm his heart to pity."

It was unpleasant, now that we were in Italy, to turn our backs upon Rome and Naples, but circumstances did not admit of our being much longer from Geneva, and it was your ——'s consolation as it was mine, that it would probably be in his power to visit these interesting places hereafter; an attachment to Rome is one of the earliest passions of a school-boy's mind, and Italy is what first attracts his attention in a map of Europe: we all know to how many calamities Italy has been exposed, and what indignities have been heaped upon the venerable city by the barbarians of every age; but there are some circumstances attending the late war in this ill-fated country, so singular in themselves, and so little known, that I must digress a little longer in order to bring you acquainted with them.

While Bonaparte was amusing himself with preparing and publishing edicts which were to form the minds, and to soften the man-

ners of the Egyptians, Suwaroff had overrun Italy in a single campaign; the different posts which the French had occupied in the Roman and Neapolitan States, either surrendered to a motley army of British marines and Russian and Turkish soldiers, or capitulated with the British Commodore who commanded on the coast; a Turkish fleet sailed up the Adriatic for the protection of the inhabitants and the Pope was guarded by a regiment of British light-horse: the Neapolitan court, meanwhile, which had retired to Palermo, was doing its utmost to overthrow the Parthenopeian republic, where the inhabitants of the capital were known to be sick of French fraternity, while those of the country had been pillaged and tormented in order to supply the wants of the French army: as the people of Calabria had never been brought to admit the French into their country, it was among them that the Cardinal Ruffo first showed himself; he was the agent of the court, was invested with full powers for that purpose, and availed himself of the ignorance, the enthusiasm, and courage of the Calabrians like a man of genius: five persons were dressed and tutored for the purpose of representing the Princes of the royal family, and as they were liberal in their promises of future promotion in the state and army, while the Cardinal and the Priests who joined him, undertook for the next world, it was no difficult matter to collect an army: in addition to the nobility and gentry who offered their services on the occasion, were persons of every possible description, every assassin who had his peace to make with heaven and the King, was a good recruit, and a celebrated robber, an apostate Priest,

known throughout the country by the name of *Fratre Diavolo*, presented himself with five hundred of his followers before his eminence, and was considered as a very acceptable accession. The royal cause now bore down every thing before it, Naples was taken, the royal government reestablished, and numbers of those unfortunate persons, who had been any way connected with the temporary republick, were made to pay the penalty of their rashness: there are circumstances in this part of the narration I have before me, not so honourable to Lord Nelson, but the Tragedy ended in a Farce, which is worth relating. On the list of the proscribed there was placed (you will be astonished to hear it,) the name of St. Januarius himself, the great Patron Saint of Naples, whom you must have become acquainted with in Moore's travels, if you had never heard of him before; he was accused of having been passive at least in the late revolution, and of having permitted the annual liquefaction of his blood, while the rebels were in possession of the King's palace. As no one appeared to make any defence for this holy personage, though a reasonable time was allowed for the purpose, he was declared convicted; his property, that is to say, the ornaments of the Cathedral and of the great altar, were declared forfeited to the crown; he was deposed from his station of Patron Saint of Naples, his blood to remain congealed forever, no miracles of his to be admitted of, and it was announced that the vows of the nation collectively were hereafter to be addressed to St. Antony of Padua: I know a Lady who was present and saw St. Antony take possession of his new dignity:

around the Saint's body and under his feet, were placed a number of those ropes, which it was said the republicans had prepared to bind the royalists with, had it not been for his powerful intercession with heaven; and at every house by which the procession passed the inhabitants were careful how they neglected to have an offering of flowers and of some piece of plate ready to lay at the Saint's feet.

You will find somewhat similar to the description of St. Januarius in Hume's History of England; where he describes the vengeance of Henry the eighth, as exercised against the Papal power in the person of St. Thomas of Canterbury: this Saint who owed his canonization to the zealous defence he made of the Apostolick See against Henry the second, had kindled by his repeated miracles, such a flame of devotion at Canterbury, as to efface the adoration of the virgin and even of the Deity: he was now however cited to appear in court as if he had been a common person, was tried and condemned as a traitor, his name was struck off the list of Saints, his shrine was pillaged, his remains, which had been held sacred for near four hundred years, were burnt, and his ashes were scattered in the air. One could hardly have expected that a scene so similar would be repeated in the eighteenth century.

The events which took place at Rome were neither so absurd nor so tragical, but it would have grieved the most bigoted Presbyterian to have seen the venerable head of the Roman church, at the age of eighty-two, carried a prisoner from place to place till the hour of his death. And what are we to think of the part which his successor has been made to

act? The Papal power however, though shorn of its beams, has been reestablished, and all those prophecies about the fall of the great Babylon, which were thought to be accomplished are put off to another century.

The ultimate success of the French in Italy has been great and decisive: it has arisen from their superiour numbers, from the great improvements which have been made in the conveyance and management of artillery, from the discovery of the Telegraph, and from the perfection to which the Science of practical Geography has been carried: large bodies of men stretched across an extent of many leagues, have been brought to bear with wonderful precision upon any one point, and the great mass has been animated by one soul under the direction of a very superiour genius: how far the arts of peaceful life have been promoted, or how the happiness of individuals have been affected, I cannot pretend to say. In making himself Emperour of France and King of Italy, Bonaparte has deusted the executive authority of one most powerful instrument, which he and his predecessours in command had wielded with great effect: the charm of imaginary liberty is at an end, the spell is broken, he will have numbers, and courage, and military knowledge at his command, but he will never have again the advantage of that enthusiasm which has done such wonders in Italy, and which at the commencement of the revolution, when worked upon by the more than mortal sounds of the Marseilloise Hymn could alone render a French army invincible.

If any part of Italy has been benefited by the revolutionary war, it is the republic of Genoa, which

has at length been annexed to the French empire: it must be mortifying no doubt, to loose that political existence which had lasted for so many centuries, and frequently with all the splendour of successful war, and foreign conquests; but dragged into every dispute of France with England, exposed to the depredations of the powers of Barbary, and cut off from the means of internal trade by a line of French custom-house officers, the change for the better, in the situation of this miserable republick, is evident to every one. Marseilles is said to be no gainer at the establishment of a powerful rival so near, but the complaints of a single town, or indeed of a department, are of little importance in the contemplation of him, who regulates all things by the opinion, and sometimes by the caprice of the moment.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

At the time, when Lord Lyttleton, the younger, was alternately plunged in the vortex of business, rambling in the gardens of Epicurus or glittering in the zenith of fashion, there was scarcely a man of wit and colloquial powers in the higher circles of life, who was not in habits of intimacy with that shining, imposing, seductive nobleman. It is an atrocious calumny to assert that Lyttleton had few companions but the profligate and the base. It is true that many latitudinarians in principle were admitted into his private orgies; and in the recesses of a rural dell, or in the coffeehouses at the west end, a chirping songster or a mere buffoon might be tolerated to while away the idle hour. But though a *Chase Price*, or a gambling *Folly*, or a Capt. O'Brien might occasionally partake of his midnight carousal, yet Lyttleton, from the better impulses of his genius and taste habitually preferred men, who like Topham, Beauclerc, or Charles Fox, could burnish their excesses with the polish of urbanity, and if they were as profligate as Falstaff, could be as witty too. Among such of his companions, who mingled mirth with mind, was the Hon. Mr. Damer, who

was distinguished by all the gifts of nature and fortune, and whom a fine genius, aided by an excellent education, foreign travel, and the most pleasing powers of conversation placed in the front rank of his fashionable contemporaries. This extraordinary young man by running too swiftly towards Pleasure's goal, at length became quite out of breath, and having exhausted a plentiful patrimony, became so involved in the gloom of despair, that he committed the act of suicide with circumstances of such strange preparation as deserves to be recorded in the following narrative. It is an exquisite moral lesson.

Another circumstance, says Lord Lyttleton, of a very different nature, occurs to me from the recollection of that day's pleasure. Poor *John Damer* was one of the company. He has made a strange exit in a strange manner. We were at Eton and in Italy together, and at subsequent periods in the habits of friendly connexion. Few of those, who knew him have been more gloomily affected by the melancholy event than myself. Despair, as it arises from very different and opposite causes, has various and distinct appearances. It has its rage, its gloom, and its indifference; and while under the former, its operations acquire the name of madness, under the latter it bears the title of philosophy. Poor John Damer was no philosopher, and yet he seems to have taken his leap in the dark with the marks both of an Epicurean and a Stoick. He acted his part with coolness, and sought his preparation in the mirth of a brothel.

As example, says a popular writer, teaches more effectually than precept, and curiosity is more alive to recent facts than to remote illustrations, I shall here relate the history of a man of family and fashion, who, a few years since, shot himself in London; from which it will appear that possessed even of the best feelings of the heart, men may be rendered extremely miserable by suffering their principles to be corrupted by the practice of the world.

The Hon. Mr. Damer, the eldest son of Lord Milton, was five and thirty years of age, when he put a period to his existence, by means perfectly correspondent to the prin-

ciples on which he had lived. He was married to a rich heiress, the daughter-in-law of Gen. Conway. Nature had endowed him with extraordinary talents; but a most infatuated fondness for excessive dissipation obscured the brightest faculties of his mind, and perverted many of the faculties of his heart. His houses, his carriages, his horses, and his liveries surpassed in splendour and magnificence everything sumptuous and costly, even in the superb and extravagant metropolis of Great Britain. The fortune he possessed was great; but the variety of lavish expenditures in which he engaged exceeded his income, and he was at length reduced to the necessity of borrowing money. He raised, in different ways, nearly forty thousand pounds, the greater part of which he employed, with improvident generosity, in relieving the distresses of his less opulent companions; for his heart overflowed with tenderness and compassion: but this exquisite sensibility, which was ever alive to the misfortunes of others, was, at length, awakened to his own embarrassed situation, and his mind, driven by the seemingly irretrievable condition of his affairs, to the utmost verge of despair. Retiring to a common brothel, he sent for four women of the town, and passed several hours in their company with apparent good spirits and unincumbered gayety; but when the dead of night arrived, he requested them, with visible dejection to retire; and immediately afterwards drawing from his pocket a pistol, which he had carried about him the whole afternoon, blew out his brains. It appeared that he had passed the evening with these women in the same manner as he had been used to pass many others with different women of the same description, without demanding favours, which they would most willingly have granted, and only desiring, in return for the money he had lavished upon them, the dissipation of their discourse, or at most, the ceremony of a salute, to divert the sorrow that preyed on his tortured

mind. But the gratitude he felt for the temporary oblivion, which these intercourses afforded, sometimes ripened into feelings of the warmest friendship. A celebrated actress of the London theatre, whose conversations had already drained him of considerable sums of money, requested of him, only three days before his death, to send her five-and-twenty guineas. At that moment, he had only ten guineas about him; but he sent her, with an apology for his inability to comply immediately with her request, all he had, and soon after borrowed the remainder of the money, and sent it to her without delay. This unhappy young man, shortly before the fatal catastrophe, had written to his father, and disclosed to him the distressed situation he was in; and the night, the very night on which he terminated his existence his affectionate parent, the good Lord Milton arrived in London, for the purpose of discharging all the debts, and arranging the affairs of his unhappy son.

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Your correspondent W. R. S. or S. has criticised the version from Hafiz in the style of a gentleman. But he must feel that some of his objections border upon cavil.

Boy, quick bring the goblets, and fill them with wine,
With sparkling wine, till no more they will hold.

(These lines were still more defective in the manuscript; Mr. O. was kind in correcting them.) S. observes that the word *sparkling* is forced into three syllables to help the measure: we acknowledge the impropriety;—but the alleged tautology is not so glaring as S. would have it appear; at least it is supported by very convenient and unimpeachable authority. S. gives the hint of citation from his own version: we will then adduce,
b. Again fill to the sparkling goblet's brim

Or as he misquotes,

Once more the sparkling cup fill to the brim.
These lines justify Carlos, but they are no honour to the authour's skill in versification.

We do not coincide with S. in the signification he apparently ascribes to the word "*maladies*," as used in the prose translation of the Gazel. He appears to understand it as, *distempers of the body*. We observe the reasonable construction, and consider it to intend those maladies of the heart which wine is supposed to cure. Hafiz says "wine cures the maladies of young and old;" the maladies alluded to are those of the heart: therefore,

'Tis wine heals the hearts of the young and the old.

But turn your microscope to *this*, Mr. S., your own version of the same passage,

And wine is remedy for every ill.

Here is announced the most stupendous of all human discoveries. Let S. be praised: for *Hafiz* never had the least presentiment that wine would ever prove a remedy for EVERY ILL—physical and moral; no exception is made! this idea fills the mind; there is no niche for 'important secrets,' or 'curious phenomena.' Why did not S. administer his omnipotent nostrum to the ode he has made so ill? here is a liberal range for ridicule; and we shall presently find that this is not the only one opened in the standard version: but we will not fill the pages of *The Port Folio* with that which when exceeding defensive retort, can have no other actuating motive than malice.

The wine and the cup, are the sun and the moon;
To the arms of the moon, O! then let him retire.

If the first of these lines be decided tame, surely S. has made a tame translation of the French Treatise by Sir W. Jones. The trite expressions 'bright god of day' and 'pale fac'd orb of night,' might have been fastened on without conjuration. If the want of compound epithets, and such flaunting titles as these, constitute

tameness, then the line is tame; and so is "God said let there be light, and there was light." If monosyllables be necessarily tame, what will you say to this:

Haste bring the moon that she may with *us* shine,

(i. e. shine in conjunction with us.) If retaining the original expression be tameness; Carlos must plead guilty. If the naked original metaphor be tame; either Hafiz or his "spirited" translator must be culpable 'to a degree.' S. should have given this as a standard of tameness.

A cure for lover's pain is in them found.

In the second of the lines Carlos has varied the conceit in some measure.

S. is guilty of an impropriety when he ushers the 'bright god of day' into an Oriental song. *Perhaps* Hafiz had never perused 'Ovid' in all his life; and did not even suspect the sun to be no less a personage than Apollo, 'God of day,' &c. S. was almost as bold in this unceremonious introduction, as Carlos was in supposing that there might be a *male* nightingale! however, we will not apostrophize. Is the 'poor' bird considered as masculine, feminine or *neuter* in the fable of the Nightingale and Rose! Eastern authority is of some little force here; even in opposition to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

The rose droops *his* head in the fervour of day.

We are superlatively unhappy in disappointing our critick, but it is necessary to suggest that the anomaly he observes in this line appears, by the original sketch, to be of the species vulgarly termed a mistake of the Press. Here is room for a doleful apostrophe.

S. is sincerely thanked for his grammatical criticisms, and the manner in which they are conveyed.

In the 'dipping experiment' Carlos stands convicted of a highly criminal aberration.

Did S. never understand the species of metaphor exemplified here, "The work is honourable to his head?" Is it not allowable in this

figure to say 'bosom' instead of the heart contained in the bosom? Is not expansion of heart said to be an effect of musick acting on the sense? Is it not within license to say, in this instance 'the bosom expands?' To the musick of glasses your bosoms expand.

Mr. Oldschool, will not this line pass the ordeal of criticism without much damage?

We long to see friend S. embark on the ocean of metaphysical disquisition: but in the words of Dr. Caustick, "however honoured we should feel, on all other occasions with his worship's company, after wishing his good worship a stiff breeze we must beg leave to be off."

That so lady-like an instrument as the lute should *ring*, is a 'curious phenomenon' indeed. Let the sagacious S. introduce himself to the nearest organ, and but strike on its side, perhaps the phenomenon will recur. The same wonderful effect may proceed from the lute when swept by the hand of a master. Hafiz says, "Do not afflict thyself with the alteration of fortune, but be attentive to the harmony of the lute." Carlos renders it thus, concisely and correctly, notwithstanding the little cavil on fate and fortune;

Mourn not for a moment the changes of fate,
But hear the lute ring with a masterly hand.

"Musick, the fiercest grief can charm,
"And Fate's severest rage disarm." POPE.
The same sentence of Hafiz is eked out by S. to four lines, thus:

Should Fortune frown, who once appear'd thy friend,

Is this redundancy to be entitled elucidation, ornament, or mere expletive? Observe the rule laid down by S. against 'superfluous distension':

And deaf to prayers, refuse thy fervent suit.
(i. e. who not hearing thy prayer, refuses, &c.) This is a doubly useful line, it fills up an hiatus, and makes a rhyme.

Cast every grief aside, and then attend
The sound harmonious of the well-strung lute.

Here S. virtually denies to musick her "prime attribute," that of alleviating sorrow. He will not suffer her to apply a "soft assuasive voice,"

And "when the soul is press'd with cares,
"Exalt her in enliv'ning airs." POPE.

The intimated disapprobation of the license assumed in the line "I shall kiss, &c." is too puerile to deserve an answer, however, that license is one of those designated as 'predominant faults.' The ninth stanza of Hafiz, Carlos has omitted, and we do not wish it restored.

It is complained that 'Carlos compresses the whole *sentiment* of the last verse of Hafiz in one line,' whereas, S. exhibits it 'distended' to four. This though designed for censure is honourable praise. The *whole stanza* except "Once more bring full cups," is without any compression in the least degree injurious, comprehended in the sole line,

And Hafiz will drink if allowed or forbidden.

Until the brevity of which Carlos is accused, shall be proved to exclude an original ornament, or to obscure an original idea, we shall suppose that brevity to be commendable.

Were we in retaliation disposed to animadvert methodically on every passage in the version by S. some harmless lines might be found, deserving of nothing more than the "charity of silence." We should disdain to use the Shandean penknife for the laudable purpose of scratching them into deformity. But let S. attempt to scratch a little sense into this line,

Let roses fade, their beauties will not dwell.

Or rhythm into this,

Again fill to the sparkling goblet's brim.

In this line the cæsural pause must fall at the close of the first, or in the middle of the second foot. The painful effect of such an irregularity is not much alleviated by the succeeding division of the line. These asperities of sound might have been avoided; for instance, if, instead of misquoting the line thus,

Once more the sparkling cup fill to the brim,

he had cited it,

Again the bowl "replenish to the brim."

We do not "haunt Parnassus but to please the ear," however, neither tearing a word of two syllables into three, as *spark-el-ing*, nor such barbarous lines as the above can presume to expect toleration. The remaining three lines of the same verse, are rather tautological, 'Heed not the censor,' 'approve or disapprove,' 'forbidden or allowed.'—A version of the identical passage, which is rendered by Carlos in one line.

The surest remedy *my friends* e'er found
was wine.

This is 'dull prose.' In reading it the contraction *e'er* cannot be made to sustain a just emphasis without an exertion which destroys the melody. This inelegancy would have been eluded and the original more faithfully represented thus 'compressed,'

In wine the only remedy was found.

But no more of versification. Does S. convey the 'full force and meaning of his authour, here,

Forget they wither, for the wine we pour
Can all the roses of the world excel.

Excel in what? Does S. transfuse his authour's ideas into rhyme unenervated by superfluity? Let the reader collate them; and at the close of every verse he will decide in the negative. S. distinguishes *three* lines with the decisive epithets 'prosaick, dull and tame.' Unfortunately the ode produced as a criterion is in almost every stanza 'tame, prosaick, and dull,' to that ode we transfer the terms as characteristick.

When we read,

Haste bring the moon that she may with
us shine,

We recollect,

That "ten low words oft creep in one dull line."

We advise S. to commit this couplet to memory;

"Let such teach others who themselves
excel,

"And censure freely who have written well."

In criticism we expect candour ; in criticism on the lines of a youth we look for favour ; but when a writer undertakes to compare his own stanzas with those of that youth, we demand candour, favour, and the most delicate impartiality. When such examiner seems incapable of perceiving faults, we pity his want of discernment : but when he intimates that all on one side is beauty, and all on the other deformity ; we despise him as disingenuous. Such a critick throws a *carte blanche* for retort, into the hand of the criticised.

For all those strictures which we conceive to be liberally just we again express gratitude. The inaccuracies observed in the pieces signed Carlos will even to S. appear less reprehensible when informed that the writer is an uneducated youth of the "Western wilderness," three hundred miles remote from the sublime Pennsylvanian metropolis. As this is the first time he ever ventured forth in prose, and as he is now no intruder, the editor and the reader will readily pardon the crudities of his style.

CARLOS.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS PARNELL, D. D.

The Parnells were a family long seated at Congleton, in Cheshire. The poet's father having been much attached to the republican form of government, found it convenient to remove to Ireland after the restoration : and this fact will account for his son's being born in Dublin in 1679, where he received his education. His progress in learning at Dublin college was rapid. In 1700 he became master of arts, and was soon after ordained a deacon by dispensation from the bishop of Derry, being then under the canonical age. In about three years he was made a priest ; and in 1705, Dr. Ashe, bishop of Clogher, gave him the arch-

deaconry of that see. Eloquent and persuasive in his sermons, he gained great celebrity as a preacher, and seemed on the point of becoming one of the heads of the church. Dr. Parnell was happy in his marriage with the amiable Miss Ann Minchin. He was blessed with an income equal to his wants, having obtained a stall, with the rich vicarage of Findglas, worth 400*l.* and he was patronised by the great, and beloved by the best geniuses of the age—but happiness is as fleeting as the wind. His two only sons died ; their afflicted mother, and his much beloved wife followed them to a premature grave ; and, in the true language of party, he was loaded with the epithet of trimmer, for having joined queen Anne's last ministry : so that he saw the termination of his rising hopes in the accession of George I. Wine was resorted to ; a specious friend in the beginning, but always an enemy in the end. After enjoying his last preferment but one year, he sunk into the arms of death at Chester, in July, 1717, and in his 38th year, when preparing to embark for his native land. We cannot but lament that so pleasing and instructive a writer should be so early lost to the world, who was better calculated for prosperity than adversity ; but his disappointment and his real griefs were great. He who could be beloved by a Swift and a Pope, and praised by a Goldsmith, must have had great merit : he who was singled out in a crowd by a lord high treasurer at his levee, and particularly noticed there, might justly feel a consciousness of merit, which, however flattering, does not appear to have led him to the commission of a single impropriety. Johnson points out the authours from whose works he copied ; but it should be remembered that a good copyist is far better than a poor original. Where he did not borrow, he is a very respectable writer, but does not stand in the first rank of poets. He left an only child, a daughter, who long survived him.

THE NATIVE COT.

Though with a firm undaunted heart
 The sailor quits each dearest tie,
 Yet at the signal to depart
 A tear unbidden gems his eye !
 To grief a foe, he wipes it soon,
 Nor sighs nor murmurs at his lot :
 Yet fond remembrance, morn and noon,
 Will dwell upon his native cot !

And, when he ploughs the distant seas,
 Whether on deck he takes his stand,
 Or shifts the sail, to catch the breeze,
 Or lends to heave the log a hand ;
 Still fancy, faithful to her post,
 On scenes like these will linger not,
 But flies with speed to that lov'd coast
 Where friends adorn his native cot.

He, does the mighty tempest lower,
 Should boiling torrents round him dash,
 Should lightnings dart from heaven's high
 tower,

And waring waves the vessel lash ;
 At such a moment, fill'd with awe,
 As all survey the dread upshot,
 He cries (and thence can comfort draw),
 " No storms assail my native cot !"

And when to meet the haughty foe,
 He steers where deep-mouthed cannons
 roar,

Though the next shot may lay him low,
 Far distant from his much lov'd shore,
 He shouts regardless of his life,
 While round the battle rages hot,
 " I fight to shield from war and strife
 My friends, my home, my native cot !"

He still wherever doom'd to rove,
 Whether to India or the Pole,
 With thoughts of absent friends and home
 Can steer and animate his soul ;
 And as, in every clime, we find
 The magick needle vary not,
 Ev'n so the compass of his mind
 Points ever to his native cot.

Ah ! hear him now, all dangers past,
 His wife and children smiling near,
 Declare how largely heaven, at last,
 Hath recompens'd each pang and tear !
 His perils he recounts aloud,
 And all his troubles are forgot,
 When faithful friends around him crowd
 And seat him in his native cot.

EPIGRAM.

TO AN OFFICIOUS FRENCHMAN.

Since, bending ever o'er my chair,
 Politeness bids you laugh and chatter,
 I wish politeness would forbear,
 Spluttering, my dinner to bespatter !

SYNONYME.

Cried Nell to her spouse, with a tongue
 quite in glee,
 " Still, 'twixt export and transport no dif-
 ference I see !"
 " No difference, my dear ! could I see you
 exported—
 " Excuse me !—but Oh ! I should then be
 transported !"

MERRIMENT.

A stupid story, or idea, will sometimes
 make one laugh more than wit. I was
 once removing from Berkeley-square to
 Strawberry-hill, and had sent off all my
 books, when a message unexpectedly arri-
 ved, which fixed me in town for that after-
 noon. What to do ? I desired my man to
 rummage for a book, and he brought me
 an old Grub-street thing, from the garret.
 The authour, in sheer ignorance, not hu-
 mour, discoursing on the difficulty of some
 pursuit, said, " that even if a man had as
 many lives as a cat ; nay, as many lives as
 one PLUTARCH is said to have had, he
 could not accomplish it." This *quid pro quo*
 surprised me into vehement laughter.

Lady — is fond of stupid stories.—
 She repeats one of a Welch scullion-
 wench, who, on hearing the servants speak
 of new moons, asked, gravely, what be-
 came of all the OLD moons.

A certain poet and player, remarkable
 for his impudence and cowardice, happen-
 ing many years ago to have a quarrel with
 Mr. Powel, another player, received from
 him a smart box on the ear. A few days
 after, the former having lost his snuff-box,
 was making strict inquiry if any body had
 seen his box. " What," said another of the
 theatrical punsters, " that which George
 Powel gave you the other night ?"

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(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—COWP.

Vol. VI.

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 8, 1808.

No. 15.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 218.)

LETTER XLVIII.

I SAW nothing of the Court of Milan.* The Empress was indisposed, or fatigued, and never came abroad. She is generally spoken well of for her mild and affable manners, for her beneficence, and for a good humoured and sensible recollection of former circumstances, while she does not seem, either by her conversation or appearance to be any way unfit for those of the present time.

* We every day met a courier from Milan, and were past by one from Paris, so regularly was the communication kept up between the two places. This single article cost one hundred Louis d'or a day.

She was observed to smile once as a person was presented to her in Paris, and as he expressed his high sense of the honour conferred on him, in being allowed to fill some place of Chamberlain, or gentleman usher about her person; observing, after he had retired, that she remembered having made interest to be invited to a concert at that gentleman's house, and of having been rather uncivilly repulsed. Her son, the Vice Roy of Italy is said to be a good-natured, brave, and well-informed young man, who does the best he can to procure in private such amusements, as may console him for the tiresome trappings of greatness which encumber him in publick: the fate of the family is a singular one, and if ever they fall from their present elevated station, I wish it may be with as little mortification as possible.

The Emperour was absent; he was gone to receive the adorations, I can call them by no other name,

F f

of his new subjects, and to determine what he should do with such powers as offered themselves to his government. If he reads Tacitus, he must often have in mind, the sentence which Tiberius was heard to quote, as he once quitted the Senate house. It is to be lamented that a genius so fitted by the arts of peace and war, for an elevated station, should have no Constitutional restraints opposed to his momentary opinions in the government of a great country. It is more than human nature can bear, and more than it should be exposed to: he is not likely either, to be opposed by the talents of any cotemporary Prince. That portion of the Bourbons which has been able to keep possession of the throne of Naples and of Spain, is not very advantageously spoken of; no genius springs up in Germany, and the King of Sweden excites no other notice than now and then a sarcastick paragraph in the *Moniteur*. Russia is too far off, and England is powerful only by sea.

But it is time to return to our travels and to inform you that we quitted Milan on the evening of the fourth day after our arrival and took the road to Sesto, which you will find on any map of Lombardy: it is situated at the spot where the Tesino, after having principally contributed to form the Lac Maggiore, reassumes its course again towards the sea, as the Rhone does at Geneva. I was surprised to find a tract of uncultivated country near Gallarate which the government was willing to make grants of, I was told, to any one who presented himself. It was the first time I had seen in Europe what we, in America, call vacant land, and to complete my astonishment the soil was good,

and the climate delightful, but there was no command of water for irrigation; it had been formerly cultivated, but was abandoned, owing it is said, to a burdensome imposition of taxes, and was likely to remain for years in its present situation. La Lande, who travelled thirty years ago in the Milanese says, that land had sold as high as 2263 livres the arpent or acre, but that the price varied in general according to the quality and convenience for irrigation from 158 livres to 57. Rice land could then be hired at 15 livres the arpent or acre, and the average profit arising from agriculture was 3 1-2 per cent. on the capital: it was not in my power to learn if any difference had taken place since, but I believe it to be inconsiderable if any. Sesto is a small place, which had nothing to detain us, and we embarked in a boat navigated by four stout men, all of whom rowed standing erect with their faces to the prow, and two had an oar in either hand. We went with great velocity, and had soon got out of the current, which is perceivable at the extremity of the Lake, to where it was spread out in a smooth expanse and diversified here and there by a sail and by the towns and villages which crown its banks. Two of these little towns in particular attracted our attention, these were Angera and Arona in face of each other. They reminded me of Dover and Calais, and the resemblance, though in miniature, must have been striking, when two different and frequently hostile powers possessed the opposite shores. The steep hill sides were chiefly in vineyards, and the houses which were scattered over their surface appeared more like places of retreat in the summer to

the opulent gentry of Milan, than dwelling places of farmers. We landed at Arona and found a small and rather a gloomy town with a harbour in which a merchant ship might barely turn round, but which is sufficiently spacious for the barks which navigate the Lake. Merchandise of considerable value passes here in the intercourse between Germany and Italy in time of peace, but the war has been fatal to trade in every part of the continent. The inhabitants value themselves on the antiquity of their city and are persuaded, it seems, that the Aronaim alluded to by the Prophet Isaiah, see chap. 15, verse — is no other but their identical city of Arona, and I believe really it would be difficult to prove the contrary. The boatmen, who seemed afraid of our thinking too well of Arona, told us, that there was a continued and miraculous interference of heaven near Angera, which was also worth our attention; an immense rock seems suspended almost on the brink of a declivity which overhangs the convent, and is kept from yielding to the natural tendency of all heavy bodies by the intercession and influence of a female Saint, whose name I forget. — I think if the Pope, who is at the head of this enormous system of absurdity, which has so unaccountably sprung up from the principles of truth and piety, were wise, he would act as an able general with a small garrison has frequently been known to do: he would abandon fortifications which are too extensive for his means of defence, and would retire into the citadel.

We found a number of labourers working with great spirit upon the new road near Arona, and ascended a neighbouring hill in or-

der to see the Statue of St. Charles Borromeo. This gigantick statue is sixty-six feet in height upon a pedestal of forty-six feet, and was erected in the year 1697, at the joint expense of the neighbouring country and of the Borromean family. The head and arms are of bronze cast, and the remainder of beaten copper. The Saint is placed with great propriety in front of a college, which owes its foundation to his liberality, and love of learning: and his right hand stretched forth, in the act of blessing the waters of the lake, must be a comfortable sight to these fair weather sailors, when they are caught out a few miles from shore, by a gale of wind: the lake to them is an ocean, they measure the breadth of it with an eye of terrour, and their fears convert every squall into a tempest: I have already brought you acquainted with Saint Charles, who so well deserved canonization if ever man did, and in whose enormous features there is an air of paternal benignity. There were some workmen repairing the corner of the pedestal, who showed us a skirt of his garment, under which a person must insinuate himself, who is desirous of mounting up into the Saint's head. They told us with a degree of ludicrous precision of the proportions of this monstrous head, how many men might sit in it around a table, how much at ease F. — and I might be in the two nostrils, and that a person standing upon one of the eye brows could barely reach the top of the Saint's cap. We were satisfied however with an external view, and embarked again at the foot of the hill, and a breeze springing up, we spread our sail, and leaving the length of the lake to the extent of about fifty miles upon our right stood for the

gulf at the western extremity, in which are situated the Borromean Islands. These are four in number: one of them is unimproved; another called Isola Pescatoria is covered by a little fishing town, and two, known by the name of Isola Madre, and Isola Bella, have for many years attracted the admiration of travellers.

It was the pride and pleasure of a Count Borromeo, who lived towards the end of the sixteenth century, to convert two naked rocky Islands of a few acres, into what the imagination of every beholder has been embarrassed to find terms capable of expressing his admiration of. We landed first at Isola Bella, and having viewed the palace, proceeded through groves of evergreens, many of which I perceived to be of American origin, to the other extremity of the Island; this is covered by a construction of masonry on vaults, which support a succession of terraces receding as they rise one above the other to the aggregate height of upwards of one hundred feet, where the whole is crowned by a platform and surrounded by a balustrade and adorned with statues: the annexed drawing will give you an idea of what I mean to describe, and your imagination may supply the walls of the various terraces, which are ten in number, with all the beautiful varieties of the orange tribe in Espaliers; of these, some were in full bearing and others in blossom, and the whole as I looked down upon it, from the platform, had more the appearance of Fairy land, than any thing I ever beheld. At a little distance on one side we saw the Isola Madre, where there are also terraces, with lemons and oranges, shady groves and a lawn that leads down to the brink of the water from a handsome house, and

the Isola Pescatoria on the other. The little town that covers this last, is said to contain five hundred souls; the men gain their living by fishing, and the women employ themselves in making and mending nets: the possession of an acre or two on the main land crowns the hopes of a long life among these simple and industrious people. There are several towns also spread along the banks of the lake, and the view after having been gratified with the wonders of art and nature united in so small a compass, after having reposed upon the clear unruffled expanse of a beautiful sheet of water in every direction, loses itself in the dark valleys and amid the snowy eminences of the neighbouring Alps.

The palace of the Count might serve for the residence of a royal family; gilding and marble, the costliest furniture and the finest mirrors are to be admired in every room, and there are several pictures done by eminent masters: the lower suite of rooms is in a style particularly adapted to a hot climate, the walls, the pillars that support the ceiling, and the ceiling itself, as well as the floor, are of the variously coloured pebbles of the lake, which are wedged closely to each other without cement, and with a great deal of taste. The fancy of a poet could not devise a residence more suited to the genius of the place. The Count, who is lord paramount of the whole lake, very seldom resides here, and makes the most liberal use of his extensive rights, and his vassals, who are perhaps five hundred in number, are ready at a word to man his Gondolas, or to render any service he requires of them; they are sure to wait upon him also, with the best of what

they get, either in the lake or at the chase. The generality of travellers who visit these fortunate Islands, prefer the happy imitation of nature in the Isola Madre to all the splendour of the Isola Bella. They are amused also with the number of pheasants that are reared there, and who live at large, except that food is provided for them: five men were every day employed, the gardener told me, in collecting ant hills upon the main; these are thrown together into a large box where the poor ants make out as well as they can in a state of horrible confusion until they are given out to the young pheasants, who devour thousands at a meal, both of the animal itself and of what is improperly called their eggs: we took a last look at these Islands with a degree of regret.

I can well conceive that the means of a wealthy nobleman might in these days of taste and refinement, be made to produce a far more pleasing appearance of ornamented nature, and that the various fruits of the West Indies might have formed an agreeable variety in this wilderness of oranges and lemons; but the terraces of Isola Bella are a noble creation, the vicinity of savage mountains renders the exhibition of so much art the more admirable; and when it is remembered that the purse of the Borromei has been open to every demand of science, charity or religion, that hospitals and schools have been built and endowed by the successive chiefs of the family, they seem, in the thousands which have been lavished here with so much magnificence to have made but a liberal use of their superfluous wealth. The ardent imagination of Rousseau had once led him, it is said, to think of fixing the scene of his *Nouvelle*

Heloise amid these Islands: but they were upon too small a scale, and except in the family of the Count himself, with whom an author could hardly have taken so great a liberty, it would have been impossible to have found models for his heroine, and for the society she lived in: those of the inhabitants of Isola Bella, whom I saw, and who were not in the service of the Count, appeared a poor and dirty race of mortals; I should rather take them, if I were disposed to be poetick, for the sad objects on which some treacherous divinity, the mistress of this fair island, had exercised her wrath, as Calypso did upon the companions of Ulysses.

We now proceeded to the extremity of the lake, and entering a canal which has been dug within these few years, soon found ourselves in the lake of Margozzo, which is of very inferior dimensions to the one we had quitted; the little town that gives name to the lake presented itself at the upper end, before us, and with the number of fishing boats which were drawn up on the strand, it had to our imagination the appearance of a sea port in miniature: on the back ground were the lofty mountains, among which we knew that our road was to wind, and we endeavoured to prepare ourselves for the fatigues of the next day by enjoying the comforts of a tolerable inn.

LETTER XLIX.

It is impossible either to travel with advantage or to read the narration of travellers to any useful purpose, unless one is furnished with good maps; I request of you therefore to lay the map of upper Italy upon the table before you, and to place yourself in imagina-

tion at Margozzo ; the road which is now carried on by the orders of Bonaparte, as Emperour and King passes from Arona along the lake, leaves Margozzo upon the right, and follows the course of the Tosa, making almost a right angle at Vogogna, and another near Maserab by Trasquera and Gondo to the Vallais village of Simpelberg. I admire, and believe I have expressed it before, the sublime simplicity of being guided by nature as far as it is compatible with art ; a beautiful terrace, (I can call it by no other name) now reigns along the Tosa, preserving nearly the same distance from the level of the water the whole way. The degree of fall, which converts a stream into a roaring torrent, is but a gentle descent to the traveller, and he moves along with safety and with comfort, where a boat would be dashed to pieces in a moment. It seems to be the difference between the maturity of reason, and the headlong passions of the mind, which often hurry man to destruction. The bridges upon this road are handsome ; subterranean passages carry off the waters that might injure it, and where the declivity is perpendicular, a tunnel is cut, through which the road passes. The whole of the way for nearly forty or perhaps fifty English miles has been chiefly effected by mining.* It will be in-

* I have since been informed by the principal engineer that the rise and the fall on the whole of the road is upon an average four and a half inches in six feet : the bridges are from seventy to ninety feet above the surface of the torrents they cross : the estimate, now founded upon experience, of the expense of the whole undertaking for the lake of Geneva to near Sesto, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles is ten millions of livres ; the undertakers it is thought will clear about one hundred thousand.

teresting in a few years to observe the effects that a great facility of communication, and the passage of strangers and all the circumstances of trade, will have had upon the manners and morals of the people of the neighbouring Alps. The accounts given by Mr. de Saussure will in time require perhaps all the weight which they will ever derive from his name to render them credible.

Placing yourself at Margozzo, a line due north carries you in twenty or twenty-five miles to the passage of Mr. de Saussure on his way from the sources of the Rhone in the Vallais into the Val Maggia or Rheintal, the inhabitants of which, by the strangest of all political absurdities, were the subjects of the democrattick cantons of Switzerland. They had been given to them by Francis the first in payment of arrears which he could not otherwise discharge during one of his moments of temporary success in the Milanese: the governor appointed by Schwitz and Underwalden was generally a peasant, who longed for some opportunity of exercising his power even at the expense of his subjects ; and he was attended by a servant allowed him by the state, who was not unfrequently his brother or some other near relation, with whom it was very possible that in a year or two he might change conditions, and whose fortune he had to take care of. Mr. de Saussure passed from Bosco, where for three months in the winter the sun is never seen, to Cerentino, where the inhabitants have the sun for three hours while their neighbours are in darkness, and to Cevio which you will find by following the stream that runs down the Val Maggia towards the lake, leaving Locarno a little on the left:

as this was the residence of the governour or bailiff, says Mr. de Saussure, "I was not afraid of exciting any troublesome curiosity by the experiments I might make, and was observing the elevation of the village by the barometer, near the bailiff's residence, when he approached and invited me in; I could not well refuse, and was in hopes that I might learn something of what was going on in the world below, with which I had kept up but a very imperfect communication for sometime past: on my asking him if he had seen any late papers, he answered in the negative, but assured me, that he could answer to any question I might choose to make by a mode peculiar to himself: so saying he drew out a seal of black crystal, and explained the oracular use of it to me with the air of a man, who spoke from a thorough conviction, that what he uttered was strictly true: his mode was to suspend the seal by a thread in a tumbler of water, and as a tremulous motion of the hand invariably communicated a degree of vibration to the seal he received an answer by the number of times it struck against the sides of the tumbler, to any question that passed through his mind; he had never been mistaken he said in his desire to know the secrets of his own household or the particulars of an election in his native Canton: he showed me what the Almanack says of the age of the world, and agreed with me when I told him my observations had led me to suppose the term rather too short, for I tried the question with my seal the other day, said he, and it makes the world full four years older than the ignorant people pretend: my agreement of opinion with him opened the good man's heart, and

he presented me with half a loaf of household bread, which was a present not to be thought slightly of; I had seen no bread for some time past, which had not been baked six months at least, and was to be cut with a hatchet."

The landlord at Margozzo had been invested by the government with a right to make travellers show their passports and give an account of themselves; he thought my name the strangest he had ever met with and as unutterable, as we do some in Gulliver's travels; and yet one might have supposed that his near neighbourhood to the Vallais, would have familiarised him to the names of mountains, places and persons, unrivalled even by those of the Houyhnhnms. You would be struck with the superiority of the Italian language, in point of sound, over the German, at the mere inspection of a traveller's itinerary. We had come, for instance, from Sesto to Margozzo, and were to pass by Domo de Ossola and Grondo to Sempione, and were then to descend into the Wallais through Brig, Wisp, and Turtig, and Tormitan and Sider.

Wilkes pretended that any man would presume John Dryden to be a better poet than Elkanah Settle, if he judged by their names only, and you I am certain, would look for better accommodations at Castellanza or Arona, then at Bister or Gliss: it is possible however that you might be mistaken. The conscience of our landlord at Margozzo, was not so delicate as his ear, and he made us pay enormously for two horses and a guide, with a little mule to carry our baggage.

After a few miles along an obscure path, we joined the new road upon the side of the Tosa, and

proceeded West as far as Anzasca: we then turned due North and were before one o'clock at Duoma d'Ossola; a continuation of our first direction would have carried us to Macaguaga, which I mentioned to you in a former letter: the towns and villages we passed on the road, were of a better appearance than I had expected, and the sides of the mountains though steep were cultivated with the utmost care, wherever the soil would admit of it: the favourite culture appeared to be the vine, and there were numbers of walnut trees, which here as well as in Savoye and Italy, are much prized for the oil which the nuts afford; it supplies the place of olive oil, is more agreeable to the taste but less digestible. Duoma d'Ossola is a small but very ancient town, with walls and a Castle in ruins; in former times, which we too often speak of as better than the present, the inhabitants were exposed to the incursions of the Vallaizans, and a great many dismal accounts are to be found in history of the injuries which these ignorant and ferocious people mutually inflicted: a century or two, however, of tranquillity has ensued under the government of the emperor of Germany, and then of the King of Sardinia, in whose portion of the Milanese this district was included: it is now annexed to the Italian monarchy.

The road which passes these ancient and obscure places, is by no means an agreeable circumstance to the generality of the inhabitants; it exposes their antique manners to the observation of mankind, and has already introduced the luxury of eating meat and of baking their bread more than once a year. They begin to feel too, how troublesome it is to

have soldiers billeted upon them, and regret the good old time when there was no restraint to smuggling: their complaints on this subject, put me in mind of those of the landlord in the first chapter of *Peregrine Pickle*: it would formerly have been rash indeed in any custom-house officer to have stopped these mountaineers, in making their way through a country, where the passage in many places, was literally speaking, but a long shelf suspended over a frightful precipice, and without any sort of railing: as we frequently found the new road unfinished, or rendered dangerous by the blowing up of rocks, we necessarily followed the old one, and scarcely ever, I answer for myself at least, without sentiments of inward dread: your ——— whose apprehensions were not as great as mine, took a pleasure oftener than I could have wished, in gazing upon the abyss below, and in precipitating the fragments of rocks which lay near the edge.

The opinion of those, who are best acquainted with exploring a road amid precipices and those horrid chasms to be met with on the frozen vallies of the Glaciers, is, that the traveller should begin by examining minutely with the eye, the nature of what he is to encounter, before he exposes himself to it; he must know the worst before hand they say, and make up his mind accordingly; should the agitation of doubt or ignorance come across him in a moment of danger, he is lost, unless some guide is at hand to save him: it is a question among moralists how far the same principle is applicable to the government of human life: and whether young persons should be made acquainted with the nature, as well as consequences of

those allurements we would have them resist as leading to dangers we would have them avoid: Rousseau's opinion is in the affirmative, and in a qualified sense, he may be right, but there is a great deal of purity in ignorance.

The road turned to the West shortly after we left Duomo d'Osola, and we now found ourselves in a narrow valley, the naked sides of which bid defiance to every species of industry; it seemed as if a mass of rock had been cleft by some superiour power: we stopt a moment at Gondo, which consists but of two or three houses, and is in the wildest part of the valley; the only way into the room of the inn was through the stable, and when we got up stairs, the figures whom we saw playing at cards around a table, were such as the imagination might easily have converted into robbers and assassins. They were miners, who had been at work all the day upon the road, and were as black as smoke and gun powder could make them. I saw here not the smallest appearance of cultivation, the mountains were bleak and barren, and that, which arose immediately behind the house, exhibited a precipice of at least three thousand feet.

We were now to take our leave of the beautiful Italian language. Gondo is on the confines of the Milanese: we soon began to hear German spoken, and at Sempione or Sempelendorff which is in the Vallaisan territory, it was difficult to find a person who spoke any other language. I am sure it took us at least five minutes to make the servant of the house comprehend that we wanted a light: this difference of language taking place so abruptly has always excited my astonishment: a line might be

traced through Switzerland between the French and German languages: it would sometimes lead between the opposite banks of a river, or the extremities of a bridge, and in one instance through the midst of a town: the variety in the modes of dress of the women is still greater, and though not as important, to the full as unaccountable. Those of Margozzo and in the Milanese in general, had their hair rolled up, and confined on the back of the head, with a double headed skewer, with smaller skewers or bodkins passing through the centre to a rim, which gave the whole the appearance of a small wheel; but at a little distance to the west of Tosa, we found the women in their shift sleeves and their hair in a wreath on the top of their head with little knots of ribbon pendant, and shortly after they had the appearance of Creoles with their heads tied up in coloured handkerchiefs. At Sempelendorff, their heads were again uncovered, and the hair confined with an ornament not unlike the Milanese fashion. Both sexes in these upper regions were in general likely and active, without the smallest appearance of goitres, and without there being any of those disgusting objects, whom you will see described in books of travels under the name of Cretins. That disagreeable swelling of the throat, which when excessive, is frequently attended by the loss of reason, is attributed not to the water, of which the inhabitants of the upper and the lower regions drink the same, but to the confined air of the Vallais. Sempelendorff is about four thousand feet above the lake of Geneva, it is a small village surrounded by fine pastures and between lofty eminences, where the snow resists the

heat of the longest and hottest summer: there were some remains of avalanches on several parts of the road as we came along, and the probability is these falling masses will render it unsafe during, by far, the greater part of the year. The Vallaisans say, and probably with a degree of satisfaction, that it will not be possible to travel this way during more than three months out of the twelve.

We discharged our horses at Simpelendorff, and proceeded the next morning on foot to cross the mountain, which the French call the Simplon. Its utmost elevation, on the road I mean, is about one thousand feet above the village; the view is rather savage than sublime. The mountain sides are of bare rocks and the extremities of several small glaciers are seen connected with their snowy extremities; one would suppose that such a place would have been safe from the ravages of war, but the French found their way here in eighteen hundred and one, ill used such of the inhabitants as they surprised, and carried off from the village of Simpelendorff all that was worth taking: you may conceive what a name they left behind them.

A pedestrian excursion performed across the Pyrennees, from Bagneres de Luchon in south France, to Venasque, in Spain, by J. W. Horneman, lecturer of botany at Copenhagen. Translated from a Danish periodical publication, entitled 'For Sandbed.'

Among the Pyrennean bathing places, Bagneres de Luchon is the next in rank to Bagneres de Bigorre, not for the medical virtues of the springs, but for the number of amusements. Built upon a fertile plain,

† This journey was probably accomplished in the year 1799, or about that time.

where two valleys and two rivers meet, surrounded by pretty high mountains, and concealed under two promontories, it has indeed, a very interesting situation; but still it does not boast that luxuriant fertility, nor that lively colour of youth, by which nature is distinguished around the Bigorrean Bagneres. For five days the roughness of the weather obliged us to perform quarantine; and it was not before the 27th of July that we could begin our pedestrian journey across the frontiers into Spain. It was a most beautiful morning, when, each of us armed with an ice-stick,* and having a hunter of Chamois for our guide, we walked off from the noisy amusements of the bathing company, towards the silent grandeur of nature. On the right and the left we had two lofty, dark, woody chains of mountains, which were not yet reached by the rays of the sun; and in the back-ground were seen the towering, snow-clad mountains of Port de Venasque. The contrast between the dark pines of the former and the glittering snow of the latter; between the gloom of night on the nearer, and the fulness of day and light on the more distant heights, was extremely striking; and it appeared to us as if we were travelling through darkness and terror towards the temple of truth and light. Continually ascending against the falling *Pique*,† we passed the old fortress *Castelviril* just when the sun enclosed the summits of the mountains in a golden frame; and, after an ascent of six hours, we reached a shepherd's cottage, which formerly was a kind of inn,‡ but now, destroyed by a strag-

* This stick is indispensable on alpine journeys. It is about six feet long, and is used not only for support in ascending, but also for stopping the rapidity of the descent; for jumping over clefts, and for directing the course in sliding down upon the snow.

† The name of the mountain river.

‡ Such places are to be met with almost at every passage between the two kingdoms. The place where there is a pass is called *port*, and the inn, *hospice*.

gling party of Spaniards, hardly afforded to its summer-inhabitants protection from wet and cold. One hour's rest, good bread, and the crystal liquid of the spring, made us forget the fatigue we had endured, and strengthened us for that which we had yet to encounter. We were already on that height which is inhabitable only in the summer; vegetation gradually disappeared, and the cold increased. The valley divided into two smaller ones, and the acclivity of the ground, which had hitherto allowed us to proceed in a straight line, or at least to follow the course of the river, now compelled us to go forwards and backwards in oblique directions.

It was a scene dreadfully grand by which we were surrounded. I have indeed, after this, seen rocks of the same form, but never of the same colour. They were composed of a black lime-stone, which the lately discontinued rains had made still deeper. From the top of these rocks the melted snow descended in numberless stripes, which, illuminated by the rays of the sun, received the purest silver-lustre; this would be but faintly represented by silver upon black velvet! We proceeded, for one hour, between falling lumps of snow and fragments of stone, and narrow straps of ground; which those beautiful little plants, the *viola biflora* and the *soldanella alpina*, could not cover; here continually expecting to find an outlet from this prison, till at length we stood at the foot of a very steep side of the rock, which seemed still tighter to enclose us, and which, to our astonishment, our guide declared that we must ascend. He led the way. Walking closely in his steps, we followed, half-supported on our sticks, always in oblique directions, and at every step in fear of the deceitfulness of the snow. We had not long proceeded in this manner, when we came to the place where the river had its fall. Here the snow formed a bridge, the arch of which had given way in several places; producing to our eyes a

depth, and to our ears a thundering roar, which could not have been delightful to those who have less feeling for the grandeur of such scenes, and consequently more fear of danger. We got over in safety, and went on. Now, however, a worse circumstance occurred. We were enveloped in a cloud, which concealed, indeed, every object that might raise apprehension, but also every mark that could serve for our direction; so that, if our guide had been less intimately acquainted with these dreary regions, and, also, if three deserters, who, the day before, fled from the conscription, had not left us their steps, we should hardly have been able to trace our way through these Thermopylæ. In this now and then half-transparent mist; sometimes under dreadful precipices; sometimes over bursting cataracts, which often we could only hear; then on steeply-inclined layers of snow, where, but a year ago, seven persons had been buried under a mass of snow rolling down from the upper heights; then again on slippery sides of the rocks; we walked on for several hours, thinly dressed, without mountain-spurs, and supported only by our faithful staffs, till at length we reached the highest part of the passage—the frontier between both countries.

Here the track disappeared, and our guide declared that he could no longer find his way! His meteorological experience, however, predicted that the mist would not long continue so thick; we therefore sat down among some projecting stones, between which the *Ranunculus Alpestris*, with some species of moss, were the only things seen of the vegetable kingdom, waiting for the completion of his prophecy, which soon took place. Suddenly the mists dispersed; and, as if by the creating fiat, a world came forth out of their chaos, but a world without finished form, without vegetation, without organization. Before us lay the dreadful *Maladetta* (the imperviousness

and barrenness of which has given rise to its name) with its prodigious masses of snow, and its glittering ice. Above us, vaulted cliffs were suspended; and, in a depth which the eye could hardly fathom, we descried something green, that betrayed plants, and a cottage that discovered men. This scene produced in me no exclamations, but a silent admiration, which made me forget all the fatigue I had endured, and which rivetted me to these sterile rocks like a pilgrim to the holy sepulchre. The most serene sky, and the most smiling weather, could not have procured us a spectacle like this! Here we saw the conflict of the tempest and the rocks, the rolling, the collision, the rising and the falling of the clouds; we saw the curtain drawn up before a world till now unknown to us; we saw light and shade distributed in new and singular forms; we saw the whole through a half-transparent mystical veil, which imagination could better penetrate than the eye;—we saw, at last, the curtain drop, and all disappear. Our guide had, in the meantime, made his observations, and marked out the course we were to pursue; and his feelings being less irritable than ours, and more habituated to scenes of this nature, he admonished us to pursue our journey, if we would not be benighted among the mountains. We were again enveloped in clouds, which did not leave us till about seven hundred yards lower down, we began to approach the inhabited world! Having descended this depth once more, we found ourselves in the *hospice*. We were now in Spain; but what a sudden alteration of abode! Hardly will it be believed, that fertility and sterility, urbanity and clownishness, openness and reservedness, wit and dullness, cleanliness and filth, could border so near upon each other as—France and Spain!! The mountains, especially that of the Pennablanca, wore a death-like colour; the sprouting plants which had been half-stifled by cold and wind, were killed by

those rays that lately rescued them from the tyranny of winter; all verdure, in the vallies here, was less green than in the vallies we had left; living creatures were fewer; men were silent, and we were not welcomed even with a smile.

Four decayed walls, with a fireplace in the middle, which made the smoke circulate before it found an outlet through the roof, was all that could be afforded for our accommodation; indifferent bread and goat's milk were the only provisions; and rough stone benches were the only beds which the inhabitants could spare for their guests. To make the adventure still more romantick, our guide began to question the *safety* of the place: He asked the woman (for he thought with Rousseau and Ledyard, that *the fair sex is the last to lose the feelings of humanity*;) if she could assure us, by the Holy Virgin, and her conscience, that they would not murder us? It was in the dusk, and we had still twelve miles to walk, through desert rocks, to Venasque, the first city in Spain. On this road it was still more doubtful, whether we should escape danger. We therefore resolved to stay, and arranged our plans; relying more on some smugglers who were now expected, than on the Holy Virgin, whom the woman had invoked as a testification of our safety. In the meantime the company increased; and in less than an hour it consisted of deserters, hunters, smugglers, ass-drivers, shepherds, and botanists. We kindled a fire of *Rhododendron alpinum*, the only fuel known here; and then every one took forth out of his store what was requisite for the sustenance of life, and without which heroes and deserters, smugglers and botanists are nothing. One took a piece of dry bread, another took a piece of raw meat which he more singed than roasted, over the fire; the third took an egg, the fourth took a live frog, which he broiled, and then devoured it with the avidity of a stork! During all this, the Spaniards spoke not a

word; and the woman let her infant suck a goat, which, accustomed to this manner of milking, willingly offered the udder to the babe. As the provisions, so was the conversation; a strange mixture of Patoir, French, Spanish, and Danish. Night at length came on, and every one had to look out for a sleeping-place.—Happy he who had a jacket to rest his head upon! I slept very little, for filth and cold, and a stone couch agree but ill with one who is accustomed to French luxury. Among the guests assembled in the cottage was a hermit, from Eremitage d'Artrique Telline: he intended, the next day, to attend a solemnity at Venasque; and as we were rather exhausted by the fatigue of the day past, we agreed with him to make use, by turns, of his mule. At three o'clock the caravan was set in motion. The country through which we travelled was singular. If on the top of Pennablanca it was a forthcoming world, it was here a world passing away. Huge remnants of mountains, mouldering fragments of rock, withering trees, dilapidated cottages, precipitating and destroying cataracts, these were the objects with which we met. It appeared as if the covenant of life with organised nature had expired. Men were fled; seldom was there seen even a hovering *lorous pyshphocorax*;^{*} and every where death sat enthroned on the ruins of life! At seven o'clock we were in Venasque, a rich, yet miserably-built city; with a fortress that is defended by seven soldiers and a governour; but which, according to Ramon, was once the capital of a king, who, when angry, could raise five hundred men. Before we reached the city we passed several batteries, some of which were constructed in places that seemed almost impregnable; and if the

Spaniards acquired no glory by defending them, yet they deserved our admiration in the construction of them. The city was crowded with people, who were assembled to celebrate a solemnity to the honour of St. Martial, formerly Bishop of Limoge, and now the guardian patron of this place. There being here no public inn, we had recourse to a merchant, who had been recommended to us from Bagneres. Seeing, from our letters of introduction, that we were honest people from Denmark, he admitted us to lodge in his house; but he seemed afterwards to regret this accommodation, when he and his ladies discovered that we did not believe in Maria Sanctissima. We were, however, invited to attend the solemnity, which began with a procession the most ridiculous that can be imagined. First came a great troop of men dressed in dark, all covered with those black nets commonly used in Spain; then followed a great number of young boys, continually whiffing on small pipes, like those which are given to children for fair-presents; now were seen four stout fellows, with a saint on a handbarrow; next came a choir of some tall ill-looking persons, who were called students, and who constitute a kind of seminary for clergymen; these were followed by the chief saint himself, on a throne, surrounded with every kind of insipid trimmings, and ceremonies alike tasteless to the eye and the ear. After him came the whole body of the clergy, consisting of the bishop from Saragoza, and a great multitude of priests and monks; of whom some really resembled Fitz-James (the famous ventriloquist, at Paris,) who, to mimic one of the fraternity, wept with one side of his face, and laughed with the other. The ladies of the city and its environs, terminated this motley procession. At times they stopped, and bawled forth some insupportably monotical and disharmonious chorusses; wherever they proceeded, every spectator uncovered

* These birds (which build in deep caverns) were sometimes our guides, when, on our excursions, we were doubtful of our way; for as in the morning they fly from these caverns, so at night they return to them.

his head, and strewed, as a kind of incense, poppy and lovage, those offensive plants, before the saint ! In this order they marched round the city, and returned after the lapse of one hour. Meantime, we had taken our station in the church ; where, as did all the rest, we kneeled down when the saint passed us. We had soon reason to repent of our curiosity ; and I must confess, though Lichtenberg is often right, when he says, " that the body kneels when the mind rises," we could not here invert this position, and say, that the mind rose when the body kneeled. For the crossing of the bishop, the *deus vobiscum*, the hand-kissing of the priests, the incensing, and kneeling were repeated to the utmost disgust ; and even the most ardent adorers seemed to grow weary in the faith in proportion as their knees grew sore.

At length a monk ascended the pulpit ; and delivered a discourse, that lasted one hour and a quarter, of which I understood very little, and under the operation of which the most zealous kneelers and crossers fell a-sleep ! Even a young peasant, with a *cow-stupid-staring mien* (as Baggesan says) who stood at my side, and bravely smote his breast, and, when he did not smite, crossed himself, felt the effects of the oratory of the monk. When this preaching was ended, again we were entertained with incensing, crossing, the blessing of the bishop, the bawling of the students, noise from the organ, and, at length, the long wished-for amen. Without the church we happened to witness a scene of a more amusing nature. All the shepherds and peasants from the surrounding country, with their women, assembled on an open place, where a national ball commenced, as soon as the solemnity had closed. In the midst of them a drummer and a bag-piper were sitting, to whose musick they danced. One, who led the dance began by walking round a large circle with continual gambols, and rattling to

the measure of the musick with castanets ; having finished the circle, he was joined by another, and so on till all the dancers were on their legs ; now each of them took his female partner, who instead of castanets, made use of her fingers for marking the measure of the musick. There was in all this no great display of art, but their motions were very graceful, and some of the men rattled the castanets with admirable skill. The dresses were rather interesting, and the young women full as handsome, but not so spritely as those on the French side.

The next morning we returned by the same way to the *hospice* ; turning, however, to the right, to go through Port de la Picade. This passage rises to the same height, but has not so much snow as Port de Venasque. The weather was so fine, the sky so serene, and the prospects so charming, that the most peevish Heraclite must here have found the world delightful. Reaching the pass, we had yet a mountain on our left, which obstructed the prospect towards the west. This we climbed : and now we looked over a pile of mountains, strangely heaped upon each other. Among them Maladetta rose the highest, the greatest, the most inaccessible ; the sun shone on its magnificent ice, which reflected the rays with unspeakable splendour. But on its highest summit the snow was stronger than the sun, which was not capable of melting it, consequently not of producing an icy ocean, a phenomenon only to be met with on the lower heights of the mountains. We here stood on a ridge of the rock, which forms an admirable barrier between the two countries. It is in many parts so narrow, that, if the Heraclite were here to indulge his gloomy mood, the tears from one of his eyes would flow with the waters of the Garonne into the Atlantic ocean ; while those from the other would join the Ebro, and fall into the Mediterranean. Not far from this place we saw a small stream

descending from one of the sides of Maladetta towards the frontier mountains; here it finds a hole, where, like a Proteus it slips in and appears again on the other side of the mountains, as one of the principal sources of the Garonne.

Entering the French territory we met a bear-hunter, who complained that he had found no game. We accompanied him for a while, but he finding no traces, we soon left him. Shortly after our conversation, however, he shot a very large bear. On a finely inclining slope we walked through numberless flocks and herds, by the fertile Valle d'Aran, towards our home. In four hours we reached Castelviciil, and shortly after our lodgings, were the landlord and his nine daughters waited, with true Pyrenean curiosity, for the rarities which we were expected to bring.

TO OUR READERS.

Though the voice of complaint, such is the extreme delicacy of our friends and patrons, has not, except in a solitary instance reached our ears, yet the Editor, with his accustomed frankness declares to his subscribers, that for some months past, ill health and the effects of the Embargo, have compelled him to give to the pages of *The Port Folio*, nothing but an interrupted and desultory attention. Shortly after that profligate and pernicious act was passed, which has baffled the enterprize, manacled the industry, and crippled the commerce of the country, the Editor, a claimant upon his subscription list, to the *bona fide* amount of Ten Thousand Dollars, found notwithstanding the partial punctuality of a few of the more opulent, that the *rills* of remittance were either choked up, or dried. The Editor is stating a fact, not making an apology. HE MAKES NO APOLOGIES, but when conscious

of the commission of voluntary evil. While with alacrity he testifies his gratitude to many, Truth and Justice oblige him to insinuate to others, that if the right to complain be urged, the cause is in *part* attributable to themselves. Buxom Health, alert Spirits, and industrious Habits often succeed to that throne, which has been usurped by Sickness and Languor; but nothing will flourish even under such a reign, if the sunshine of patronage be withdrawn or obscured. Were the Editor the minion of Fortune, such is his zeal for Polite Literature, he would most lavishly disseminate a *gratis* paper; but as he has no access to the mines of Potosi, or the bank of England, it imports him, though wholly pure of the least tint of Avarice, to realize something in the shape of competency, or at least, to have it in his power to do prompt justice to his office. For as it has been honestly and intrepidly asked on an imperishable page, by one whose life was devoted to the cause of Genius, high Principle and Truth, Who goeth a warfare, at any time, at his own charges? Who planteth a vineyard, and eateth not of the fruit thereof? Who feedeth a flock, and eateth not of the milk of the flock? Say, I these things as a man? or SAITH NOT THE LAW THE SAME ALSO?

For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Mathew Carey, bookseller of this city, has just published in a style of much neatness and correctness, that invaluable fragment of the works of Tacitus, which, as distinguished from the annals, is, with perfect propriety, denominated history. This American edi-

tion, which we hope will be studied not only by scholars and statesmen, but by schoolboys, is regulated by the superiour accuracy of the text of Brotier not without occasional reference to the readings of Grönovius and Barbou. In a very unpretending preface, the Editor modestly narrates his mode of conducting the work, and we can discern no objection either to his plan or execution. This preface, contrary to established usage, is written in the *English* language; but Mr. Carey may be defended by the example of Mr. Gibbon, who dedicated, in his vernacular idiom, an Essay in French on the study of polite literature. Moreover, as from the avocations of a busy and enterprising bookseller, Mr. Carey cannot be supposed to have much leisure for Latin composition, he probably with that high sense of honour which we know he possesses, disdained any artifice of concealment, and expressed his ideas in the language most familiar to him.

We are highly pleased with a promise from this bookseller that should this portion of the remains of TACITUS be received with complacency the residue of the works of this Historian will probably appear, in the words of Horace, *Cum Zephyris et hirundine prima*. We anticipate that the publick favour will enable Mr. Carey to fulfil his implied engagement, and we cordially wish his labours may be crowned with that success which liberal enterprise, judiciously directed, always deserves. On a former occasion when the writer of this

article commended, with a warmth that he felt, Mr. Carey's various and valuable editions of the Sacred Scriptures, it was insinuated by the malevolence of party that the praise was ironical, and the language foreign to the heart. But that gentleman may be assured the malicious inuendo was equally false and foolish, and that whenever he dedicates his active faculties to the dissemination of High and Holy, and Polite and Classical Literature, he shall always receive from the Editor of The Port Folio a copious measure of honest approbation. Let a competent individual, of whatever political or religious creed, publish such immortal pages as the Holy Bible and the purer authours of antiquity, and he shall always find in the conductor of this paper nothing but zeal to second efforts so honourable to mankind.

MERRIMENT.

At Mr. Beckford's sale at Fonthill, a gentleman purchased a bed at a very high price, and found when it was knocked down to him, that he had bid against his most intimate acquaintance, who expressed his concern; and his friend most cordially shook him by the hand, and made an urgent inquiry after his health, which the purchaser assured him was never so well. "I am rejoiced to hear it," said the other; "because, in that case, I'm sure you'll let me have the bargain." "Nay my friend," said the purchaser, what has that to do with it." "Because," said he, "if you are quite well, you can't want to keep your bed."

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Comp.

Vol. VI.

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 15, 1808.

No. 16.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 234.)

LETTER L.

OUR conductor was a good-natured, hard-featured mountaineer; he had placed our baggage upon his mule, and the gentle animal sometimes preceding, and sometimes following us, after stopping to take a mouthful of grass, chose a road for itself, with all the appearance of great natural sagacity, cultivated by long experience: the master told us, that this mule supported his family, and that he hoped in time to buy another, for which purpose he was laying up all he could: his views were not likely to be crossed by extravagance, for in telling me how his family lived, I could perceive, that he con-

sidered cheese as a luxury; he modestly at first refused it, when I offered him some; it put me in mind of the pinch of snuff, which Sterne says, was thought an object of importance in a circle of beggars: he spoke Italian very fluently, and I was beginning to make myself understood with some facility in that language.

At a mile or two from the village we passed a solitary house, which now serves as a *hospice*, I know no word for such a place in English; it was formerly the temporary residence of a Vallaisan gentleman, who having made a large fortune in trade was suddenly stript of a greater part of it in an insurrection of the people; they had always been in the custom of exercising a rude sort of Ostracism, which you will see described in Coxe; but it would surely have been wiser to have had good sumptuary laws, than to have recourse to such barbarous expedients; a new hospice is to be erected,

H h

as soon as the passage shall have been completely opened; and every traveller will be entitled to a pound of bread and a cup of wine, and to such other assistance as he may stand in need of.

The fragment of a map, which accompanies this, will show you the place where, at the points of separation of the waters, which run into the lake of Geneva from those which take their course towards the Lac Majeur, we quitted the road altogether. The engineer who conducts the road, and whom I had known in former times, has marked the course of it for me in black ink; the old road is marked in red; circumstances had here obliged him to abandon the faithful guide that offered itself, and to quit the direction of the torrent which descends towards Brieg. We stopt for an hour at a solitary little inn, at a place called the Tavernette about half way between Brieg and Simpelendorff, and F.—— who had now walked nine miles, declared to me, that he had never eaten any thing so good since he had been in Europe, as the bread and cheese which the hostess put before us. She was a pretty little Vallaisanne without the least appearance of a goitre: and spoke French very well: her husband and herself, she told me, remained there all the year, annoyed by the fall of rocks in the summer, and of avalanches in winter, but satisfied to gain a living by keeping accommodations for travellers even in that dismal place. We now descended very rapidly through a continued forest of pines, amid a number of clear and rapid streams which rushing along to join the torrent that roared below, contributed to animate and diversify the scene. At length at the dis-

tance of between two and three miles from Brieg, we began to perceive signs of cultivation; meadows and fruit trees, and now and then a cottage succeeded, and then the valley of the Rhone became open to our view.

I had seen the same river a great many miles below, where it flowed along in a broad and deep though gentle stream, through a highly cultivated plain, and beneath ancient walls; but here, it seemed a torrent discoloured by the soil, and by rocky substances which it hurried along, and as injurious by the marshes it occasioned, as by the fields which it overflowed. There was all the difference which one conceives between the rudeness of the middle ages, and the polished gentleness of modern courts, between Count Borromeo, diffusing happiness on all around from his Paradise of Isola Bella, and an ancient Baron sallying forth from his Castle to despoil the traveller who passed within his view.

The hill sides of the valley were well cultivated and thickly inhabited, and the little town of Brieg would have appeared to advantage, had it not been for the monstrous ornament of tin, in the shape of a pear, which encumbered the steeple of the church, and the roofs of all the principal houses; it seemed as if the taste of the inhabitants had been corrupted by the daily sight of goitres. On our way to the town we passed through what had been two flourishing villages, of which however nothing now remained but the walls of ruined houses, the inhabitants had distinguished themselves by their adherence to the cause of their country in 1801; they had assisted in the defence of the entrenchments at Leack, which cost their inva-

ders so many lives, such of them as remained alive, had been hunted down like wild beasts, their houses had been burnt, and their families scattered to look for shelter in the mountains. I could not but be deeply affected at the cruel oppression which had been inflicted on those who had so bravely done their duty, and felt a degree of respect, which rose even to veneration, for the poor man who served us as a guide, when I found upon inquiry that he also had been of that sacred band.

I have mentioned to you in a former letter, that these poor Vallaisans had been compelled by France, to renounce their alliance with Switzerland, so as to deprive themselves of the effects of that sympathy and fellow feeling which their sufferings must occasion: they are now like Gulliver in the hands of the Brobdignag page, or rather like some little active but helpless animal, which the cruel sagacity of a naturalist has enabled him to seize, and induced him to try experiments upon at his leisure. A road is carried on through the whole extent of their country from the lake of Geneva, to the borders of Milanese, without their being consulted upon the subject or their interests or convenience in any degree attended to. Soldiers of the French or Italian army who pass, are billeted upon the inhabitants, and their baggage is transported in carts or cars, which are put in requisition for that purpose: a payment in money is provided by the French government in return for these services, but it is extremely moderate, and generally in arrears, and is after all, but a poor compensation for the continued insult offered to the independence of a brave people; while they did resist, their resis-

tance was very obstinate, but their spirit seems now almost broken, and they begin to speak of a union with France, as likely to better their situation: they put me in mind of a Saint I have read of, who having suffered sometime upon a gridiron, begged with great humility of his tormentors, that they would be so good as to turn him upon his other side.

We found at our arrival at Brieg that it was impossible to remain there; a detachment of the Emperor's guards was returning into France, and every publick house was full; it was necessary therefore to go on, though in the rain, and the road having been rendered impracticable to carriages by the alterations which the French engineers were making in order to accomodate it to their plan, we were forced to proceed on foot; we must have waited for riding horses till near night.

At Visp or Vieshback, we procured a car, which is a small open wagon drawn by one horse; in the middle was a coarse seat, suspended by ropes to the sides, and the driver sat in front upon a bundle of hay; there was nothing very ostentatious in this mode of conveyance, and you will think perhaps that it was hardly creditable, but it was the best we could find, and it had even charms for us, who had walked four and twenty miles.

I have already upon a former occasion given you a description of the Vallais, trusting I confess, rather to the accounts of others than to my own experience, and should now have been able to verify them, had not the extreme badness and even coldness of the weather, though it was in July, induced us to hurry homewards. No caprice of a magician, such as we see exemplified in a Harlequin

force, could produce greater contrasts than the mountains and valleys of this country exhibit; from a well cultivated hill side the view descends into a narrow plain, where all the evils of marsh miasmata and stagnant air are combined to degrade the race of man, or rises to the bleak and fantastick ridges of the Alps; and the short space of two hours would be sufficient to convey the traveller from the shade of fig trees and pomegranates to the regions of eternal winter.

In addition to the political changes which have taken place in the government, and which I have mentioned to you before, I have only to observe, that of the seven districts or states of the upper Val-lais, one alone, which was that of Sion, was aristocratical, and there the Prince Bishop, who was chosen by the deputies of all the states Assembled in Congress, and who had an apparent share in the general government, not unlike that of our President before the Federal Constitution was established, resided, and held his court; the political aristocracy no longer exists, and the Bishop is restrained to his Episcopal functions: the change which has taken place in the lower Vallais has gratified the inhabitants, without reconciling them, I fear to their countrymen: it was certainly a wise measure in the American government to mark so precisely, the extent of that power, which may be exercised by Congress over such of the portions of our country as are not represented, and to designate the circumstances which convey a full participation of every political right.

For The Port Folio.
NEW BIOGRAPHY,
OF DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

In the year 1801, the British book-sellers with a laudable zeal to deco-

rate the effusions of genius, collected and published in four octavo volumes all the genuine miscellaneous works of OLIVER GOLDSMITH. The Editor anonymous, need not have shrunk from publick curiosity, for he has not only edited with peculiar care the productions of a favourite writer, but has narrated the events of his life in a very accurate, copious and agreeable manner. Prior to the appearance of this excellent edition, the Biography of Goldsmith had been strangely neglected. Although he mingled very freely with mankind, was intimate with all the men of genius, his contemporaries, and was in a remarkable degree a very conspicuous character, yet, till the present, every account of him was dryly meagre or scandalously false. Perhaps the history and habits of a man of letters, and a man of the world too, were never more grossly misrepresented. His talents have been underrated, and his character has been vilified. Many absurd anecdotes were related of him, and if we had no other light than has been thrown upon his picture by some daubing artists, he would appear a contemptible zany, rather than as an elegant author and a pleasing companion in all the beautiful proportions of *truth and nature*. But the editor, above alluded to, is of no illiberal, or ignorant class. He seems to have had access to ample information and he has shaped his valuable materials like a skilful artificer. Among other interesting passages in the eccentric life of our author nothing is more pleasing, both in style and sentiment, than the familiar letters of Goldsmith. These exhibit his head and his heart to the greatest advantage, and leave us at a loss which most to admire, the enchanting writer or the benevolent man. These epistolary effusions, so honourable to the writer, we were careful to transcribe and preserve in one of the former volumes of The Port Folio. The substance of the Biography has likewise been transferred to this paper, and we had imagined that the subject was exhausted,

and that all was published which could now be known, respecting the authour of the Vicar of Wakefield. But it is wonderful how much is to be gleaned, even in the most beaten fields of literature by a diligent labourer, who acts in the spirit of the Gospel admonition, and is careful to *gather up the fragments, that nothing may be lost*. A new edition of Goldsmith's poems having been recently called for by the publick taste, the proprietors, with a choice that does them honour, selected Dr. Aikin for the task of Biographer. This gentleman, whose own style, it is evident, has been very carefully modelled from the page of Goldsmith, not without a reference to the pages of Addison, has written the life of our authour with all the neatness and purity we should expect from his acknowledged abilities. When we first took it up for perusal, we were prepared for nothing but familiar incidents in a new and elegant attire; but, we know not how, Dr. Aikin has evidently had access to other materials than those of his anonymous predecessor, and has not merely delighted us, with the beauties of style, but surprised and interested us, by novelty of information. Nearly one half of the succeeding narrative contains curious intelligence, which has hitherto escaped our research, and this is certainly the most complete account of the authour of the Deserted Village, which has yet appeared. Moreover, it is written in a spirit of great benignity and candour, and powerfully defends Goldsmith from the attacks of vulgar calumny.

We conclude this introduction by remarking that the proprietors of the octavo edition have just published in a very beautiful manner the miscellaneous writings of Goldsmith* in

The writer of this article loudly recommends the republication in America of this very commodious edition. Addison's papers should be its companion. The recent practice of publishing the works of eminent authours in the most portable form greatly facilitates the advancement of literature and taste. A duodecimo is a

five volumes duodecimo. Thus is the prose and poetry of a man of splendid and various genius made portable for the use of every scholar, who may wish to profit by the sentiments or to emulate the style of a legitimate English classick authour. We cannot refrain from recommending to every one who aspires to the purity and grace of diction, to study with the utmost assiduity the sweet and voluble periods of this charming writer. Every Tyro may be assured that in the vast range of British literature there is nothing more easy, nothing more fluent, nothing more vivacious, nothing more graceful than

vade tecum, and, like the polite studies described by the rhetorical Roman, *pergrinantur rusticantur*. It may attend us in a ramble or in a rural retreat. But ponderous folios and quartos, and unwieldy octavos we can consult only at home. Pocket editions stimulate us to read during many broken intervals of the busiest day, and thus many moments are goldenly employed, which would otherwise be lost in *second childishness and mere oblivion*. Moreover, he who is anxious to repeat brilliant passages from the poets, or to emulate the graces of a classical authour, should take care to have his instructors *constantly at hand*. Some of the most respectable booksellers in Philadelphia have done the Editor the honour occasionally to listen to a suggestion, with respect to the choice of books and mode of publication. But he has never yet been able to persuade them to publish in *duodecimo* the standard works of Addison and Goldsmith, of Johnson and Burke, though it would liberally contribute to the emolument of the undertaker and be most honourable to any individual pledged for the accuracy and beauty of the text. An edition of Goldsmith, for example, which, with a type eminently beautiful and sufficiently large, might be very easily comprised in *four* miniature volumes, would circulate, with electrical quickness, through all parts of the United States, would in this form be read by thousands, who scarcely yet have heard of Goldsmith's name, and hence, by becoming an easy and familiar lesson to our studious youth, would do more to rectify that bad taste, and to purify that provincial diction, with which we are sometimes reproached, than all the reasonings of the philologer, than all the fastidiousness of Criticism, or all the sarcasm of Wit.

Goldsmith's manner of composition. On his numerous pages scarcely a blemish can be discerned by the most perspicacious eye. His dexterity in the employment of the figure antithesis without one particle of the quaintness, affectation and bad taste of *Seneca*, the aptness of his allusions, the melody of his periods, the exactness of his similes and the brilliancy of his metaphors cannot fail to captivate the attention of every judicious remarker. He never writes carelessly, and never sees his subject through a cloud. He does not aim to overpower and dazzle us by excessive effulgence, but the glory of his page is like the mild radiance of a September moon or the softest rays from the lamp of Phosphor.

MEMOIRS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

By Dr. John Aikin.

IT cannot be said of this ornament of British literature, as has been observed of most authours, that the Memoirs of his life comprise little more than a history of his writings. Goldsmith's life was full of adventure; and a due consideration of his conduct from the outset to his death will furnish many useful lessons to those who live after him.

Our authour, the third son of Mr. Charles Goldsmith, was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, on the 29th of November, 1728. His father, who had been educated at Dublin college, was a clergyman of the established church, and had married Anne, daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, Master of the diocesan school of Elphin. Her mother's brother, the Rev. Mr. Green, then Rector of Kilkenny West, lent the young couple the house in which our authour was born; and at his death Mr. Green was

succeeded in his benefice by his clerical *protégée*.

Mr. Charles Goldsmith had five sons and two daughters.

Henry, the eldest son (to whom the poem of "The Traveller" is dedicated), distinguished himself greatly both at school and at college; but his marriage at nineteen years of age appears to have been a bar to his preferment in the church; and we believe that he never ascended above a curacy.

The liberal education which the father bestowed upon Henry, had deducted so much from a narrow income, that when Oliver was born, after an interval of seven years from the birth of the former child, no prospect in life appeared for him, but a mechanical or mercantile occupation.

The rudiments of instruction he acquired from a schoolmaster in the village, who had served in Queen Anne's wars as a quartermaster in that detachment of the army which was sent to Spain. Being of a communicative turn, and finding a ready hearer in young Oliver, this man used frequently to entertain him with what he called his adventures; nor is it without probability supposed, that these laid the foundation of that wandering disposition which became afterwards so conspicuous in his pupil.

At a very early age Oliver began to exhibit indications of genius; for when only seven or eight years old he would often amuse his father and mother with poetical attempts which attracted much notice from them and their friends; but his infant mind does not appear to have been much elated by their approbation; for after his verses had been admired they were without regret committed by him to the flames.

He was now taken from the tuition of the quondam soldier, to be put under that of the Rev. Mr. Griffin, schoolmaster of Elphin; and was at the same time received into the house of his father's brother, John Goldsmith, Esq. of Ballyoughter, near that town.

Our authour's eldest sister Catharine (afterwards married to Daniel Hodson, Esq. of Lishoy, near Ballymahon) relates, that one evening, when Oliver was about nine years of age, a company of young people of both sexes being assembled at his uncle's, the boy was required to dance a hornpipe, a youth undertaking to play to him on the fiddle. Being but lately out of the small-pox, which had much disfigured his countenance, and his bodily proportions being short and thick, the young musician thought to show his wit by comparing our hero to *Æsop dancing*; and having harped a little too long, as the caperer thought, on this bright idea, the latter suddenly stopped, and said,

Our herald hath proclaim'd this saying,
"See *Æsop dancing*,"—and his Monkey playing.

This instance of early wit, we are told, decided his fortune; for, from that time, it was determined to send him to the university; and some of his relations, who were in the church, offered to contribute toward the expense, particularly the Rev. Thomas Contarine, rector of Kilmore, near Carrick-upon-Shannon, who had married an aunt of Oliver's. The Rev. Mr. Green also, whom we have before mentioned, liberally assisted in this friendly design.

To further the purpose intended, he was now removed to Athlone, where he continued about two years under the Rev. Mr.

Campbell; who being then obliged by ill health to resign the charge, Oliver was sent to the school of the Rev. Patrick Hughes, at Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford*.

Under this gentleman he was prepared for the university; and on the 11th of June, 1744, was admitted a Sizer of Trinity college, Dublin,† under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Wilder, one of the Fellows, who was a man of harsh temper and violent passions; and Oliver being of a thoughtless and gay turn, it cannot be surprising that they should soon be dissatisfied with each other.

Oliver, it seems, had one day imprudently invited a party of both sexes to a supper and ball in his rooms; which coming to the ears of his tutor, the latter entered the

* We are told, that in his last journey to this school, he had an adventure which is thought to have suggested the plot of his comedy of 'She Stoops to Conquer.'—Some friend had given him a guinea; and in his way to Edgeworthstown, which was about twenty miles from his father's house, he had amused himself the whole day with viewing the gentlemen's seats on the road; and at night-fall found himself in the small town of Ardagh. Here he inquired for the best house in the place, meaning the best *inn*; but his informant, taking the question in its literal sense, showed him to the house of a private gentleman; where, calling for somebody to take his horse to the stable, our hero alighted, and was shown into the parlour, being supposed to have come on a visit to the master, whom he found sitting by the fire. This gentleman soon discovered Oliver's mistake; but being a man of humour, and learning from him the name of his father (whom he knew), he favoured the deception. Oliver ordered a good supper, and invited his landlord and landlady, with their daughters, to partake of it; he treated them with a bottle or two of wine, and, at going to bed, ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast: nor was it till he was about to depart, and called for his bill, that he discovered his mistake.

† The celebrated Edmund Burke was at the same time a collegian there.

place in the midst of their jollity, abused the whole company, and inflicted manual correction on Goldsmith in their presence.

This mortification had such an effect on the mind of Oliver, that he resolved to seek his fortune in some place where he should be unknown: accordingly, he sold his books and clothes, and quitted the university; but loitered about the streets, considering of a destination, till his money was exhausted. With a solitary shilling in his pocket he at last left Dublin; by abstinence he made this sum last him three days, and then was obliged to part by degrees, with the clothes off his back; in short, to such an extremity was he reduced, as to find a handful of gray-peas, given him by a girl at a wake, the most comfortable repast that he had ever made.

After numberless adventures in this vagrant state, he found his way home, and was replaced under his morose and merciless tutor; by whom he was again exposed to so many mortifications, as induced an habitual despondence of mind, and a total carelessness about his studies; the consequence of which was, that he neither obtained a scholarship, nor became a candidate for the premiums. On the 25th of May, 1747, he received a publick admonition, for having assisted other collegians in a riot occasioned by a scholar having been arrested, *quod seditioni favisset, et tumultuantibus opem tulisset*: in this case, however, he appears to have fared better than some of his companions, who were expelled the university. On the 15th of June following he was elected one of the exhibitors on the foundation of Erasmus Smyth; but was not admitted to the degree of Bachelor

of Arts till February, 1749, which was two years after the usual period.

Oliver's father now being dead, his uncle Contarine undertook to supply his place, and wished him to prepare for holy orders. This proposal not meeting with the young man's inclination, Mr. Contarine next resolved on sending him to London, that he might study law in the Temple. Whilst at Dublin, however, on his way to England, he fell in with a sharper, who cheated him at play of 50*l.* which had been provided for his carriage, &c. He returned, and received his uncle's forgiveness: it was now finally settled that he should make physick his profession; and he departed for Edinburgh, where he settled about the latter end of the year 1752. Here he attended the lectures of Dr. Monroe and the other medical professors; but his studies were by no means regular; and an indulgence in dissipated company, with a ready hand to administer to the necessities of whoever asked him, kept him always poor.

Having, however, gone through the usual courses of physick and anatomy in the Scottish university, Goldsmith was about to remove to Leyden to complete his studies; and his departure was hastened, by a debt to Mr. Barclay, a tailor in Edinburgh, which he had imprudently made his own by becoming security for a fellow-student, who either from want of principle or of means, had failed to pay it: for this debt he was arrested; but was released by the kindness of Dr. Sleight and Mr. Laughlin Maclaine, whose friendship he had acquired at the college.

He now embarked for Bourdeaux on board a Scotch vessel cal-

led the St. Andrew's, Capt. John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance; and, as another inducement to our hero, he was informed that six agreeable passengers were to be his company. They had been but two days at sea, however, when a storm drove them into Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and the passengers went ashore to refresh after the fatigue of their voyage. "Seven men and I (says Goldsmith) were on shore the following evening; but as we were all very merry, the room door burst open, and there entered a serjeant and twelve grenadiers, with their bayonets screwed, who put us all under the King's arrest. It seems, my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for Louis XV. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. But hear how Providence interposed in my favour: the ship, which had set sail for Bourdeaux before I got from prison, was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew drowned."—Fortunately there was a ship now ready at Newcastle, for Holland, on board of which he embarked, and in nine days reached Rotterdam; whence he travelled by land to Leyden.

Here he resided about a year, studying anatomy under Albinus, and chymistry under Gambius; but here as formerly, his little property was destroyed by play and dissipation; and he is actually believed to have set out on his travels with only one clean shirt, and not a guilder in his purse, trusting wholly to Providence for a subsistence.

(To be continued.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

SELECT REVIEWS,

BY E. BRONSON, ESQ. AND OTHERS.

Mr. Bronson, the proprietor and editor of *The Gazette of the United States*, a political Journal remarkable for the ability with which it is conducted, and for the correct principles which it supports, *even in the worst of times*, has, in conjunction with men well qualified as auxiliaries, issued proposals for publishing by subscription a new periodical work, to be entitled *Select Reviews, and Spirit of the Foreign Magazines*. This useful and honourable project shall have all the support it is in our power to afford, for we have long been convinced that no work of the class to which it belongs is so much wanted, or which has a brighter prospect of success in the country. The expense of purchasing even one third of the foreign Journals is too great to be incurred by men, studious of economy, and even if a reader can perfectly well afford to pay an exorbitant price for admission into the temple of the miscellaneous muse, he by no means receives an equivalent for his money. We are not to be understood by this assertion as attempting to traduce the character either of the English or the French Journals. Many of these monthly vehicles of criticism and amusement, exhibit the most brilliant proofs both of wisdom and of wit. Many articles of great interest are written in a most admirable manner by men of the most profound learning and of the most shining talents, and who are perfectly well acquainted with all the graces and all the energies of the purest English expression. Many elaborate

essays on topicks of the most delightful criticism, appear regularly in the Edinburgh, The Monthly, and other respectable Reviews, which a scholar, ambitious to excel in purity and propriety of style, would do well to consider as models nearly faultless. They have a higher claim to literary regard than is offered by their mere dress. They exhibit invention, wit, humour, and specimens of the most ingenious speculation. We may judiciously consult them both for profit and pleasure. But the radical objection to the whole mass is, that much of it is wholly alien to our business and our bosoms. From the fecundity of every foreign Press, the family of literature is not only stupendously numerous, but many of the children are weak, sickly, and deformed, many are illegitimate, and more from some fault either in the conception or the delivery, are absolutely good for nothing but to fill nooks in the charnel house of oblivion. To return from the metaphor, to which we had inadvertently strayed, at least two thirds of the foreign articles of criticism, and about one half of the magazines, must be pronounced by the most candid scrutini-zer, *matter wholly irrelevant*, as the Scotch lawyers technically express themselves. Even in the Edinburgh Review, which is known to be conducted on a principle of *selection*, many a quarterly number contains not more than two or three articles which can in anywise contribute either to American amusement or edification. Which of the natives reads a minute analysis of a vindication of the *Celts*, or of General Vallancy's prospectus of an *Irish Dictionary*, or of *Guineas* an *unnecessary incumb- brance*, or a Comparative View of

the Hullonian and Neptunian Systems of Geology, or of the Philosophy of Kant, or of Playfair's Illustrations of the Hullonian Theory of the Earth, or of Davis's Celtick Researches, or Professour Schweighauser's edition of *Athenæi Naucratis Deipnosophistarum libri quindecim*, or of Dissertations on the *Mysteries* of the *Cabiri*, or the Rev. Mr. Sharon Turner's History of the Anglo Saxons? Who that is not stark staring mad reads the unintelligible reveries and rhapsodies of the fanaticks in politicks and religion? Who concerns himself with the petty antiquities and local scenery of a miserable hamlet in North or South Wales? What American, either *true* or false, regards a Mineralogical Description of the County of *Dumfries*, or where can that curious Columbian be found anxious to ascertain The Topography of *Troy*.

Descending from the elevation of The Edinburgh and the Monthly Reviews, and traversing the wide and numerous, though not always barren plains, over which many indefatigable Journalists conduct us, how many objects perpetually occur which may not in the slightest degree interest our curiosity, excite our imagination, or satisfy our reason? What is called The Monthly Catalogue, which generally occupies about one half of The Critical Review and The British Critick, is replete with mere trash, the very garbage, the *crambe bis cocta* of Literature. From all this statement it is manifest that we want a *Catalogue Raisonnée* of criticism, and judicious hands to draw off from these Heidelberg tuns a pure and salutary portion, and distribute it in cheap and commodious vehicles. This excellent service is

undertaken by Mr. Bronson and his literary associates. With much confidence we rely on their judgment and taste in the task of selection. There is more responsibility in their office than is vulgarly supposed, but we are satisfied they will not be guilty either of negligence or malversation. From many striking proofs of their abilities in fine writing, with which their very elegant Prospectus* abounds, we are led to hope they will favour us with occasional articles of *original* criticism. But if they confine themselves to the strict letter of their proposals, and publish no more than a careful *abridgment* of the British statutes of criticism, they will render so much service to the cause of noble principles, and elegant literature, as to merit the gratitude and the subscription of every liberal man in America.

For The Port Folio.

PROJECT

OF AN ORIGINAL REVIEW.

Having, in the preceding article, attempted to describe to character of a judicious and elegant abridgment of those Literary Journals to which *foreign* Genius and Learning give birth, we shall now advert to a *domestick* Review, which we ardently hope will at no distant period be established and successfully supported in the metropolis of the United States. If any of the following hints or remarks shall in the smallest degree contribute to the formation of

such a work, the editor will experience all the self-congratulation of a successful projector.

It is a reigning and a settled opinion, that a Monthly Review cannot be supported with spirit in this country from the infant state of her literature and the paucity of original productions. Perhaps this belief is partially well-founded, though we confess we are not a little sceptical. If in aid of Genius, Wit, sound Criticism, and persevering Industry, Publick Favour should come forward in its most liberal form, we are decidedly of opinion that even a *monthly* publication of this class could be maintained without any abatement of its original vigour. But it is not necessary for us obstinately to defend this pass, as our plan contemplates more tenable and more commanding ground.

What we regard as an undertaking equally brilliant for its writers, useful to its readers, and lucrative to its proprietor, is a QUARTERLY OR A SEMI ANNUAL REVIEW of the Literature of America. Whatever might be successfully urged against the wildness of such a project, *before* the Revolution, fails in its application now, when we have successfully accomplished a total change in government, habits, and manners, when we have enjoyed the precious privileges of peace, and when, from the ardent spirit of individual, if not of national character, we have made bolder strides towards mental improvement than any other country of similar age. Let us take a recent epoch and only the decimal part of the century. Let us look at the progress of American Literature during the last ten years, and although we will not now go into any investigation of its character, or hazard one opi-

* Of the style of this Prospectus, the Editor is happy to have his own opinion fortified by that of an accomplished scholar who has enjoyed and improved all the liberal advantages of a foreign education.

nion respecting its merit or demerit, still, whether wisely or foolishly, it must be confessed that we have written and published *much*. From minds *keen to pursue, and vigorous to retain*, innumerable political essays have emanated, which frequently obtain a sort of sovereign influence over the public mind, and whether the objects of such publications be *wicked or charitable*, whether they promote praise-worthy objects or propagate pernicious principles, in both cases they eminently deserve all the deep and keen researches of the most vigilant Criticism. Another fertile field of copious composition is constantly trodden in an annual round by a host of adventurers. As the arts of eloquence are cultivated with astonishing assiduity, and, we proudly allow in many instances, with the most signal success, that custom, so common in our country, of publicly pronouncing anniversary orations, allures many a juvenile aspirant to fame, first to the Pulpit, and then immediately to the Press. Hence the country could nearly be covered with the sheets of those harangues, which, whether composed after the rules and example of the purest authours of antiquity, or after the rules and example of Robespierre, or after no rule or example at all, merit in either case the severest scrutiny. We say the *severest* scrutiny of Criticism, because they have a double effect upon the publick taste and sentiment: first, from all the animation of delivery; and, secondly, from all the activity of publication. They are heard or read by thousands, and they must either scandalously relax, or nobly invigorate the tone of the publick mind. Moreover, as they are regarded by many as models, it

much imports the cause of Judgment and Learning to examine, with rigour, how far they are written under the direction of the first, and what are the proofs they exhibit of the latter. If an oratorical effusion of a fellow countryman approach even distantly to the manner of CICERO, BOLINGBROKE, or BURKE, if it be replete with virtuous, generous, and salutary sentiments, such as high minds feel and cherish, such as actuated a FALKLAND and a MONTROSE, Criticism should task all her powers of praise, and every beauty of expression, and every propriety of thought should be triumphantly indicated for the general approbation. If, on the contrary, an unhappy youth, under the influence of the democratical dogstar, should by the instigation of an absurd vanity, or the suggestions of a malignant faction, suffer himself to be thrust into the tub of some convènticle, and not only embroil the state, and gull the people by the absurdity of his principles, but* consecrate himself to Ridicule by his uncouth mode of asserting them, then let the contemptuous critick shed upon an addled head the bitterest ink of satire, and lampoon into utter oblivion, or expose unto general contempt the miserable trespasser, who has equally offended good Taste by his Fustian, good Sense by his Folly, and good Government by his Faction.

Theology is another path of authorship which is pursued by a very numerous cavalcade, a path wide, long, and labyrinthian, and very constantly thronged by large bodies who seem resolved to trace

* Sacred to ridicule his whole life long
And the sad burden of some merry song.

it in every meander. The publication of religious Tracts and single Sermons was never very scanty, particularly in New-England, where Piety, whether in the shape of a Plymouth forefather, or in one of his zealous descendants, has been always of a pretty busy and bustling character. The number of the Clergy, the fond desire of making proselytes, the zeal of controversy, and the itch of writing, all contributed to the theological stock even when we were under the *Dutch* Georges, and during the broken and baffled power of his present Majesty. But since we have escaped from a sort of negro servitude and enjoy all the glorious privileges of much more than manumission, our religious, like our Civil Liberty, has had a most excursive flight, and displayed every possible gambol. The sturdiest student, with the most voracious appetite, would not be able to swallow one half of the *good things*, not to mention the *trash*, which many an ecclesiastical purveyor so lavishly sets before him. Within five years, the catalogue of solemn pamphlets in the north alone has become formidably bulky. By the zeal and partiality of friends, by the replies and rejoinders of foes, by parishioners and by pedlers, these clerical compositions are widely circulated, and from the generally respectable character of the clergy, from the sanctity of the profession, and from their leisure and advantages for literary composition, claim, and challenge, and often merit, much of the publick regard.

Here again is there ample employment for all the spectacles, all the telescopes, and all the microscopes of Criticism.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

The assertion of **ORTHODOX** principles in elegant and energetick expression should be liberally extolled. Whoever nobly defended the fortress of Christianity, or gloriously defeated its enemies, should be proclaimed a good soldier of the Great Captain of our Faith, and receive the well-earned meed of successful warfare. Should any individual passing over, in any useful direction, the wide province of Theology, appear in the shape of a learned Lowth, a benignant and accomplished Porteus, a profound and accurate Horsley, a Secker, a Hurd, and a Markham, the whole choir of criticism should loudly chant his praise, and gratulate the Household of Faith on the advent of so illustrious a champion. Even if Dissent should appear in a shape somewhat *questionable*, like that of *primitive* Barclay, or *modest* Foster, our Reviewers should be taught to accost him in no other tone than that of courtesy. But when an audacious sophist, with brazen effrontery, should presume to defile with spider webs the glorious Temple of Religion; when some ignorant fanatic, by the aid of whining, bellowing, or grimace, by the mummery of a Scaramouch and the lengthened phiz of a Pharisee, should so abominably cant as to make even Sir Hudibras ashamed of hypocrisy, no quarter should be given to such a creature let his outcry be ever so loud.

In that variegated department of Literature, which is so aptly denominated the miscellaneous, although the flowers and the fruits are but few, compared with the profusion of European fertility, yet they are sufficiently numerous to require a weeder's and pruner's as well as a cultivator's care. In this very interesting and amusing portion of a Critick's labours, it would by no means be matter of imperious exaction, that he should confine himself to the recent and current productions of the country. He might ad-

vantageously analyze many of our *ancient* pages, and divert himself and his readers with a review of Hubbard's History of the *Indian* wars, or the stupendous pages of Cotton Mather. The various tracts on the mysterious topik of *Witchcraft*, though they would not much fatigue his reason, would probably provoke his wit. Some of the early poetry, rhetoric, and history of the country, would reward his attention. Many books, truly *original*, might be reviewed, which appeared in the seventeenth century, and as for *Translations*, not many years ago some sylvan schoolmaster indulged himself in a prose version of Virgil, a critique upon which, if written in the spirit of the Scottish Reviewers, would, in the words of Prince Henry, be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and good jest for ever.

This, by an obvious association, leads us to name The EDINBURGH REVIEW. Though neither its plan nor its execution is perfect, yet, in many respects, it may be regarded a pattern after which any wits or scholars might fashion a very creditable work. It is manifest from the tenour of the preceding remarks, that it is the wish of the writer that something like that work should appear in America. Some honourable efforts of Criticism have already appeared in New-York and in Boston. The Editors of the MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY, a miscellany conducted with augmenting spirit, regularly devote a few pages to a Review, which, in numerous instances need not shrink from any comparison. The authours are men of learning and wit, and if they sometimes speculate erroneously, they always write well. But their plan is necessarily restricted. Into their High Church of Criticism, perhaps a heretick is sometimes incautiously admitted, who may profane the worship; and perhaps others may be a little cramped by those chains which, like other labourers at the professional oar, they are compelled to sustain.

But a CRITICAL Journal, in the form of an octavo volume, and published but twice, or at most, but four times a year, should issue from the Fountain-head of information. It should be published in the METROPOLIS of the country. At least six of its conductors should reside in Philadelphia in order actively to superintend the work. With these at least fourteen of the most distinguished scholars in different parts of the Union, should be associated, to whom, according to the abilities of each, different departments of criticism should be assigned, and with whom a regular correspondence must be maintained. In such a confederacy, though it would be idle and absurd to require that no *shades of difference* among its members be discerned, yet, with respect to *essentials*, they must cordially agree. In such a concert no discordant tone should be heard, but each adroitly contribute his skill to produce all the delightful effects of harmony.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A gentleman of Boston, who has addressed us in the guise of "AN OLD FRIEND," a title, which we know and *feel* to be not less just, than endearing, is respectfully informed that we have perused the pamphlet, to which he refers, and assure him that we believe no instruments harmoniously attuned in a concert can be more perfectly in unison than our opinions on the subject. But we hope he will, with his wonted courtesy, excuse us from publishing the article alluded to, which would inevitably lead to all the asperities of theological controversy. During an early period of our labours, we admitted somewhat incautiously, and in violation of our general plan, a series of speculations on the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity. Although

the dispute was managed with great dexterity, and the combatants abstaining from the use of the vulgar clubs and cudgels and quarter staffs of controversy, contended in a style of generous warfare, yet the topick itself, discussed with equal moderation, learning and urbanity, startled some and shocked others, nor did the Editor escape from the reproaches of those, whose judgment he held in the highest honour. The British Journals, whether we examine the Gentleman's Magazine, conducted by Dr. Johnson, or the Monthly under the direction of Dr. Aikin, frequently we know admit articles, respecting different points of religious faith, and large portions of many a miscellany are devoted to everlasting topicks of jarring contention. But we are unalterably of opinion that in a work upon the plan of the *Mercure* of France, or The Port Folio of America, such thorny topicks should be inadmissible. Though the Editor would be sorry to see his paper degenerate into a receptacle of riddles and rebusses, with which every silly nymph could lavishly supply him, although he hopes never to become a chronicler of charades, or a mere Harlequin of Levity, still the amusing and cheerful departments of polite literature principally command his care, and Experience shows that they *almost exclusively* gain the publick attention. The lounge is clamorous for anecdote and the man of business has no time for any thing but the short and the pithy. By some nothing is perused but paragraphs, and others turn pale at the very sight of a dreadful dissertation. The Wits loath every thing but what is poignant, and we have Pope's authority that even gentle *dulness* loves a *joke*. If The Port Folio like the

Gentleman's Magazine should abound in antiquarian researches and descriptions of the bricks of Babylon, we might soon inscribe ACTUM EST (on our work; if the Editor indulged himself like many of his foreign brethren in the lavish expenditure of queries respecting the figures on Homer's shield, or in journalizing the squabbles of fanatics, worrying each other respecting the *shape* of their conventicle, our readers would soon dwindle to the narrow catalogue of Persius,

Vel duo, vel nemo.

But, above all, if our correspondents should engage in the *unprofitable contest* of religious controversy they would drive away both our smiling and our serious subscribers. We believe there is more than one Repository in the country *exclusively* dedicated to the use of Ecclesiastical combatants. Thither let the noisy Polemick repair,

Illa se jactet in aula
Æolus.

We hope that our "Friend," will correspond with us on topicks more tractable. He has a taste for the Belles Lettres. He has the spirit of a Patron.

Our friend I. will, we hope, take his place again at the authour's desk. We shall be delighted to see him,

Whether he choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair.

A short time since, the Etonians published a periodical work, entitled The Miniature. This is described as a lucky imitation of The Microcosm, to which the justly celebrated CANNING so wittily contributed. If this *Miniature* has fallen into the hands of any of our American friends we shall be glad

to see what, we understand, is an exceeding good likeness.

"The Ode to the Moon" surpasses in stupidity whatever of crude and imperfect we have ever had the misfortune to read. The ballad of Moll Flanders was unquestionably a finer production,

Silence, ye wolves, while Ralph to *Cynthia howls*,
And makes night hideous. Answer him, ye owls.

In that inexplicable sort of scrawl, which the French aptly call by the tremendous name of *Griffonage* we have received certain manuscripts which our decypherer was decidedly of opinion had no other than a Chinese origin. But as we are not quite so credulous as our Philosophical Chief Magistrate, this Chinese pretender underwent a very severe scrutiny. Rummaging one of our antiquarian shelves, we found a remarkably fine lens of a prodigious magnifying power that might assist the gaze even of a Herschel. By the blessed light of this glorious glass we discovered that these cramp characters were indisputably *feminine*, and that some Philadelphia *Pastora* had undertaken to afflict mankind by describing the procession of her flocks and the bleating of her lambs. We counsel this delirious damsel forthwith to repair to that far-famed asylum by the classical Americans so elegantly denominated The *Bettering* House, and there, engaged in the more profitable task of spinning *wool*, rather than spinning her brains, we will permit her to prattle at large about *her fleecy care*.

The very firstline of "an Elegy" *discoursed* no musick to our ear.

— Its sullen dub
Sounds like the *hooping* of a tub.

The man who undertakes to whine thus elaborately would be better employed as Trumpeter to a puppet show, or rather to turn one of those grindstones of miscalled musick which so harmoniously revolve in those charming collections of inimitable wax-works, wherefor the pitiful consideration of an *elevenpenny-bit* men are permitted to gaze at all the charms of Liberty, Columbia, and her *Spread Eagle*.

Eliza's encomium upon her lover, though not unpoetical, is somewhat extravagant. The lady is evidently under the influence of that deceptive passion, which, in the words of honest Sancho, makes a cart appear like a coach, and a shrimp like a lobster. She credulously sings in the very spirit of the village maid in the Opera,

So spruce a lad was never seen,
As my sweet, charming fellow.

Though her subject is dangerous, "Celia" has scanned it with delicacy, and even prudes, without once bridling, may peruse her sonnet. Like the charming Catherine in the vaulting school of the Italian tumblers, her drapery is decent, and she exhibits her poetical *agility*, "with all the modesty and decorum, which ladies of the first distinction may have a right to expect," as Master Manfredi right pleasantly expresses himself.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. Philadelphia, Saturday, October 22, 1808. No. 17.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 244.)

LETTER LI.

OUR driver had served for some years in a Swiss regiment in the British service: he liked us for the language we spoke, though we told him we were not Englishmen, and did all in his power to oblige and to entertain us: there was no possibility of being accommodated at any of the little towns with barbarous names we stopt at, for the same reason which had compelled us to quit Brieg, and we travelled on towards Sider, where we did not arrive till twelve at night: our driver was a strong, active, well-looking man, of about thirty-five, he wore a round hat, a blue great coat, and the most

monstrous pair of shoes in point of size, which I ever beheld: he was fair, with light coloured hair and blue eyes, and might have acted one or other of the two Amphitryons to admiration, with a friend of ours, whom you have seen at K——: there is something very unaccountable in the strong likeness that is sometimes perceived between persons who cannot possibly be in any degree related. You remember, no doubt, the answer of a young man to Augustus Cæsar upon that subject; it is one of the best examples I know, of what the French call *naïveté*, and which we have no name for.

Our course was nearly West in the direction of the Rhone, and though the night came upon us, while we had still several miles to go, our conductor and his horse, who were perfectly well acquainted with the road, went as rapidly downhill, as if it had been mid day. We now and then approached the river, which seemed to

K k

rush along with a degree of frightful velocity, and crossed the beds of several torrents. Of the country we could see nothing, but we frequently passed over places where some action had taken place during the war, and which our conductor, who had shared in all the struggles of his fellow countrymen, pointed out to us: it was here, he said, as we were finding our way through a wood, that the French surprised our main guard, but we took ample vengeance upon them the day after. That large stone covers the mouth of a cavern, where a band of robbers secreted themselves for upwards of a year. At length we crossed the Rhone, and arrived at Sider, where the house was so full, that all the accommodation we could procure was a mattress spread upon the floor of a room, where there were already three beds with each two people in it, besides a large dog, who lay at the feet of one of the persons asleep: it would require the talents of Scarron to paint some of the adventures of such a night: once I was awakened by a Watchman chanting the hour in barbarous sounds under the window, and another time by a battle between the dog and a person who came into the room, in order to find a place to lay himself down. We got to Sion early the next morning through a well-cultivated country; the valley was become broader, some attempts had been made to resist the devastations of the Rhone, and the vineyards and corn fields extended as high as cultivation could effect any thing, up the opposite mountains. The view was diversified too by several little conical hills, which rise from between forty and fifty to two hundred feet above the surface of the valley; some circum-

stance of situation has enabled them to resist the violence of the river, but as they consist altogether, it seems, of pebbles from all the various sorts of rocks, which are to be found in the neighbouring mountains, they originally must have been deposited here by the water at some very distant period: the Bailiff of Cevio was certainly in the right, the world is much older than people make it: Sion is a small but well-built town; it was taken by storm in 1801, and suffered all that towns generally do upon such occasions.

I remember our thinking war a very dreadful calamity in America, but there is no more comparison between our revolutionary war, and the wars of Europe, that of the Vallais, and of Switserland in particular, than between the sports of children and the fight of devils. A humane Lady,* whom I know, came into this country after the campaign of 1801 with various articles, and with money, which she had collected in addition to what she herself liberally supplied: many villages had been burnt, and the inhabitants had disappeared; in others where the devastation had not been so general, she found some old people, some sick of both sexes, several wounded men, and numbers of children who knew nothing of their parents, and were in a state of the most deplorable want: all of them must have perished, the old, the sick, the wounded and the children, had she not brought them food, and clothes. I say nothing to you of indignities worse than death, which had been inflicted, they surpass all description: the people of the Pays de Vaud whose impatience under the government of

* Madame Cazenove.

Berne first afforded the directory an excuse for interfering in the concerns of Switzerland ; who had been even fastidiously jealous of the rights of man, took an active part upon this occasion, and signalized the arms of their new republic in this diabolical warfare ; but you need not be solicitous about their being punished for such conduct, and for the evils which they had drawn down upon what was once the happiest country on earth ; they are moving rapidly towards that gulf, which swallows up so many neighbouring states, and will have leisure to repent hereafter. I should have derived a great deal of information at Sion, even from the sort of people I met with accidentally, had it not been for the insurmountable difficulty of another language : at the large inn we stopt at, there was a waiter who spoke French, but on my asking for a barber and hair dresser, there came in one of the stoutest women I ever beheld, in order, as we understood, to make a tender of her services, but in sounds the most remote from Italian that I had yet heard.

We procured another car at Sion and soon arrived at the little town of St. Pierre, where, as if by magick, every body spoke French, and the mistress of the house declared to me that she had not the least idea of German. We now went for the first time, into a Vallaisan church, and it was melancholy to see the rudely carved images set off with a little frippery and tinsel, which bore the names of some of the most respectable of the celestial Hierarchy : a book has been written, I believe, to point out the resemblance of many usages of the Roman church with those of Paganism ; and I can conceive how

good policy required, that as many of the ancient ceremonies should be retained, as were not inconsistent with Christianity, but the transmission of honour and admiration which has taken place is, in some cases, ludicrous and absurd. Moses, as Pope observes, has usurped the ensigns of Pan, and the Virgin has succeeded to the places of Diana, of Juno Lucina, and even of Venus, all graceless as she was : it is to the Virgin that seamen offer up their prayers in a storm, it is to her that those who have been saved from shipwreck offer up their thanks, and mothers with their infant children in their arms, prostrate themselves before her altar, in silent and grateful adoration : there is no authority for this in Scripture, but it is not injurious to religion ; and our Protestant divines are perhaps wrong, in wishing to submit the articles of faith and the principles of the Christian doctrine so much to the test of reason : it would be better surely to call in the charms of a chastened imagination, the sensibility of a tender heart, and the powers of eloquence to the aid of that religion, which all divine as it is, must be practised by a parcel of frail human creatures : why deprive the poor wretch who is on the brink of eternity, of the consoling idea, that the priest by his bed side, stands like a powerful interceder between God and him ? and that a second Baptism conveying in its materials an emblem of incorruptibility is about to release his soul from all mortal ties ? Why prevent superstition, if we are to call it by that name, from converting the agonies of death into a sweet, and gentle sleep ? You will one day or other, read what Chateaubriand, who is open upon this table before me, says upon this

subject. The loss of friends in the revolution, of a mother, a sister, a father and a brother, and many years of poverty and of exile, have perhaps affected his imagination, and such a guide, in matters of religion, is not to be altogether trusted; in vindicating the claim of Christianity to every species of inferior merit as well as to the highest, to an originality of worship and to a union with the finer arts, he deviates at times into something very like paganism, nor does it require less than all the pomp of language to preserve the dignity of his narration. I admire his attempt however, and agree with him, that something more than reason is wanting to fill up the abysses of the human heart: as I may not again have occasion to mention this authour, I will inform you now of what does him infinite honour, and puts the seal of sincerity at least upon his assertions: the political events which had deprived him of his friends, had also robbed him of his fortune, and his principal dependence was on the emoluments of an employment which he held under the consular government; this he without a moment's hesitation gave up upon a certain event which seems to have united the sympathy of all France, and to have been lamented with curses, which, as Shakspeare says, were not loud, but deep, retiring into obscurity and exposing himself to the chance of want, rather than to remain under obligations to those whose conduct he thought so highly reprehensible.

To return to the little church I was speaking of, there were several ex-votaries before the altar, one of which, was a picture representing two persons as borne across a rapid stream upon the back of the

same horse: they were stretching out their arms in the act of making a vow, and a number of little angels were seen coming down to assist them, as the newly born sea-nymphs did the ship of Æneas.

I was speaking of what I had seen to the landlady of our inn, when she showed me a picture founded, as she said, upon a fact, that happened in her family. A priest in the habit of his order was seen exorcising a person out of whose mouth there proceeded a little devil about the size of a frog.

You will think it strange, that such a representation should convey conviction to the minds even of the most ignorant people in an obscure village of the Vallais; but what are we to think of Boswell, the Biographer of Samuel Johnson, who had some wit, and who was the cause of a great deal of wit in others, when he plumes himself upon having been the first to suggest, that epileptick fits were in all probability occasioned, by the residence of evil spirits in the persons affected!

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

Again we recur with rapture, to the interesting Biography of one of the most entertaining and purest of the British writers. We fondly dwell upon the history and the works of GOLDSMITH, because the first is a useful lesson, and the second the best model for graceful composition in the language. We anxiously hope that our repeated recommendation of all the pages of this ad-

mired authour, will have some influence over the younger gentlemen and students in our universities, who, whether they be solicitous to speak or to write well, will infallibly accomplish their object much sooner by reading the Vicar of Wakefield, or the Citizen of the World, than by mousing any oration from the wonderful era of the Boston massacre in 1770, down to the last dull rumble of July thunder. Indeed, every generous youth in the country should make it a point and a principle to consult the great English authours with the most assiduous care, and turn away with loathing from juvenile trash, whether the disgraceful production of Europe or America. The very bane of style is the habit of reading the vulgar vehicles of Democratic folly, the penny pamphlets of ephemeral imbecility, the vile translations and viler imitations of French fustian, with which so many of our *This, That, and Tother* Gazettes are covered, as with so many cobwebs. Every high-spirited young man, ambitious to write correctly and elegantly, in the style of a scholar and a gentleman, should avert his eyes from false models, and gaze steadfastly upon the true. Let Sir William Temple, Dean Swift, Lord Bolingbroke, Dryden, Addison, Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith be his constant companions. In such society he will harken to very different language from that detestable dialect, the fashionable jargon of the mobs of America. For this sort of style, and for the infamous principles it is employed to inculcate, the writer of this article has such an habitual abhorrence, that were he a guardian or a preceptor, he would not suffer his ward or pupil to be debased by its use, or to associate with its authours. Both they and their expressions are equally contemptible. Let us think like Johnson, and write like Goldsmith.

(Continued from page 252.)

It is generally understood, that in the history of his Philosophick Vagabond (Vicar of Wakefield, chap.

xx.) he has related many of his own adventures, and that when on his pedestrian tour through Flanders and France, as he had some knowledge of musick, he turned what had formerly been his amusement into a present means of subsistence. "I passed (says he) among the harmless peasants of Flanders, and among such of the French as were poor enough to be very merry; for I ever found them spritely in proportion to their wants. Whenever I approached a peasant's house towards nightfall, I played on the German flute one of my most merry tunes, and that procured me not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. I once or twice attempted to play for people of fashion; but they always thought my performance odious, and never rewarded me, even with a trifle. This was to me the more extraordinary; as whenever I used in better days to play for company, when playing was my amusement, my musick never failed to throw them into raptures, and the ladies especially; but as it was now my only means, it was received with contempt: a proof how ready the world is to underrate those talents by which a man is supported!" At the different monasteries in his tour, especially those of his own nation, his learning generally procured him temporary entertainment; and thus he made his way to Switzerland, in which country he first cultivated his poetical talents with any particular effect; for here we find he wrote about two hundred lines of his "*Traveller*."

The story which has commonly been told, of his having acted as travelling tutor to a young miser, is now thought to have been too hastily adopted from the aforesaid History of a Philosophick Vaga-

bond, and never to have been the real situation of the authour of that history. From Switzerland Goldsmith proceeded to Padua, where he stayed six months, and is by some supposed to have there taken his degree of Bachelor of Physick; though others are of opinion that if ever he really took any medical degree abroad, it was at Louvain.*

After visiting all the northern part of Italy, he travelled, still on foot, through France; and, embarking at Calais; landed at Dover in the summer of 1756, unknown, as he supposed, to a single individual, and with not a guinea in his pocket.

His first endeavours were, to procure employment as an usher in some school; but the want of a recommendation as to character and ability rendered his efforts for some time fruitless; and how he subsisted is not easy to guess. At length, however, it appears, he procured an usher's place; but in what part the school was situated, or how long he continued in it, we do not learn; though we may form some idea of the uncongeniality of the place to his mind, from the following passage in the *Philosophick Vagabond*: "I have been an usher at a boarding school, and may I die but I would rather be an under turnkey in Newgate. I was up early and late; I was brow-beat by the master, hated for my ugly face by my mistress, worried by the boys within, and never permitted to stir out to meet civility abroad."

When in a fit of disgust he had quitted this academy, his pecuni-

ary necessities soon became pressing; to relieve which he applied to several apothecaries and chymists for employment as a journeyman; but here his threadbare appearance, awkward manners, and the want of a recommendation operated sorely to his prejudice;* till at last a chymist near Fish-street-hill, probably moved by compassion, gave him employment in his laboratory, where he continued till he learned that his old friend Dr. Sleigh of Edinburgh, was in town: on him (who had, as we have seen, formerly relieved him from embarrassment) Goldsmith waited, was kindly received, and invited to share his purse during his continuance in London.

This timely assistance enabled our authour to commence medical practice at Bankside in Southwark, whence he afterwards removed to the neighbourhood of the Temple; his success as a physician is not known, but his income was very small; for as he used to say, he got very few fees, though he had abundance of patients. Some addition, however, he now began to derive from the efforts of his pen; and it appears, that he was for a while with the celebrated Samuel Richardson as corrector of the press.

About this time, he renewed his acquaintance with one of the young physicians whom he had

* In a letter, dated Dec. 1757, he writes thus: "At London, you may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter; without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence: and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances, would have had recourse to the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies I had principle to resist the one and resolution to combat the other."

* In 1769, it is certain, he was admitted M. B. at Oxford, which university he visited in February, in company with Dr. Johnson.

known at Edinburgh. This was a son of the Rev. Dr. John Milner, a dissenting minister, who kept a classical school of eminence at Peckham in Surry. Mr. Milner observing Goldsmith's uncertain mode of living, invited him to take the charge of his father's school, the Doctor being then confined by illness: to this he consented; and Dr. Milner, in return, promised to exert his interest with the India Directors, to procure for him some medical establishment in the Company's service. This promise he faithfully performed, and Goldsmith was actually appointed physician to one of the factories in India in 1758. It appears, however, that our author never availed himself of this post,* but continued in Dr. Milner's academy; and in this very year sold to Mr. Edward Dilly, for twenty guineas, "*The Memoirs of a Protestant condemned to the Gallies of France for his religion. Written by Himself. Translated from the Original, just published at the Hague, by James Willington*," 2 vols. 12mo.

Toward the latter end of 1758, Goldsmith happened to dine at Dr. Milner's table with Mr. Ralph Griffiths, the proprietor of The Monthly Review, who invited him to write articles of criticism for that respectable publication, on the terms of a liberal salary, besides board and lodging. By a written agreement, this engagement was to last for a year; but at the end of seven or eight months

it was dissolved by mutual consent, and Goldsmith took a miserable apartment in Green-Arbour-court, Little Old Bailey.* In this wretched hovel, our author completed his "*Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe*," which was published in 1759, by Dodsley, and was well received. In October of the same year, he began "*The Bee*," a weekly publication, which terminated at the eighth number. About this time also he contributed some articles to The Critical Review, one of which (we believe a review of "Ovid's Epistles, translated into English verse by a Mr. Barrett, Master of the Grammar School at Ashford in Kent") introduced him to the acquaintance of Dr. Smollet, who was then editor of The British Magazine; and for that work Goldsmith wrote most of those "*Essays*," which were afterwards collected and published in a separate volume. By Dr. Smollet, too, he was recommended to some respectable booksellers, particularly to Mr. John Newbery, who well deserved the eulogium bestowed by Warburton on the trade in general, as one of "the best judges and most liberal rewarders of literary merit." By Mr. Newbery, Goldsmith was engaged at a salary of 100*l.* a year to write for The Publick Ledger, a series of periodical papers. These he called "*Chinese Letters*," and they were afterwards collected in two vols., under the title of "*The Citizen of The World*." It was soon after this that he commenced his acquaintance with Dr. Johnson.

* Though it is certain, that, in contemplation of going to India, he circulated Proposals to print by subscription "*An Essay on the Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe*," as a means of defraying the expenses of his fitting out for the voyage.

* An Engraving of the house, illustrated by a description, was given in The European Magazine, Vol xliii, pp. 7, 8.

The important engagement with Newbery, for a hundred pounds a year, encouraged Goldsmith to descend Break-neck-steps,* and to hire a decent apartment in Wine-Office-Court, Fleet-street. Here he dropped the humble *Master*, and dubbed himself *Doctor Goldsmith*. Here also he put the finishing hand to his excellent novel called "*The Vicar of Wakefield*;" but was, when he had done, extremely embarrassed in his circumstances, dunned by his landlady for arrears of rent, and not daring to stir abroad for fear of arrest: in fact, she herself at length had him arrested; he then summoned resolution to send a message to Dr. Johnson, stating that he was in great distress, and begging that he would come to him as soon as possible. Johnson sent him a guinea and promised to follow almost immediately. When he arrived, he found Goldsmith in a violent passion with the woman of the house, but consoling himself as well as he could with a bottle of Madeira, which he had already purchased with part of the guinea. Johnson, corking the bottle, desired Goldsmith would be calm, and consider in what way he could extricate himself. The latter then produced his novel as ready for the press. The Doctor looked into it, saw its merit, and went away with it to Mr. Newbery, who gave him 60*l.* for it; with this sum he returned to Goldsmith, who, with many invectives, paid his landlady her rent. Newbery, however, seems not to have been very sanguine in his hopes of this novel, for he

kept the MS. by him near three years unprinted: his ready purchase of it, probably was in the way of a benefaction to its distressed authour, rather than under any idea of profit by the publication.

(To be continued.)

POLITE LITERATURE.

For The Port Folio.

In our last, having described rather copiously many objects, worthy of the attentive gaze of a critical observer, we shall now succinctly state what a long habit of reflection on the subject has convinced us is the most feasible as well as the most plausible plan of a Quarterly Publication of annals of American Literature.

It should assert and defend *ab ovo usque ad mala* principles of the most lofty, intrepid, independent, high-toned, and decided character. It should never, on any occasion, or for any purpose, make the smallest sacrifice to the prejudices of the populace. Its conductors should habitually disdain, for the sake of a little miserable perishable popularity, to suppress the truth, or support a faction. So far from courting the mob, our Editors should treat the herd of swine and their feeders with the most ineffable contempt, and be satisfied with the general applause of scholars and gentlemen, men of honour and cavaliers. There is not an individual, whose suffrage is worth having, but what would either openly or covertly give a cheerful support to such a work.

Such a Review should likewise be conducted by men, who are avowed *Partizans* and *Martinets* in Religion, Politicks, and Literature, men who would uniformly act in a spirit of Scottish *Clanship*, always prepared at every hazard to defend themselves, and assail the foe.

Such a Journal should make no pretensions to a character of impartiality. This sort of character quick-

* A steep flight of stairs (commonly so termed) leading from the door of his lodging-house in Green-Arbour-court to Fleet-market.

ly degenerates into a character of insipidity. Our review, on the contrary should be exceedingly partial to genius, to learning, to taste and virtue. It should be vehemently partial to those systems of polity, those modes of faith, and those schools of literature in preference of which History and Experience have granted a charter with the broadest seal of approbation.

To the splendid reputation and extensive sale and currency of such a work, powers similar to those which have adorned The Anti-Jacobin newspaper, and which continue to emblazon the Edinburgh Review should be enlisted. Mere heavy and prosing criticism would never be read. At the projected board of reviewers, no dishes but poignant dishes must appear. There must be attick salt and the caustick Cayenne of lampoons. The company would soon become thin and spiritless unless enlivened by merriment, wit and satire. Epigrammatick sentences and brilliant sarcasms should relieve the seriousness of literary discussion.

After having in each department of The Review promulgated the laws of legitimate composition, and exhibited the standard of correct principles, that luckless wight, who should in any publication deviate either from the one or the other should be treated like an audacious offender. The whole force of the confederacy should be exerted to render the hardened sinner contemptible. In the spirit of Romish anathema, his foolish or his flagitious page should be condemned by bell, book, and candle, and he should be interdicted from any approach to the empire of Learning or the purlieus of Wit.* This highly *uncandid* mode of treating the adversary as the *drivellers* of

humanity are apt to term it, would contribute more to the cause of good sense and genuine literature than millions of the critical canons of Aristotle, or the wise saws of Alderman Prudence.

Lastly, though the writers may often unbend and indulge themselves in a mood of spriteliness, laughter and gayety, yet the motto of each should be part of the advice of Polonius to Hamlet: Be you familiar, *but by no means vulgar*. Let them proudly disdain ever to appear in that contemp-

to be pretty exactly followed by the Edinburgh reviewers, and might be very usefully adopted here.

Are there not some works, said I, that from the very manner of their composition must be exempt from criticism, particularly such as profess to disregard its laws. There is no work whatever but my critick can criticise, replied the bookseller, even though you wrote in *Chinese*, he would have a pluck at you. Suppose you should take it in your head to publish a book, let it be a volume of Chinese letters, for instance; write how you will, he shall show the world you could have written better. Should you with the most local exactness, stick to the manners and customs of the country, whence you came; should you confine yourself to the narrow limits of Eastern knowledge and be perfectly simple and perfectly natural, he has then the strongest reason to exclaim: He may with a *sneer*, send you back to China for readers. He may observe that after the first or second letter the iteration of the same simplicity is insupportably tedious; but the worst of all is, the publick, in such a case, will anticipate his censures and leave you, with all your uninstrusive simplicity, to be *mauled at discretion*. Yes, cried I, but in order to avoid his indignation, and, what I should fear more, that of the publick, I would in such a case, write with all the knowledge I was master of. As I am not possessed of much learning, at least I would not suppress what little I had; nor would I appear more stupid than Nature made me. Here then, cries the bookseller, we should have you entirely in our power; unnatural, uneastern; quite out of character; *erroneously sensible* would be the whole cry. Sir, we should then *hunt you down like a rat*. Head of my father! Said I, sure there are but two ways; the door must either be shut or it must be open. I must either be natural or unnatural.—Be what you will, *we shall criticise you, and prove you a dunce, in spite of your teeth*.

* In Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, there is a very pleasant description of an interview between the Chinese philosopher and a bookseller. The mode of criticism indicated by the latter appears

tible and threadbare garb so ridiculously denominated *republican simplicity*, but invest themselves in decent drapery of brighter hue, and more durable texture. The guise of a cavalier and an authour of the old school, like that of Master Stephen, in the play, should be *melancholy and gentlemanlike*. It is for the *low ambition* of democracy to affect either the language or the deportment of the common people.

As EDMUND BURKE once affirmed with not more pride than truth, that his majesty held his crown in *contempt* of the *choice of the revolution society* who have not a *single vote* for a King amongst them *either individually or collectively*. So it should be the *avowed aim* of the high principled and high spirited confederacy, whom we wish to see *banded together*, to publish a Literary Journal in *open defiance* of democracy and fanaticism, and to advance boldly to the support of truth, in perfect contempt of the choice or the dictation of the "*Fond Many*," and their upstart demagogues. In spite of popular clamour, in spite of malignant faction, in spite of all the weeping and wailing of hypocrisy, such a work would *FORCE ITS WAY* at home, it would be read, and would deserve to be remembered abroad. It would finally triumph over the hostility of every acknowledged, and every latent foe.

Victorque virum volitare per ora.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

MRS. OPIE'S NEW POEMS.

The Warriour's Return, and other poems by Mrs. Opie. London printed; Philadelphia reprinted for Bradford and Inskeep, by Robert Carr, 1808, 12mo. pp. 191.

Notwithstanding it has always been common to depreciate the character and ridicule the works of literary females, yet in spite of Moliere's comedy or philosophick reasoning, the ladies, whether their education has

been contemptuously neglected under the reigns of a Charles or an Anne, or carefully superintended during a more indulgent epoch, have, in either case, dared to write and to publish. In the first instance, we have the Duchess of Newcastle, Mrs. Behn, and Mrs. Centlivre. In the second Mrs. Radcliffe, Mrs. Barbauld, Madame D'Arblay, Charlotte Smith, and Maria Edgeworth, *cum multis aliis*. To this group of feminine authours, the wife of a late Painter of signal celebrity may be added. The name of Amelia Opie has been honoured in the circles of fashion, as well as in the annals of literature, and both her prose and her poetry have had, at home and abroad, a very wide circulation. After the authoress of *Belinda*, we believe that Mrs. Opie may be named as one of the most successful candidates for publick favour. Her Father and Daughter was very generally perused by that immense mass of misses, who are of opinion, that no higher stimulus for the fancy can be found than in a lamentable story of barbarous seduction. A more rational class of readers derived both pleasure and instruction from those "*Simple Tales*," which, under a title so unassuming, exhibit much artifice of involution, and great variety of character. A former collection of her poetical compositions was not reviewed without praise, even by the sternest of the Scotch Critics; and in this new adventure in the regions of fancy, she appears with rather more dignity than one of those distressed damsels of the ancient romance, who, we are assured on the grave authority of Cervantes, used to roam about with knights and squires, through the expanse of plains, or the obscurity of woods, and at length died tranquilly in their beds, as *good virgins at the mothers that bore them*.

Like her poetical predecessor, Charlotte Smith, Mrs. Opie has indulged herself too liberally in the querulous style. She sits down to her writing-desk with a face most wofully pensive. She begins suffer-

ly to moan over some fading hope, or over some blasting disappointment. The Canary bird is either dead, the kitten lame, the parrot hoarse, or her lover away. If the scene of description should transport us to the country, the month of November must be chosen, when the leaves are sufficiently withered, and the winds whistle through the wainscot, in a tone at least as whimpering as a modern sonnet, or as a half-starved puppy in winter weather. Darkness, Death, and long Despair, are most tremendously invoked. Hark from the tombs, is the cry; and rueful Rachel, and doleful Dolly close the funeral procession. If the gloomy system will permit the Muse, thus predetermined to be melancholy, to remain *pensively* at home, without dreaming of a ramble beyond the city gates, then we must begin to think dismally with all our might. We may take occasion, from the watchman's call, or the town-clock, to meditate most mournfully upon the flight of time. The baying of a distant dog, is an exceeding good thing, poetically employed, to depress the spirits; and the bemoaning the condition of a *laborious* linkboy has a marvellous effect in driving a reader to distraction. Whether the Almanack serves us or not, we must have many *glimpes* of the moon, to make *night hideous*; and, at all events, the moon must be melancholy, as must also be some hapless nightingale, her mournful minion, not to mention the owl, for fear of giving offence to authours of fine feeling.

All this, to a morbid sensibility, and to eyes that shun the light, may seem very fine. But certainly life has enough of care, without having recourse to far-fetched topicks of grief. Let the last elegy-monger plunder pensiveness from Dr. Young, and with the assistance of many a German labourer, on *Horror's* head horrors accumulate. But it is much better to exclaim, with the gayety of MILTON, in his happiest mood:

Hence loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks, and
sights unholy.
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his
jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There under ebon shades and low-browed
rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

In justice to Mrs. Opie, the production now before us is of a cast less gloomy than that of many of its predecessors. The lady has judiciously parted with *some* of her ravens. The death-watch only ticks now and then. Crape is not so prodigally worn as heretofore. The mourner is sometimes seen to smile, and the undertaker's men do not deafen us with the dolorous sound of dismal preparation. The first poem in the collection, which is entitled *The Warriour's Return*, does not, however, prove that Mrs. Opie has wholly relinquished her *customary suit of solemn black*. To our great chagrin, the *inky cloak* is still visible. From the *return* of a warriour, we expected to be delighted with all the hilarity of a Marquis of Huntley from the Netherlands, or the gallant Sir Sidney from the field of Acre. But no: our authouress, with perverse ingenuity, contrives that her man of fight should kill his own son, and the story concludes with all imaginable distress. The measure of this ballad reminded us of Monk Lewis's Alonzo and Imogen. The next is a pretty long rambling narrative upon a very pregnant theme—the old story, a Nun and her propensities. This fruitful subject fills, without any mercy upon our patience, upwards of four-and-twenty pages of poetical description, and reminds us of some of the terrible cases in Heister's Surgery. This *lengthened narrative* is denominated, with awful accuracy, *Julia*, or the Convent of St. Clair, and to add to our misery, it is, *horresco referens*, a *Tale founded on fact*! Ever since we read, in our boyhood,

ROUSSEAU's Romance, we have been terribly afraid of these *Julias*, and, like virtuous bachelors, after the strictest rules of continence, we abstain from any intercourse with ladies of so *clear* a complexion. Leaving Julia, therefore, with nearly the same coldness with which *Joseph* left the wife of Potiphar, we pass on exulting in our prudence, to the next article, and this purports to be A Ballad, written to a Provincial Tune, and published by one 'Mr. *Biggs*. We are exceedingly sorry, that this publishing gentleman, who is thus gratuitously introduced into our company, should choose with so much obstinacy to imitate the example of a clergyman, one of the family, we suppose, who is mentioned in Love laughs at Locksmiths. Notwithstanding poor Kate, the heroine of this ballad, is as defunct

Yet parson *Biggs* wont bury her,
Although she's dead Miss Bailey.

Of this *Mad Wanderer*, whose story is told in the very worst manner of Barbara Allen, we shall say no more than we wish that she was in some Quaker *Bettering* House, or at least restrained from any frantick flights by the straight waistcoat of criticism.

Passing by three or four poems of minor importance, we come, at length, to a poem of some promise, entitled *An Ode to Borrowdale* in Cumberland. Here we have a glimpse of lyric glory. The beginning of this ode, the best poem in the collection, is sublime and beautiful:

Hail, Derwent's beauteous pride,
Whose charms rough rocks, in threatening grandeur guard,
Whose entrance seems to mortals barred,
But to the Genius of the storm thrown wide.

He, on thy rocks' dread height,
Reclined beneath his canopy of clouds,
His form in darkness shrouds,
And frowns, as fitt to keep thy beauties
From the sight.

But rocks and storms are vain,
Midst mountains rough and rude,
(The poet's name is not given)

Man's daring feet intrude,
Till lo! upon the ravished eye
Burst thy clear stream, thy smiling sky,
Thy wooded valley and thy matchless plain.

—But suddenly the smiling day
That cheered the valley, flies away;
The wooded rocks, the rapid stream
No longer boast the noontide beam;
But storms athwart the mountains sail,
And darkly brood o'er Borrowdale;
The frightened swain his cottage seeks,
Ere the thick cloud in terror speaks.
And see! pale lightning flashes round,
While as the thunder's awful sound
On Echo's pinion widely flies,
Yon cat'ract's roar unheeded dies—
And thee, Sublimity! I hail
Throned on the gloom of Borrowdale.

A few of the epithets in the above stanzas are *familiar* to our ears, as *household words*, and seem to be a sort of *heirs'-loom*, in the family of poetry, who enjoy by prescription, the right to prattle of a *smiling sky*, a *wooded valley*, and a *matchless plain*. The *ravished eye* of Mrs. Opie will light up a smile on the brow of those audacious sneerers, who remember how much figure allusions of this kind, to the impudence of man, form in the imagination of every woman, who deliberately reads or writes whole volumes stuffed with descriptions of elopements, seducers, violation, &c.

Our sense of harmony is now regaled by the "Song of a Lucayan." On the authority of Dr. Robertson, and Mr. Bryan Edwards, we are first informed, in a prose argument, that the poor Lucayans were a harmless people, cajoled by the perfidy of the Spanish adventurers, who, after deceiving them to Hispaniola, left them to despair, or to the unprofitable task of musing upon the beauties of that *natale solum*, whence they had been thus treacherously allured. This simple song of one of the simplest of patriots, exhibits some pleasing proofs of the authour's genius and sensibility. This is followed up by a thing dignified by the name of a song, which is moreover to be sung to a *Russian air*! and, to add to our wonder, it is soon to be published by the aforesaid Mr. *Biggs*."

However delightful this *air* may prove to the polar regions; however loudly it may be sung on the banks of the Wolga, or at the court of St. Petersburg, or in the streets of Archangel, we are very confident that but few of our chambermaids would commit its triplet of stanzas to memory. As to the value stamped upon it by the projected publication by Mr. *Biggs*, we leave that to the consideration of those who are curious of *domestick history*.

To our great dejection, the next article is a Ballad, *founded on fact*, and as it begins in lamentation, and terminates in death, we will exclaim, with all the submission of good Catholics, *requiescat in pace*. In the next song, the lover informs *Marian* that she *is changed since first they met*. This is exceedingly probable, as we are soon informed that this notable female has been not only a mistress and a friend, but a wife and a nurse. The fatiguing duties of this quadruple character, are, we reverently suppose, amply sufficient to give a *pallid* face to the ruddiest of milkmaids.

The subsequent stanzas are more than tolerable :

As o'er the sands the youthful Cynthio strayed,

Moist from the wave, he saw a pebble shine;

While, with its borrowed lustre charmed he said

"Henceforth this sparkling treasure shall be mine."

But when his hand had dried the glistening prize,

Wondering, he found the pebble beam no more!

Then, having viewed it with disdainful eyes,

He, frowning, whirled it to its native shore.

Suppress thy fruitless rage, and on thy heart

Let this, sweet boy, a moral truth impress,

To blunt the power of Disappointment's dart,

And make the dangerous sway of Fancy less.

As o'er the pebble's form the waves had shed,

In silver dews, a soft attractive power,

So Fancy's hand delights, in youth, to spread

Delusive colours on the future hour.

Moist from her pencil tempting scenes arise;

On common life, Romance's tint she lays;

Till cold Reality her hand applies,

And, at the touch, each scattered form decays.

Ingenuous boy, warned by Experience, now,

The pebble's charms shall tempt thine eyes no more;

Would that my verse my Cynthio could bestow

A shield to guard thee against Fancy's power.

Although this composition is oppressed by the heaviness of the *elegiack* measure, and the last line has some resemblance to a *wounded snake*, yet it is as tolerable as any in *Shenstone*.

The 'Origin of the Sail' is fanciful and pretty. A *Sonnet* on the approach of Autumn, we pass over with great indifference, nor is our attention very firmly fixed by verses To *Laura*, a *Love elegy* to the same, another *love elegy* to a swain by the name of *Henry*, and two more ditties to this unfortunate shepherd, who must be not a little teased with this poetical importunity. The Lines on the opening of a Spring Campaign are precisely those tinkling trifles, which *Horace* describes:

Versus, inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

But the next poem, occasioned by the *Place de la Concorde*, at Paris, originally called the *Place de Louis Seize*, next the *Place de la Revolution* where the *perpetual guillotine* stood, is of a very high character. Here there is much to praise, both in the sentiment and the expression. This noble composition we will not mutilate.

Proud Seine, along thy winding tide,
Fair smiles yon plain, expanding wide,
And, decked with Art and Nature's pride,
Seems formed for jocund revelry.

Scene, formed the eye of taste to please!
There splendid domes attention seize,

There, proudly towering, spreading treas
Arise in beauteous rivalry.

But there's a place amidst that plain,
Which bids its beauties beam in vain;
Which wakes the inmost soul to pain,
And prompts the throb of agony.

That place by day, lo! numbers fly,
And, shuddering, start to see it nigh;
Who there at midnight breathe the sigh
OF FAITHFUL, SUFFERING LOYALTY.

While, blending with those loyal sighs,
 Ofttimes the patriot's murmurs rise,
Who thither, hid by Darkness, flies
To mourn the sons of Liberty.

Lo! as amid that plain I stray,
Methinks strange sadness shrouds the
day,
And clothed in Slaughter's red array
Appears the scene of gayety.

For once that spot was dark with blood,
There Death's destroying engine stood,
There streamed, alas! the vital flood
Of all that graced humanity.

Ah! since this fair domain ye chose,
Dread ruffians, for your murderous blows,
Could not the smiling scene unclose
Your hearts to love and charity.

No—horrid contrast! on that scene
The murderer reared his poniard keen;
There proudly stalked, with hideous mien,
The blood-stained sons of Anarchy.

Nor, Gallia, shall thy varied mirth,
Thy store of all that graces earth,
Ere give a kind Oblivion-birth
To thy RECORDED CRUELTY.

In all thy pomp of charms and power,
Earth can, alas! forget no more
The awful guilt that stains thy shore,
With dyes of sanguine tyranny

Than they, who see blue lightnings beam,
Can e'er forget, though fair they seem,
That Danger lurks in every gleam,
And Death's appalling agency.

The verses To Lothario, are exceedingly spirited, and will please and edify every well-principled matron. The habitual coldness towards this libertine lover, who is evidently a prototype of that *dear perfidious*, that *gay deceiver*, in Rowe's Tragedy, is what wedded Love must loudly approve.

Think not, Lothario, while I view
The bright expression of thy face,
And on thy cheek of crimson hue
Emotions varying beauties trace,

That in my heart one feeling dwells,
But what the coldest must approve,
Nor think my conscious bosom swells,
With aught resembling secret love.

No—still these eyes can fix on thine,
Nor fear their keenest glance to meet;
And when thou boldly, searchest mine
My quiet heart disdains to beat.

But, if by vain self-love misled,
Thou in my looks canst passion see;
And think, by weak illusions fed,
My towering hopes aspire to thee,

Let us my absent Henry seek;
And when he meets my conscious eyes,
In every glance my heart will speak,
And plainly tell for whom it sighs.

This is something better than poetry. It exhibits the loyalty of Imogen and the dignity of virtue.

Again we come up with Henry, who, though he seems a little shy is very closely pursued by his fair friend, one Miss Emma, who tells him, probably to his sorrow, that she'll *never leave him*. After this tremendous threat, she vows, that she could dwell with him *in a desert*; nay, share with him in the labours of wood-cutting, and other cares, incident to the sylvan life. She hints, moreover, at the comforts of a *hovel*, and talks with so much pastoral silliness about her *everlasting* constancy, that the very idea of retirement, and shepherdesses, and cottages and forests, begins to grow nauseous, nor can our qualmishness be relieved till we jocundly exclaim, with honest *Walter* in the Opera:

We will holla now, for joy,
We are out of the wood, sirs.

After amusing herself with verses "To Anna, and "To Remembrance" and "To Secret Love," and "To a Maniac," all of which are of so insipid a character, that we wonder how the compositor kept himself awake while setting his types, our lady authoress grows more than commonly serious, and composes a poem more prolix than poetical, with the terriffick title of "*Lines on the hearing three or four years ago, that Constantinople was swallowed up by an earthquake; a report though false, at that time very generally believed.*"

This mischievously circumstantial annunciation of a *Non Entity*, absolutely produced some of the most alarming symptoms of profound sleepiness, which soon exhibited the character of full-formed lethargy, when we discovered that the poem was written in *blank verse*. At the close, two little songs "To Henry," again, only roused us so far as to ask with Falstaff, "I prithee, tell me *Hal*, what's o'clock;" nor, were we broad awake, until Mr. *Biggs* came thundering to the door with "A song," which, as usual, *he had published*, and which was written to a *Hindoo air*. The noise Mr. *Biggs* made, together with our peals of laughter at him, and his *Indostan musick*, soon drove all the leaden Powers of Drowsiness away, and we were enabled, with a very laudable degree of vigilance and cheerfulness, to read the following verses, which have nothing *anodyne* in their composition :

Low hung the dark clouds on Plinlimmon's
tall peak,
And slowly, yet surely, the winter drew
near;
When Ellen, sweet Ellen, a tear on her
cheek,
Exclaimed, as we parted, 'In May I'll be
here.'

How swiftly I ran up the mountain's steep
height,
To catch the last glimpse of an object so
dear!
And when I no longer could keep her in
sight,
I thought on her promise 'In May I'll be
here.'

Now gladly I mark from Plinlimmon's
tall peak
The low-hanging vapours and clouds dis-
appear;
And climb the rough mountain, thence
Ellen to seek,
Repeating her promise 'In May I'll be
here.'

But vainly I gaze the wide prospect around,
'Tis May, yet no Ellen returning is near;
Oh! when shall I see her, when feel my
heart bound,
As sweetly she cries 'It is May, and I'm
here.'

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. BRADFORD and INSKEEP, booksellers of this city, who are always prompt to obtain and publish the most recent publications of a meritorious character, which are printed abroad, have just published *The Warriour's Return*, and other poems by the celebrated Mrs. OPIE. This poetical miscellany is very neatly printed on woven paper by Carr. We predict without much hazard of disappointment that this little volume will be a great favourite with the ladies, and a parlour window book for those sighing swains, in whose estimation nothing in poetry is comparable to the serious and the sentimental. The verses of this amiable woman are remarkable for a certain plaintive cast. Her Muse is often in tears. The general invocation used by Mrs. Opie is in the very spirit of MILTON,

Hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest *Melancholy*.

The following poem is of a more cheerful character than most of its associates. It will probably be repeated, and not without enthusiasm by many a lover.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SAIL.

Sweet maid on whom my wishes rest,
My morning thought, my midnight dream,
O grant Lysander's fond request,
And let those eyes with mercy beam!

Thy cold delays at length give o'er,
And let me claim thy nuptial vow!
Bid that cold bosom, cold no more,
With mutual passion's ardour glow.

To yonder isle amidst the sea,
Which sportive laves those mountain's feet,
Beloved Euphrasia haste with me,
And there the priest of Hymen meet.

There spicy groves thick foliage spread
The timid virgin's blush to hide;
There, gales, which tender languors shed
Diffuse the richest perfumes wide.

"O blest retreat for happy love,
And see the sun's descending beams,
Now richly gild each distant grove
And shed around soft roseate gleams.

"Then let this bark for thee design'd,
For thee by anxious fondness drest,
Yon beauteous island strive to find,
And bear us o'er the ocean's breast."

Here paused the youth, and round her waist
His arm with timid boldness threw;
While from her grasp, with blushing haste,
The pleased yet frowning fair withdrew.

"And wilt thou scorn my suit," he said,
While in despair his hands he wrung—
"Behold!" replied the yielding maid,
And to the bark she, sighing, sprung.

There fondly seated by her side,
The youth her fluttered spirits cheer'd,
And o'er the eve-empurpled tide,
To find the priest of Hymen steer'd.

But too, too slow for lovers' haste
The sluggish bark appeared to move;
Still lengthening seemed the watery waste
To thy fond glances, eager Love!

At length with fruitless wishes tired,
The fretful youth to Cupid prayed;
Who, pitying power! a thought inspired
The ardent suppliant's will to aid.

To hide her face from love's keen gaze,
O'er which consent's soft languor spread,
Within her veil's luxuriant maze,
Euphrasia wrapt her beauteous head.

But now that veil the youth unbinds,
Then to the bark with ardour ties;
See! its folds catch the passing winds,
And lo, to land the vessel flies.

But not alone, youth loved of Heaven,
Thy glowing bosom blest that hour;
The thought, to crown thy wishes given,
Still charms with never-ending power:

And grateful ages yet unborn,
Shall bless Euphrasia's floating veil;
Thence dawned on art a brighter morn,
For thence she framed the swelling sail.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In one of the village newspapers,
in some of which we sometimes discover
proofs of genius and sparkles of
wit, we lately perused the following,
which we hope from some of our
friends will excite more than a smile.

TECHNICAL DUN.

The following letter was sent to a
watchmaker in this county, by the
printer, in consequence of which the
balance between them was accurately
regulated.

SIR,

It having become necessary to
wind up a large number of out-standing
accounts to prevent my *running*
down in business, by *advancing* the
small sum you owe me without *loss*
of time you will assist in *keeping me*
in motion.

Yours, &c.

We regret that Z. should have
cause to write in a mood so gloomy.
Let him abandon his courtship of the
populace and run the glorious race of
permanent reputation. How often
must we press upon his recollection
the *energetick* lines of one of the
most nervous of our poets:

The dismal tales, that poets tell
Are verified on earth, and not in hell;
No Tantalus looks with a fearful eye,
Or dreads the impending rock to crush
him from on high,
No Tityus, torn by vultures, lies in hell,
Nor could the lobes of his rank liver
swell

To that prodigious mass for their eternal
meal.

But he's the Tityus, who by *Love opprest*,
Or tyrant passion preying on his breast,
And ever anxious thoughts, is robb'd of
rest.

The Sisyphus is he, whom noise and
strife

Seduce from all the soft retreats of life,
To vex the government, disturb the
laws;

Drunk from the fumes of popular applause.
He courts the giddy crowd to make him
great,

And toils in vain to mount the sovereign
seat.

For still to aim at power, and still to fail,
Ever to strive, and never to prevail,

What is it, but, in reason's true account
To heave the stone against the rising mount.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI.

Philadelphia, Saturday, October 29, 1808.

No. 18.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 260.)

LETTER LII.

WE stopped for an hour or two at Martigny, the Octadurum mentioned by Cæsar, where one of his legions under Galba, had nearly been overpowered by the people of the country. The ravages of the Drance and of the Rhone must have altered the face of the country very considerably, and yet there are persons who pretend to point out the place where Galba's camp was. I remember a General Melville, disputing with a young man of Martigny upon that subject many years ago; the General, with Cæsar's Commentaries in his hand, wondered at the

Vallaisan's presumption in differing from him, and in pretending to be better acquainted with the country than Cæsar was.

Two roads descend into the valley of the Rhone, near Martigny: the one is from Chamouny, over the Col de Balme, and the other over the great St. Bernard. This last was the one made use of by Buonaparte for the passage of his army, in 1801; an undertaking in which a bold originalness of enterprise was aided by the powers of an intelligent and vigorous execution; 600, 800, and 1000 livres had been previously offered for the transportation across the mountain of pieces of artillery, according to their caliber, and the whole peasantry of the neighbourhood were set in motion; trees hollowed into troughs received the guns, the peasants harnessed themselves, the soldiers volunteered their services, without condescending to share in the reward; and the astonishing spectacle was

M M

afforded, of an army marching by large detachments with all the cumbrous apparatus of war along the winding narrow path of a mountain, which rises to the height of 7500 feet above its base: in the narrow plain, on the ascent, is a hospice; it has existed for many centuries, and the good fathers,* who reside in this, the loftiest of all human habitations, have been ever distinguished for their active zeal in behalf of the unfortunate, and for their kindness and hospitality to persons of all nations and of all religions: the fall of an avalanche, which has obstructed the road, or a snow storm of uncommon violence, is a call upon their humanity. They sally forth, from their convent, and, aided by the sagacity of their dogs, very frequently discover a way-worn traveller, either buried beneath a heap of drifted snow, or seated in all the bitterness of despair on the brink of some frightful precipice: figure to yourself the sensations of him, who, uncertain what course to pursue, amid the snows of the mountain, hears the cheerful sound of the convent bell at a distance, or sees a person approach, in whose countenance, zeal, courage, and humanity, are blended with piety. The good sense of the 1st Consul had pointed out to him the propriety of protecting these respectable men, at the same time that he rendered them useful to his army; they were furnished with money, that they might provide every-

* Upon inquiry immediately after my arrival at Geneva, I was informed that no agent from St. Bernard had ever been commissioned to collect contributions in America, and that the persons who went, with so much success, under that pretence, from one end of the United States to the other, were impostors, who had imposed on the credulity of the Secretary of State at Washington.

thing in time, which the soldiers could properly have occasion for, and a frugal, but plentiful, repast, was always ready for each detachment, as it arrived. It must have been an interesting sight to have beheld some thousands of men, seated in circles upon this little plain, amid scenes of eternal winter, and waited upon by the fathers of the convent. The whole of the passage was effected in three days, and without the loss of a man: the citadel, which commanded the descent into the plain, was too scantily supplied with ammunition, to oppose any serious obstacle.

Providence, which meant, we are to presume, that the Emperor's power in Italy should be destroyed, and the hopes of the King of Sardinia forever crushed, seems, as the proverb expresses it, to have previously deprived their ministers and generals of all sense and recollection. No people are said to be so attached to their home, as the inhabitants of mountainous countries: the very difficulty of establishing themselves, and of making a living, is attended with exertions, which are perhaps flattering to the human mind, and a variety of objects and circumstances, which we know nothing of in the plain, take an agreeable and lasting hold upon the imagination; they are, at the same time, subject to many privations, and to great calamities.

We were shown a place, on our way to the Glaciers, last year, where part of a mountain had formerly given way, and covered with its ruins, a number of inhabitants at its base; and upwards of two thousand people are said to have perished upon a similar occasion, in the Grisons.

You will find an account of it in the travels of Coxe or of Miss

Williams, as having happened near the little town of Pleirs, in the century before the last. An event of the same sort took place in the mountains of the Vallais, about midway between Bex and Sion, in the year 1713—the whole projecting eminence of a lofty mountain fell suddenly, and covered with its ruins nearly two leagues of fertile country: the greater part of the inhabitants of this devoted spot were fortunately absent, but such as were at home perished, together with upwards of 100 head of cattle, and several flocks of sheep and goats. The traveller, who now wanders over this scene of devastation, sees a misshapen mass of horrid rocks, descending, like the lava of Vesuvius, to the edge of the most fertile spots in a beautiful valley, and beholds the cottager, either at work, or surrounded by his family at home, with an appearance of perfect security, though the neighbouring eminences project, many of them, in a way, which renders the renewal of the same calamity every moment probable.

The goitre is another evil, which frequently attends the inhabitants of mountainous countries, and when it leads, as it too frequently does, to idiotism, is what you would, I fancy, be more afraid of, for your children, than of a falling mountain. The origin of this deformity, has been variously explained; it is to a slight degree prevalent in the largest valleys of the Alps, and I have seen many instances of it in Geneva, but it is nowhere to be found at the height of 4000 feet above the sea, or in the open plains of Europe; the probability is, that it arises from a great degree of heat, and from the stagnation of

the air. I never saw any individuals of the wretched race that are called Cretins, but in situations where those causes may be supposed to operate most powerfully: nothing is perhaps better suited to humble the pride of man, than the view of a fellow-creature divested of all reason, and with a degree of instinct far inferior to that of the greater part of brutes. In passing through Villeneuve, which is not far from the city of d'Aost, says Mr. de Saussure, I wished to ask some questions; but could find no one to answer me; such of the inhabitants as were capable of any exertion, were at work in the fields, and the few wretched objects I saw in the streets were Cretins in the various stages of imbecility; a gloomy silence, or a few inarticulate sounds, attended by a stupid unmeaning stare, explained to me at once, that all of them were idiots. It seemed as if some evil genius, such as we read of in fairy tales, had passed before me, and converted the objects of its malevolence into brutes; leaving them only somewhat of their original form, that it might be seen they once belonged to the human race.

I will say nothing to you of St. Maurice or of Bex, or of the neighbouring salt mines, but refer you to books, which you possess, and in which you will find very exact descriptions.

It was almost dark when we passed through St. Maurice, and I felt like one who has made a long day's journey, after a sleepless night. I could not, however, but recognize the spot, where I had arrived, about thirty years ago, in a joyous company of young Englishmen, or but remember how struck we all were with the charms of a Vallaisanne,

in the costume of the country : you will judge of this, and of the other dresses of the Alps and of Switzerland, by a small collection I send you.

Our journey from Bex to Morge, through the finest part of the Pays de Vaud, was on a Sunday, and in good weather, after two or three days of rain; the roads were filled with people; a number were dancing in a meadow, by the lake side—it was a picture of happiness, and I endeavoured, as I looked on, to divert my attention from all but the scene before me, but if ever a blindness to the future was kindly given to any people, I believe it to have been given to these, whose fate is at this moment, perhaps, in agitation: the all-devouring ambition of their great neighbour is at work: they cannot look for assistance, or even sympathy, to any quarter, and will end by swelling the list of his subjects.

We arrived, early the next day, at Secheron, having rapidly completed a very agreeable tour, and found every body well. Of Secheron, and of our situation there, I will give you an account hereafter.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

In resuming the interesting narrative of the Life of Goldsmith, we wish to call the attention of the reader to a fragment of his works, which, although one of the most ingenious and beautiful of his compositions, we believe, was wholly unknown here, till the publication of 1801. By some unaccountable fatality, his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe* had but a very limited circulation, on its first appearance. It quickly fell, but most undeservedly, into such oblivion, that

of numerous editions of the Doctor's writings, not one preserved this charming production. Though one of his first performances, and written under very depressing circumstances, yet it exhibits the whole force of his mind, and all the magick of his style. Gibbon's celebrated essay on a similar subject, though industriously circulated among the witty and the fashionable; and extolled to the skies by Domestic Prejudice, and French Adulation, is by no means its equal, either for correctness of thought, or felicity of expression. We have frequently been on the point of publishing this elegant "Inquiry," in *The Port Folio*, and it is not improbable, that it may appear, on some future occasion, when we can find room for so precious a deposit. We dwell the more earnestly upon the merits of this elegant essay, because it is not only very elegantly, but very correctly written, and displays a vein of original thinking, and such valuable principles of Taste and Criticism, as must meet the approbation of the judicious.

In pursuing his narrative, Dr. Aiken has committed a slight mistake, which his candour will forgive us for attempting to rectify. Dr. Goldsmith, we believe, did not, in the year 1763, compile for Newbery, "The Art of Poetry," 2 vols., 12mo. We know of no other books with this title, than the compilations of Byshe and Gildon. But in the year 1767, Goldsmith, at the instigation of Mr. Newbery, published the *Beauties of English Poetry*; a work, in which are preserved some of the finest poems in the language. Each is prefixed by a short introduction, in which, Goldsmith very freely expresses his opinion of their merit and indulges himself, sometimes, in a strain of criticism, rather more poignant than we should expect from his usual good nature. Dr. Aiken likewise mentions a "*Life of Nash*," the celebrated beau (we suppose) of Bath, and some time master of the revels, at that fashionable watering-place. But this article has no place

in any edition of Goldsmith's works, and we firmly believe that it was not written by him. We have perused it carefully, and it falls infinitely below his powers. It is a very meagre and spiritless production. So difficult is it to collect all the facts in an authour's variegated life, that Dr. Aikin has omitted one work, which was certainly Goldsmith's offspring: this was a Translation of *The Roman Comique*, of Monsieur Scarron. It is exceedingly scarce, and, we believe, has long been out of print. We have, however, had access to it, and it is decidedly, the best version extant of the best performance of the French wag, the other Rabelais of his country.

MEMOIRS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

(Continued from page 264.)

Early in the year 1763 Goldsmith removed to lodgings at Canonbury-house, Islington, where he compiled several works for Mr. Newbery; among which were, *"The Art of Poetry,"* 2 vols. 12mo.; a *"Life of Nash,"* and a *"History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son."* This latter book was for a long time attributed to George Lord Lyttelton.

In the following year he took chambers on the upper story of the Library stair-case in the Inner Temple, and began to live in a genteel style. Still, however, he was little known, except among the booksellers, till the year 1765, when he produced his Poem called *"The Traveller; or, A Prospect of Society,"* which had obtained high commendation from Dr. Johnson, who declared, "that there had not been so fine a Poem since the time of Pope;" yet such was Goldsmith's diffidence, that, though he had completed it some years before, he had not

courage enough to publish, till urged to it by Johnson's suggestions. This poem heightened his literary character with the booksellers, and introduced him to several persons of superiour rank and talents, as Lord Nugent (afterwards Earl of Clare), Mr. Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Bennet Langton, Mr. Topham Beauclerc, &c. and he was elected one of the first members of "The Literary Club," which had been just instituted by Johnson, Burke, and Sir Joshua, and met at the Turk's-head, Gerard-street, Soho, every Friday evening.

His pathetick ballad of *"The Hermit,"* which was also published in 1765, recommended him to the Countess (afterwards Duchess) of Northumberland, who was a generous patroness of merit. In the following year his *"Vicar of Wakefield"* was printed and universally read and admired.

His reputation being now fairly established as a novelist, a poet, and a critick, Goldsmith turned his thoughts to the drama, and set about his comedy called *"The Good-natured Man."* This he first offered to Garrick, who, after a long fluctuation between doubt and encouragement, at length declined bringing it forward at Drury-lane theatre; it was therefore taken to Covent-garden, accepted by Mr. Colman, and presented for the first time on the 29th of January, 1768. It was acted nine times; and by the profits of the authour's three third-nights, with the sale of the copy-right, a clear 500*l.* was produced.

With this, and some money which he had reserved out of the produce of a *"Roman History,"* in 2 vols. 8vo. and other works, he was enabled to descend from his attic story in the Inner Tem-

ple, and to purchase for 400*l.* and furnish elegantly, a spacious set of chambers on the first floor, at No. 2, Brick-court, Middle Temple.

On the establishment of the Royal Academy, in 1769, Sir Joshua Reynolds recommended Goldsmith to his Majesty for the Honorary Professorship of History, which was graciously conferred on him. In the following year he produced that highly-finished poem called "*The Deserted Village*." Previous to its publication, we are told, the bookseller (Mr. Griffin, of Catharine-street, Strand) had given him a note of a hundred guineas for the copy. This circumstance Goldsmith mentioned soon afterwards to a friend, who observed that it was a large sum for so small a performance. "In truth," replied Goldsmith, "I think so too; it is near five shillings a couplet, which is much more than the honest man can afford, and, indeed, more than any modern poetry is worth. I have not been easy since I received it; I will, therefore, go back, and return him his note;" which he actually did: but the sale was so rapid, that the bookseller soon paid him the hundred guineas, with proper acknowledgments for the generosity of his conduct.

Soon after the appearance of the *Deserted Village*, our authour paid a tribute to the memory of *Dr. Parnell*, in a *Life* prefixed to a new edition of his "*Poems on several occasions*." In the year 1771, he produced his "*History of England from the earliest times to the death of George II.*" in 4 vols. 8vo. for which Mr. Thomas Davies, the bookseller, paid him 500*l.*

The Earl of Lisburne, one day at a dinner of the Royal Academicians, lamented to Goldsmith that

he should neglect the Muses, to compile histories and write novels, instead of penning poetry, with which he was sure to charm his readers. "My Lord," replied our authour, "in courting the Muses I should starve; but by my other labours I eat, drink, wear good clothes, and enjoy the luxuries of life."

Goldsmith had, besides his regular works, much of the other business of an authour by profession; such as penning Prefaces and Introductions to the books of other writers; some of these have been published among his prose works; but, no doubt, many remain at this day unknown.

His second dramattick effort, being a comedy called "*She Stoops to Conquer*; or, *The Mistakes of a Night*," was first presented at Covent-garden theatre, March 15, 1773, and received with an applause fully adequate to the authour's sanguine hopes; and contrary to the expectations of Mr. Colman, who had not consented to receive the piece but at the earnest and reiterated instances of many friends. What was called sentimental comedy had at that time got an unaccountable hold of the publick taste: Kelly was subserving this unbritish propensity by his "*False Delicacy*," &c. and Goldsmith's piece (which was designed by him to bring back the town to a relish of humour) being certainly in the opposite extreme, and hardly anything else than a farce of five acts instead of two, Colman, and his actors from him, had predestined the play to condemnation: when, therefore, towards the conclusion of the first performance, the authour expressed some apprehension lest one of the jokes put into the mouth of Tony Lumpkin should not be re-

lished by the audience, the Manager, who had been in fear through the whole piece, replied, "D—n it Doctor, don't be terrified at a squib; why, we have been sitting these two hours on a barrel of gunpowder." Goldsmith's pride was so hurt at this remark, that the friendship which had till then subsisted between him and Colman was thenceforth annihilated.

The piece had a great run, and its authour cleared by the third-nights, and the sale of the copy, upwards of 800*l*. Doctor Johnson said of it, "That he knew of no comedy for many years that had so much exhilarated an audience, that had answered so much the great end of comedy, the making an audience merry." It certainly added much to the authour's reputation, and is still, with his "Good-natured Man," on the list of acting plays; but it brought on him the envy and malignity of some of his cotemporaries; and in the London Packet of Wednesday, March 24, 1773, printed for T. Evans, in Paternoster-row, appeared the following scurrilous epistle, evidently designed to injure his third-night (being the ninth representation):

"TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

"Vous vous noyez en vanité."

"SIR—The happy knack which you have learnt of puffing your own compositions, provokes me to come forth. You have not been the editor of newspapers and magazines, not to discover the trick of literary humbug. But the gauze is so thin, that the very foolish part of the world see through it, and discover the Doctor's monkey face and cloven foot. Your poetick vanity is as unpardonable as your personal. Would man believe it, and will woman bear it, to be told, that for hours the great Goldsmith will stand surveying his grotesque Oran-butan's figure in a pier-glass? Was

but the lovely H——k as much enamoured, you would not sigh, my gentle swain, in vain. But your vanity is preposterous. How will this same bard of Bedlam ring the changes in praise of Goldy! But what has he to be either proud or vain of? "The Traveller" is a flimsy poem, built upon false principles; principles diametrically opposite to liberty. What is "The Good-natured Man," but a poor, water-gruel, dramattick dose? What is "The Deserted Village," but a *pretty* poem of easy numbers, without fancy, dignity, genius, or fire? And pray, what may be the last speaking pantomime,* so praised by the Doctor himself, but an incoherent piece of stuff, the figure of a woman with a fish's tail, without plot, incident, or intrigue? We are made to laugh at stale, dull jokes, wherein we mistake pleasantry for wit, and grimace for humour: wherein every scene is unnatural, and inconsistent with the rules, the laws of nature and of the drama: viz. Two gentlemen come to a man of fortune's house, eat, drink, sleep, &c. and take it for an inn. The one is intended as a lover to the daughter, he talks with her for some hours, and when he sees her again, in a different dress, he treats her as a bargirl, and swears she squinted. He abuses the master of the house, and threatens to kick him out of his own doors. The 'Squire, who, we are told, is to be a fool, proves to be the most sensible being of the piece; and he makes out a whole act, by bidding his mother lie close behind a bush, persuading her, that his father, her own husband, is a highwayman, and that he is come to cut their throats; and to give his cousin an opportunity to go off, he drives his mother over hedges, ditches, and through ponds. There is not, sweet, sucking Johnson, a natural stroke in the whole play, but the young fellow's giving the stolen jewels to the mother, supposing her to be the landlady. That Mr. Colman did no jus-

* Meaning *She stoops to Conquer*.

tice to this piece, I honestly allow; that he told all his friends it would be damned, I positively aver: and from such ungenerous insinuations, without a dramatick merit, it rose to publick notice; and it is now the *ton* to go to see it, though I never saw a person that either liked it or approved it, any more than the absurd plot of the *Home's* tragedy of Alonzo. Mr. Goldsmith, correct your arrogance, reduce your vanity, and endeavour to believe, as a man you are of the plainest sort, as an authour but a mortal piece of mediocrity.

"*Brisez le miroir infidele,*

"*Qui vous cache la verite.*

"TOM TICKLE."

By one of those "d——d good-natured friends," who are described by Sir Fretful Plagiary, the newspaper containing the foregoing offensive letter, was eagerly brought to Goldsmith, who otherwise, perhaps, had never seen or heard of it. Our hero went to the shop, brimful of ire, and finding Evans behind his counter, thus addressed him: "You have published a thing in your paper (my name is Goldsmith) reflecting upon a young lady. As for myself I do not mind it"—Evans at this moment stooped down, intending, probably, to look for a paper, that he might see what the enraged authour meant; when Goldsmith, observing his back to present a fair mark for his cane, laid it on lustily. The bibliopolist, however soon defended himself, and a scuffle ensued, in which our authour got his full share of blows. Dr. Kenrick, who was sitting in Evans's counting-house (and who was strongly suspected to have been the writer of the letter) now came forward, parted the combatants, and sent Goldsmith home in a coach grievously bruised.

(*To be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

Whether it be owing to the dullness of the times, or to the phlegm of the American temperament, or to lack of brains, wit and humour are rarities in our country. France, Scotland, England, and Ireland, even in the midst of the calamities of war, are gay and sportive still. Their papers are crowded with articles of a cheerful complexion. Witty volumes are published daily. Epigrams, jokes, *quips* and *cranks* abound. But in America, the solemn, the sedate, the humdrum appear to be the reigning vogue. Much is written and published here, but principally of an exceedingly grave cast. Our literature has as long and as woful a visage as many of those Puritans, from whom we are so fortunately descended. A great majority of the elaborate essays of our *Columbian composuists*, for solemn stupidity, would exactly suit the taste of *Praise-God-Barebone*, or any other religious rascal, concerned in his rebellion. A few brilliant exceptions present themselves. That amusing work, the *Salmagundi* of New-York, was remarkable for spritely sallies of wit. But the authours too soon became weary, and New York is as serious as of yore. The *Monthly Anthology* is distinguished by many brilliant proofs of genius and of wit, and indeed, is never dull. From this truly elegant Journal, which is superiour to many magazines published abroad, we derive frequent entertainment, and much instruction. The following sarcasm upon our *Babylonish dialect*, is, we suspect, the production of an amiable friend, a most accomplished scholar, and a high-principled man, who, in the metropolis of Britain, would be upon a perfect footing with her most esteemed writers.

Cis-Atlantick Anomalies.

The following letter contains a curious specimen of *Americanisms*,

as all the words in Italicks are peculiar to our country, or employed in a different sense from what they would convey in pure English.

DEAR SIR,

When you come to town, I shall be *happy to wait on you* at my house. I am sorry to inform you, that the *store*, you desired me to engage, is *improved* by another tenant, the owner having *misremembered* my application in your favour. You will, however, find no difficulty in suiting yourself, as rents are not likely to *appreciate* during the embargo. Our *caucus* terminated in a town-meeting, in which a petition to the President to remove it, was ably *advocated* by our best speakers, and a committee of our most approved *compromisers* were appointed to draught the petition. You will be so good as to let me know where your friend *keeps*, when he comes to town, as I was not at home to *wait on him*, when he called.

We had a *nice time* last night, at club, though we were rather *slim* in the article of wine. Some of your good old Madeira would have been a considerable *addition* to the pleasure of our entertainment. I must beg you to engage your correspondent to send me a pipe, though I can *illegally* afford it, if business should thus continue *slack*. May kind Providence *succeed* our petition, and may the spirit of an *oppressed* people *progress*, till the *governmental* sages of our country discover their error, and redress our grievances. I have secured the *span* of horses you requested me to purchase for you, though I am afraid you will find them too spirited, since one of them, yesterday, broke the *whiffletree* of the *shay*, as I was

driving him out of town. I am sorry to hear of the mischief done in your neighbourhood, by the late *freshet*, which, I understand, has overflowed a great deal of valuable *intervale*, and drowned your *hogreef*. Your son continues to *conduct well*, is a great *applicant*, and tells me that he shall go into Virgil before the next *congressional* meeting. Lest this letter should grow too *lengthy*, I hasten to conclude by assuring you that I am, &c.

A. Z.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

MRS. OPIE'S NEW POEMS.

The Warriour's Return, and other poems by Mrs. Opie. London printed; Philadelphia reprinted for Bradford and Inskeep, by Robert Carr, 1808, 12mo. pp. 191.

(Continued from page 272.)

Mrs. Opie is either so habitually melancholick, or what is more probable, so affectedly sorrowful, that with the exception of the next article, not one poem of cheerful levity can be discovered in her collection. We believe that she thinks a rueful countenance is becoming, and that her black bombazine will be gazed at with much more curiosity than any of her snowy vestments. The following couplet, slightly altered from DR. YOUNG, will, we fancy, characterize her completely:

Oh how she rolls her *tearful* eyes in spite
And looks *dejectedly*, with all her might!

But how much more graceful her mirth is than her melancholy, is strikingly perceptible in the following lines:

THE MOON AND THE COMET,

A Fable.

This fact is clear, both man and woman
Prize not what's good, but what's uncom-
mon;
And most delighted still they are,

N n

Not with the excellent but rare:
I could of this give proofs most stable,
But *par exemple*, take a fable :

'Twas night, but still a mimic day
Shone softly from the milky way;
For now the bright unclouded moon
' Was riding ' in her highest noon,'
Who, as she slowly sailed along,
Beheld a most unusual throng,
With eyes upraised, devoutly gazing,
And heard, Behold ! See there ! Amazing !
' What can this mean,' Dame Cynthia said,
Perhaps, ' and high she drew her head,
' Perhaps, that I to earth tonight
Shine with unwonted beauty bright,
And therefore, mortals in amaze
Come crowding forth on me to gaze ;'
And then for heavenly beauties love
Like earthly ones, applause to move,
She stooped within a lake below,
To see how looked her sparkling brow,
And, as her crescent she adjusted,
She thought, if mirrors might be trusted,
That night, so wondrous was her beauty,
To gaze on her was mortals' duty.
But oh ! sad fall to female pride !
She soon, with wondering looks, descried
'Twas not on her their eyes were turned,
For her no curious ardour burned ;
At her no telescopes were aimed,
Nor wonder at her charms proclaimed ;
Some other idol, now she found
Had fickle man in fetters bound ;
And Cynthia was compelled to own,
Unseen her matchless beauty shone.
' But what,' she cried ' thus rivals me ?
I all the stars and planets see ;
Orion has his belt in order ;
Of Saturn's ring bright shines the border ;
Mars sports his coat of reddest hue ;
The Bear has put his horses to ;
But, still, these sights so oft are seen,
There's nothing new in them, I ween :
And after all, I know the cry
Is ' They are nought when I am by ;'—
'Tis strange, and I shall surely pout
Until I've found my rival out.'
This said, she looked on every side,
With eager looks of wounded pride,
And round, with all the spite inspected
Of conscious beauty quite neglected,
When lo ! she saw, with wondering breast,
Just twinkling in the Northern-West,
And dimly seen, since seen from far,
A rayless, misty, long-tailed star ;
While homage from her charms was *ra-
vished*,

To be on this poor *Comet* lavished !

W—k—e beware though amateurs,
And nobles, artists, connoisseurs,
Thy works admire, thy skill commend,
And smiling o'er thy canvass bend,
Thy powers will be no more respected,
Thy crowded easel soon neglected,

If ever artist should appear,
(The *Comet* of Dame Fashion's sphere)
Who works to wondering London shows,
Not done with *fingers* but with *toes*.

This airy apologue is conceived with ingenuity, and expressed with ease; and is a very pleasing proof how agreeable Mrs. Opie can appear, when she ceases to blubber and bemoan herself, and laughingly casts all her *weepers* away. It may not be impertinent to add, that notwithstanding the reputation of John Hall Stevenson and Dr. Walcott, in this walk of composition, the happiest imitations of the best manner of LA FONTAINE, we owe to the English ladies. Mrs. Thrale's Three Warnings, and the Fable recently quoted, may be cited in proof; but particularly two fables by the late Charlotte Smith, entitled "The Lark's Nest," and "The Truant Dove," which, though they are found among the posthumous pieces of that unfortunate poetess, and were written under very disadvantageous circumstances, in sickness and sorrow, may be justly preferred to those of GAY. We are of opinion, that an accomplished woman of the world, of a gay disposition, an arch humour, and a taste for genuine simplicity, would translate or imitate La Fontaine, with more success than has hitherto been witnessed.

A perfect version of Phædrus, of Esop, and the last-mentioned French writer, who, in every respect, is fully equal to his illustrious predecessors, is a *desideratum* in English poetry. It is wonderful, that even the genius of Christopher Smart, who was unquestionably a man of brilliant talents and a poet, who could be alternately simple and sublime, was quite rebuked before the genius of the accomplished Thracian. Smart's Phædrus, is absolutely below contempt. As for La Fontaine, with the exception of one or two tales, he has been constantly travestied by some presumptuous bungler who has mistaken ribaldry for wit and wantonness for humour.

We have now arrived at the last pages of this little volume, and the candid readers of *The Port Folio* will be perfectly amazed, as it is so repugnant to the wonted gentleness of our manner, at the severity of the strictures which we have sometimes uttered. The reason may, perhaps, be found in an exceedingly imprudent avowal which our lady authoress makes in the first page of her work. "The poems (she avers) which compose this little volume, were written, with two or three exceptions, several years ago, and to arrange and fit them for publication, has been the amusement of many hours of retirement." Among the various sarcasms of Swift at the expense of his cotemporaries, particularly Dryden himself, none are more frequent than those which ridicule the vulgar excuses of authours for such imperfections as arise from ill health, hurry, and a long course of rainy weather. However frivolous such apologies may be, they at least disarm us of some of our severity. When an authour throws himself entirely upon the mercy of the court of Criticism, there is a chance for a favourable sentence, and he may obtain from Pity, what would be refused by Justice. But when a saucy female who in literature has nothing to mention, except, like Master Slender, her little *book of songs and sonnets*, comes daringly forward, declaring that they are not the hasty production of a day, but the work of years, and that, to prepare her ballads for the publick eye, has been the amusement of many hours of retirement; after all this pomp of preparation, does she not challenge Criticism to do its worst? We then are compelled by her own Imprudence, not to say Effrontery, to look narrowly at the result of so much time and labour, and, we confess, that our mortification is extreme when we perceive that the forced fruit of boasted elaboration is often nothing more than a paltry song for the use of Mr. *Biggs*, and the pastoral nonsense of the Misses Marian

and Emma, than whom no lambkin they drive can be more silly.

We wish to live upon the most cordial terms with all the reading and writing ladies, with whom this best of worlds is so plentifully stocked. Nay, we have no disposition wantonly to offend the matron poetess, who solemnly talks of Henry and Laura, for our instruction. She and her admirers may perceive, that whenever there has been the least opportunity, we have not been penurious of praise. She is capable of bolder flights than any which this volume displays. We counsel her to write no more sonnets, nor to punish us with pastoral, or excruciate us with elegy;—to suffer the man Henry and his shepherdess to retire quietly into the woods, or into a cottage—or anywhere that the Goddess Privacy may demand. But for Mercy's sake, that the *Shepherd-boy* and his simpering sweetheart may never again appear in print. Mrs. Opie, we presume, is a housekeeper, and the mother of something more substantial than mere poetical bantlings. Let her cut out pantaloons for her eldest boy, or a nice frock for Anna Matilda, and Laura Seraphina. Let her sometimes migrate from the garret and descend into the kitchen. There usefully employed in the projecting of puddings, the production of pies, and the manufacture of cherry-brandy, she will shine as brilliantly as the pewter on the shelves; and while the relish of her marmalade will be remembered with rapture by many a country gentleman, her sonnets will be forgotten even by the booksellers' boys.

For The Port Folio

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

One of the most recent and most excellent productions of the British Press, has been republished here by Messrs. Bradford and Inskeep. We allude to a volume of poems by the Revd.

George Crabbe, LL. B.; a work which has been ushered into the literary world, with more marks of respect, than has been shown to any book, since POPE's translation of HOMER. Mr. Crabbe, more than twenty years ago, published three poems, entitled, *The Library, The Village, and The Newspaper*. These beautiful productions were so much in GOLDSMITH's best manner, that they immediately attracted the attention of the critics, and received the favourable suffrage of every votary of Genius and Taste. After a long and regretted silence, the ingenious bard has once more *come out*, and as has been observed of one who less deserved the compliment, *he has broke forth*, like the Irish rebellion, *Forty Thousand strong*. *Two of the austere journals published abroad are lavish in his praise. DR. JOHNSON, and EDMUND BURKE read *The Village*, in manuscript, and liberally commended it, according to its deserts. From the minor poems, in this interesting volume, we extract the following, not so much on account of its poetical merit, but because we are fascinated with the subject, and think the author's mode of introducing it is a signal proof of his sensibility:

Mr. Ledyard as quoted by Mr. Parke, in his travels into Africk.

"To a woman, I never addressed myself, in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet, or sick, they did not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action: in so free and kind a manner did they contribute to my re-

lief, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish.

WOMAN.

Place the white man on Africk's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white;

There while the sterner sex disdains
To sooth the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal:
Her's is warm Pity's sacred glow,
From all her stores she bears a part,
And bids the spring of Hope reflow
That languished in the fainting heart.

What though so pale his haggard face,
So sunk and sad his looks (she cries),
And far unlike our nobler race,
With crisped locks and rolling eyes;
Yet Misery makes him of our kind,
We see him lost, alone, afraid;
And pangs of body, griefs in mind
Pronounce him man and ask our aid.

Perhaps in some far-distant shore,
There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more
Than ours of jet, thus burnished
bright:
Of such may be his weeping wife,
Such children for their sire may call,
And if we spare his ebbing life,
Our kindness may preserve them all.

Thus her compassion Woman shows,
Beneath the line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland snows
Can her warm flow of pity freeze.
From some sad land the stranger comes,
Where joys like ours are never found;
Let's sooth him in our happy homes,
Where Freedom sits with plenty crown'd.

'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
To see the famished stranger fed;
To milk for him the mother deer;
To smooth for him the furry bed.
The Powers above our Lapland bless
With good no other people know;
To enlarge the joys that we possess
By feeling those that we bestow!

Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering man may trace his
kind;
Wherever Grief and Want retreat,
In woman they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.
Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined Justice, Truth severe;

* The Edinburgh and Anti-Jacobin Reviews.

But female hearts with pity glow,
And woman holds affliction dear;
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear.

'Tis hers to sooth the ills below,
And bid Life's fairer views appear;
To woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here,
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they sooth and age they cheer.

Messrs. Kid & Thomas, booksellers at Baltimore, have lately published a very popular novel, entitled, "A Winter in London," by a Mr. *Surr*. Who this gentleman may be is a mystery through which we cannot penetrate. For ourselves, we believe that this same Sir Knight, if a very bad pun may be forgiven, is about as fictitious a character as can be found in Don Belianis of Greece, or Amadis de Gaul. However, although he chooses to fight under false colours, still he is no literary pirate; and though his vessel is not a first rate, yet his painted and gilded pinnace makes a more than tolerable appearance on the ocean of literature. In plain prose this author distinguished himself in the outset of his career by a novel of a cast so meritorious as to warrant pretty high expectations on the appearance of a second adventure. The publick have not been disappointed. The *Winter in London* has been read with more avidity than any contemporaneous work of a similar complexion. In a very short period it rapidly passed through eight editions with much eclat, both in the fashionable and the literary circles. A pretty clear proof of signal merit in original composition is the appearance of a host of imitators in the train of the first inventor. Mr. S. has all this sort of testimony in his favour. His title, his plan, his narrative, his style, his scandal, have been

variously copied, nor has he been denied the chaplet by the most impartial distributors of the rewards of Fame.

The interest of these volumes principally arises from a settled conviction that most of the characters have their archetypes in the fashionable world of London. Hence we have more than a glimpse of modern manners and secret history. To those, who have access to the *Morning Post*, and the *Annals of Fashion*, no key is necessary to discover whom our authour intends to lampoon. Others, perhaps, may occasionally be in the dark. However, the satire is for the most part sufficiently obvious. It is sometimes playful, and sometimes severe, and if we are not always convinced of its truth and justice, still we must give the authour credit for his ingenuity. Many of the allusions in this work are extremely happy, and the style is not inelegant. It will be read with eagerness by those who have a relish for anecdote, and considered merely as a literary production is decidedly better than many of its rivals.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

REVOLUTION IN FRANCE,

An event, from which nature and revolting humanity turn their weeping eyes: yet with all its incidental evils, and all its terrible effects, deductions may be drawn from it of the highest importance

to the interest and happiness of mankind.

Every well-meant effort to reform abuse is laudable; but we ought to recollect that the human mind, like the body, is incapable of undergoing sudden and violent changes, without injury; that the spirit, understanding, and moral feelings of a people, must be raised, amended, and purified, before political improvement can be introduced with safety, or practised with success.

To break long confirmed habits, and to attack prejudices, which, however philosophically wrong, are often practically right; to mend the various and infinitely diversified wheels of society, requires such a union of gentleness and wisdom, strength and dexterity, as falls to the lot of few.

The great and complicated mechanism of a modern mixed, commercial, wealthy government, arrived at the highest pitch of luxury and intellectual refinement, requires far abler hands to superintend and conduct it, than the simple, unattenuated despotism of the old monarchies.

It cannot be stopped without mischief, but should be carefully looked after; impediments must be cautiously removed, and all be done with temper and moderation.

In working that *immense machine, the people*, we must beware that we do not produce evils, greater than those we remove; that we do not *crush*, when we meant only to *correct*; or in vindicating the cause of oppressed liberty, we shall pave the way for ferocious democracy, and ultimately introduce, as is now the case in France, a more degrading slavery.

From the Gallick revolution, Kings, Princes, and People may

learn many useful lessons;—that governments were first instituted for the welfare of the people, and not for the mere purposes of revenue;—that every nation, which does not proportion its expenditure to its income, is sowing the seeds of revolution.

That portion of mankind, dignified by title and descent, or enriched by fortune, will also see the necessity of meriting respect and attachment, by a more diligent attention to the duties of their station; by intellectual improvement, correct conduct, private rectitude, and publick decorum; or at some adverse moment, driven from the silken pavilions of pleasure, they may be compelled to exclaim, with the miserable exiles of Coblenz: *Our women and our suppers have undone us.*

Past experience and present example confirm a melancholy truth; that imperfection, like gravity, is a law of nature, that abuse has wound itself into the heart of, and imperceptibly marred the noblest institutions; that in shaking off Egyptian bondage, we only exchange the clay, the straw, and the taskmaster, of some unrelenting Pharaoh, for the perils of the deep, the idolatrous delusions of popular infatuation, the famine and wilds of the desert.

It is also to be doubted, after such long, such bloody revolutionary marches, so much toil, and so much trouble, whether the seekers after truth, have at last reached that object of all our wishes, *a political system absolutely perfect*, that land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey.

We should, however, try to avoid the opposite extremes of unconditional submission and democratick anarchy; there is a state of lawless liberty, and licen-

tious depravity, a war with decency, clean linen, and small clothes, to which I should prefer the condition of a galley-slave, chained to his oar.

There is, on the other hand, a degrading degree of tyranny and oppression, paralysing every active, virtuous principle, hateful to God, and destructive to man; a wretched deprivation of all that gives zest to life, from which it would be the duty of every man to rescue his country.

In reflecting on the French revolution, I will not, I have not denied the various, the deplorable calamities with which it has been accompanied, the errors and crimes of its agents; yet I am still of opinion, that in the first assemblies there were many able, and many good men; but that the whole of their well meant efforts were counteracted and overpowered by false patriots, and still more by the torrent of revolutionary enthusiasm, which, swelling with uncontrollable impetuosity, overwhelmed and bore down all that attempted to moderate it, friends and foes, liberty and life.

I have not clothed an unprincipled female of athletick form, and loose manners, in the colours of the rainbow, in the cestus of virtue, love, and the graces: a good-natured Silenus, a glutton, and a *bon vivant*, wholly occupied in the sensual gratifications of his bed, his pullet, and his bottle: I have not wrapped such an animal in the dignified garb of philosophy and wisdom.

I pay no regard to those declaimers who describe Englishmen as a dissatisfied race, whom no king can govern and no God can please: a few honest efforts to economise and retrench, whether

the reins are held by an Addington, a Pitt, a Fox, or a Grenville administration, would act as a sovereign remedy for all our complaints; more particularly at a moment when we are engaged in a struggle which requires every aid that union, men, money, and national spirit can afford.

In one of his revolutionary speeches, Mirabeau called the English government an absolute monarchy, burthened and expensively incumbered with a complex republican machinery.

I cannot agree with this ingenious but corrupt Frenchman; for I thank God and our forefathers, that the King of England is, as he should be, restrained by the omnipotence of law; that a considerable portion of our members of parliament are representatives actually chosen by the people; that partial privileges and unjust exemptions are gradually wearing out and counteracted by the good sense of the times.

But what is more than all, the constitution of Great Britain, *contains within itself proper and safe remedies for its own imperfections.*

In reply to the advocates for moderate reform, it has been said, that a licentious and seditious spirit, fomented by French emissaries, had gone forth, and rendered that which at any other period would have been highly useful and desirable, not only inexpedient but dangerous at the present moment, when it becomes the duty of all good men to strengthen the hands of government, against principles which threaten to loose the bands of society, and break down the salutary barriers of law, religion, and property.

[*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*]

REFORM.

"It is better, (says a modern writer) that reformation should be difficult, or even unattainable, than that laws should be uncertain, and the enjoyment of life and property precarious."

Being asked if reform was never to be risked, he almost confessed as much, for a reason personal, and not at all applicable to the subject, "because the promoters of it will, in every instance, be sacrificed, as the bulk of mankind always think enough has not been done."

Another of his reasons for delay, is, "that abuse should become decrepid, hoary, and in its dotage, before you attack it; any institution, law, or custom, generally despised and ridiculed, however colossal, must, in a given time, tumble to the ground, unsupported; its removal *then* will not endanger public tranquillity."

"I consider every evil as trifling, when compared to rousing the vengeance, and exciting the energies of that omnipotent sovereign, the people; in a word, I prefer the leprosy, the itch, and a thousand little nasty teasing diseases, which fret a man dismally, I confess, to the plague, to pestilence, and famine. I would rather pay a government of my own countrymen, ten or even twenty per cent., of all I possess, than be stripped by a Gallick pro-consul."

RETIREMENT.

Past experience and present example evidently prove, that few

men, however ardently they may long for it, that few men are qualified for that situation, of all others the most trying to human virtue and resolution, *the having nothing to do*; yet to this state, the majority of mankind look up with envy and expectation.

I never yet knew a man, after a life spent in business, who, on retiring, did not feel wearisomeness and regret, unless he retained a share in the interest, a right of superintending interference; or had acquired a new taste for some interesting pursuit in literature, in art, or in science.

In the instances, which have fallen under my observation, agriculture, as affording constant occupation, and alternately exciting hope and fear, without which, *the mind must die*, however healthy the body; agriculture has most effectually answered the purpose.

Solitude is often necessary, and sometimes agreeable; but I cannot help thinking that retirement is considerably improved, by now and then having somebody to tell how pleasant and comfortable a thing it is.

EPIGRAM.

From the French.

Chloe's form'd by the Graces to please,
She's tempting, rich, lovely and young;
I die whilst reflecting on these,
But *revive* at the noise of her tongue.

R. A. D.

From the French.

Ned, in a long and sleepy poem,
Attempts to run my writings down;
And I, my just revenge to show him,
His verses read to half the town.

R. A. D.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. *Philadelphia, Saturday, November 5, 1808.* No. 19.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND PRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 276.)

LETTER LIII.

I PROMISED you in one of my letters, to say something more of the agriculture of Piedmont; and I do so with the more pleasure, as the observations of others, such as I was able, in some measure, to verify them, have rendered the task a very easy one, and as it resembles so nearly that of S. Carolina. Their labourers live almost exclusively as our negroes do, on Indian corn or Meliga, and a great deal of labour and attention is bestowed on this useful plant. The land intended for it is always well manured, and the corn receives at least three hand-hoeings, besides being earthed up; it is even watered in dry seasons where

water can be commanded, by flowing the interval between the beds on which the grain is planted. The leaves, or as we call them in America, the blades, are never stript, or the tops cut, but when the grain has been harvested, the whole plant is pulled up, and bundles are made of it, to be reserved for the use of the cattle, in the winter. An emine, or about 40lbs. of grain is sown to the journal, which is a sixteenth more than the English acre, and the usual produce is about 30 emines, or 1200lbs. though it sometimes amounts to 54 emines. A crop of rye, sown at broad cast, frequently succeeds the Meliga, and a change of crop, for the succeeding season, is sometimes made by vetches, or by beans of the sort we plant among our corn in America; of these it is not unusual to make thirty emines to the journal. Clover is also cultivated, but in no great quantity; for the command of water enables the farmer

to have as much meadow as he pleases, and with very little trouble; when sown, it is made to succeed wheat, and there is a regular and well understood rotation of crops; two and a half bushels of wheat are sown to an English acre. Wheat and rye are both harvested at the rate of ten per cent. to the undertaker. Hemp, though it grows very well in rich land, is never planted as an article of sale, but in the way cotton is in the upper part of Virginia, in the neighbourhood of some house, and for domestick purposes. Great quantities of rape-seed are made, and with hardly any attention, but what is sufficient to protect it from the cattle: the produce of an acre, in rape-seed is generally worth between six and seven pounds sterling. It would be more generally attended to, were it not for the quantity of walnuts, which furnish an oil, that is sold for between six and eight French sous a pint, and this, when made, without having been heated, is not unwholesome, and is always far more agreeable to the taste than rape oil, which last is frequently, however, used in cookery, and almost always for the lamp. The mare or residue, which remains, after the rape oil has been expressed, forms a cake, which serves to fatten cattle: but the article of all others, which is cultivated with the most attention in Piedmont, and which, as you may easily imagine, I was most desirous to learn the management of, is rice. The farmer, who has a proper command of running water, which he can almost anywhere purchase, and who destines a tract of land for rice, begins by dividing it into as many portions as are necessary, in order to preserve an exact level in each; and this he does with the

assistance of persons who make a profession of levelling. These portions are separated by banks about eighteen inches high, and each division is well broken up and harrowed. The water is afterwards let in, and kept on until the surface, to the depth of several inches, is converted into a state of mud; it is then drawn off, the rice is immediately sown at broad cast, and the water is brought on again: the only attention afterwards requisite, is, to see that every division be kept flowed to the depth of eight or nine inches, and that the water be very slowly, but constantly, in motion; from the upper division, into which it is received at first, to the lower, from which it is discharged; the communication being kept up by breaches of a proper size prepared in each bank for that purpose, in the nature of a waste-way to a mill-dam. Should a growth of weeds appear likely to injure the crop, there are labourers to be hired, who go into the water, and pull them up by the roots, and this is all the culture which the rice requires or receives. The water is withdrawn six or eight days before harvest, the rice is cut with a sickle, it is threshed, either with a flail or by horses, and, having been winnowed, it is pounded, but without having been previously passed through a pair of mill-stones, as with us. The pounding machine is of a very rude construction, such as was in use about thirty years ago, in Carolina, and such as bespeaks the very infancy of art. The mortars are small, the pestles light, and they are placed much further from the shaft than there is occasion for.

The rice, when pounded, is sifted by hand, for no Dillet has appeared among them, as yet, to

introduce the inestimable advantage of the rolling skreen, or the other improvements which we owe to his ingenuity, and to the ingenuity of his friend Oliver Evans.*

The most, I was told, ever performed by their most powerful machine, was ten barrels of six hundred weight, in twenty-four hours.

It is usual to sow about 230lb. of seed rice to the journal, and 1450lb. of merchantable rice, worth about £10 : 10s sterling, upon an average, is not an uncommon crop, to which must be added, the value of the small rice, of the flour, and

* It will be a painful recollection, hereafter, when the hospitable and liberal-minded gentlemen of Carolina come to reflect on the manner in which the exertions of these ingenious mechanicks have been requited. Dillet was denied the payment of his patent-right, because a rolling-skreen had been heard of in Georgia. and something like it seen in North-Carolina, and because an individual gentleman had given orders for such a thing, without, however, having been able to prevail upon his millwright, who was at the head of the business, to make trial of it; and Evans lost the benefit of his invention. The elevators, after all, were nothing more, it was urged, than the Persian wheel of former times, applied to the purposes of transporting grain, and yet a person unacquainted with the process of manufacturing rice, would accuse me of exaggeration, if I were to enumerate the advantages, which have been derived from these two inventions. The value of our exports has been increased considerably; a great deal of labour has been saved; a great deal of theft has been prevented, and our negroes have been rescued from the most odious and degrading inquisition.

It was not thus that Arkwright was rewarded for the invention of an engine to spin cotton; from being an itinerant barber he rose to great opulence, and was knighted, and it is deserving of notice, that when a person, of the name of Hayes, endeavoured, as in the case of Dillet, to set aside Arkwright's patent, by proving that he had previously invented an engine of the same kind, the objection was overruled, on his not being able to prove, that he had brought it to perfection, and made trial of it.

of the straw, which are said, in years of scarcity, nearly to defray the expenses. These, one might suppose, from the mode pursued, would not be very considerable: but the wages of the persons employed in harvesting, are three and four times, not unfrequently, greater than a labourer would receive on any other occasion: he here ventures his health, if not his life, and must be paid accordingly; and then the profits of gleanings, to which the poor of Piedmont consider themselves as entitled, by the authority of Scripture, are so considerable, that a poor man has been known to refuse anything less than three French livres a day, if he gave up the chance of gleanings.

The rizier too, or overseer, whose employment it is to see that the different divisions are supplied with the proper quantity of water, and with a regular change of it, is well paid for his time and trouble; he receives five per cent. of the gross produce. This mode of payment is very common, and it is not unusual for the proprietor to agree with some one, who, for a stipulated price, undertakes the whole business of harvesting, threshing, and pounding. On these occasions, he furnishes his carts, to assist in transporting the rice to the threshing-floor, and provides a pounding machine, and commonly pays one sixth or about sixteen per cent. of the produce to the contractor, who having provided a numerous and active gang, works day and night until the business is finished. The straw, after it has been threshed, is carefully put up in stacks and used as fodder; but the poor of the neighbourhood generally solicit permission to thresh it over again more than once. For the first time, they get a third of the grain that is produ-

ced; for the second time a half, and for the third two thirds. To those who have lived on a rice-plantation in Carolina, and who remember the appearance in the spring, of any place, over which rice-straw has been scattered, during the winter, it will not appear surprizing, that the poor of Piedmont should be able to bestow their labour advantageously, and so repeatedly, on the same sheaves.

The law of Piedmont prevents any one from cultivating rice, within three miles of a town, a caution, which, in their mode of culture, one would think superfluous. The difference of effect upon the atmosphere between the effluvia, arising from land fit for rice, and from water, which is slowly, but continually, in motion, cannot be very important. The great advantage of the Piedmontese over the Carolina planter, is, that he can always procure labourers, and for a limited time, and that he is certain of precisely the quantity of water he requires, without ever being alarmed by accidents arising from too much; it is an article he purchases the use of, giving such a price for an opening of such dimensions, through which it is made to flow, in the direction he chooses, and he either bargains with his neighbour for transmitting it to him, or turns it into a common ditch, provided for that purpose.

They make but very little wine in Piedmont, and that of an inferior quality; but the smaller proprietors of land and the poor derive considerable advantage from raising silkworms. Gibbon's history has informed you how this wonderful little animal was first introduced in Europe, and you know from your own experience, that it is raised upon the leaves of the mul-

berry, a tree which abounds in Piedmont.

The raiser of the silkworm is generally a poor man, who either purchases mulberry leaves, at so much a pound, or hires a number of trees for the season, at the rate of from thirty to forty French sous a tree; or more frequently, goes halves with the proprietor of them. The average price of raw silk is about a guinea the rup, which is eighteen and a half pounds; there are houses where 20 rups are made annually.

The level surface of the country, the soil of which is principally clay, under a thin surface of mould, the care with which it is drained, the growth of the rice, and the great attention which is paid to keep the fields, which are in dry culture, as clean as possible, reminded me of the lower parts of Carolina. The cattle too were not unlike that numerous race of half-starved cows and oxen, which disgrace our plantations, for the Piedmontese prefer, as some of us do, the having a number, who are ill-fed, to a few, who, with a little better management, would do ten times as much work, and give twice as much milk; the general opinion of the country is against the use of butter and milk in the summer, and they universally abstain from both.

The above short account of Piedmontese husbandry is derived partly from a literary periodical work, published in Geneva, and partly from the travels of Roland de la Platine, who, perhaps, is more known as the husband of the celebrated Madame Roland, than as an authour or minister. I should feel much more pity for this interesting and unfortunate couple had they manifested any pity for the Royal Family. They have ex-

piated their errors, however, she at the scaffold, and he by having encountered death in a still more frightful form. He had found refuge at Rouen, in the house of a friend, and remained there till the death of Madame Roland was announced in the papers. Being determined not to survive her, and as determined not to betray the friend, who had received him, he quitted Rouen in the evening, walked, during the greater part of the night, towards Paris, and then seating himself upon a stone by the road side he resolutely executed his purpose, with an instrument, which he had provided against every emergency.

You have read Madame Roland's appeal to posterity, and must have admired the calm, and almost cheerful view, she was able to cast over her past life, when immured in prison, and with the certainty of death before her eyes. She foretold that her husband would not survive her: and surely if suicide be ever to be excused, it was in his situation.

Their daughter Eudoza is now living, I am told, in Paris, and having reentered, by marriage, into the class of life, from which her parents had been unfortunately elevated, the probability is, that her destiny will be a much happier one than theirs. Speaking of Roland very naturally puts one in mind of his friend Brissot, who, though as wrong-headed, and as mistaken as any one, in those horrid times of universal madness, had good intentions, I believe; better, at least, than those of the party, to whose rage he fell a victim, and yet evidently, such as give some idea of what was meant by a priest, who told his penitent, that hell would be found paved with good intentions.

He left two sons, it seems, one of whom lost his life in bringing back to slavery, those negroes in St. Domingo, to whose liberty Brissot had so injudiciously, I might also say wickedly, contributed, and the other is now in Paris in circumstances of some distress. He had been placed by the government, at one of the Lyceès, or publick schools, and when called upon to take the oath of allegiance to the Emperour, in common with the other students, and the masters, he resolutely refused; he could not, he said, bring himself to act in such violation of the principles, for which his father had died; he then walked down the steps of the hall, and returned home.

There are but few instances of such energy in France, either because individuals see the necessity of the change, which has lately taken place, or because they never felt what they affected.

One of the most active instruments of Jacobinism, in punishing the pretended royalism of the Lyonnese, after the siege, is now superintendent of the Imperial Police, nor is it possible to conceive a more useful coadjutor, a more pliant counsellor, a more flattering harranguer, upon all occasions, than he, that very man, Cambaceres, who moved the order of the day, when Louis the XVI, solicited a little longer time to prepare himself for death.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

In this place, it may be proper, for it is certainly useful, to remark, that Dr. Goldsmith's principle fully corresponded with his practice, as it respects the employment of a simple, easy, and unaffected style. Indeed,

from the first to the last of his performances, he never deviated from a sweet, a modest, and a graceful mode of composition, of which neither a Terence, nor a Julius Cæsar might be ashamed. In the *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe* we find the authour's opinion, on this subject fully expressed. "It were to be wished, that we no longer found pleasure with the *inflated style*, that has, for some years, been looked upon as *fine writing*, and which every young writer is now obliged to adopt, if he chooses to be read. We should now dispense with loaded epithet, and dressing up trifles with dignity. For, to use an obvious instance, it is not those who make the greatest noise with their wares, in the streets, that have most to sell. Let us, instead of writing finely, try to write naturally; not hunt after lofty expressions to deliver mean ideas, nor be forever gaping, when we mean only to deliver a whisper." Perhaps there never was a canon of criticism laid down with more justice and good sense, than this. It is what the severe judgment of Aristotle, Dean Swift, and Addison would fully approve. He who would, habitually, write agreeably to Goldsmith's direction, and in resemblance of his manner, would be perused with pleasure, as long as a vestige of pure English remains. Our authour, when he contemptuously talks of the *inflated style*, and *fine writing*, in all probability alluded to Lord Shaftesbury, who, of all the literary coxcombs, with whom the world has been pestered, was one of the most affected, pert, and pragmatical. The frothy manner of this republican rhapsodist, is absolutely so much in the taste of one of our July orators, that it might be easily supposed, they were actuated by one common soul. His lordship's strut is more formal than that of a German grenadier, and he pompously moves in the regions of fustian, bombast, nonsense, and false metaphor, as though he were in a congenial element, and conversing with none but his breth-

ren. His abominable mode of composition was, for a long time, from the united influence of fashion and folly, considered as a graceful model, and every hot-headed boy, who wished to rant against legitimate government and pure Christianity, was of opinion that he had gloriously accomplished his object, provided his style resembled the tumidity of "The Characteristicks," and that he strutted about in the buskins of Shaftesbury. After him, as another corrupter of taste, came another pretty spoken man, one Mr. James Herve, a juvenile clergyman, who talked with such habitual silliness, about the fragrance of flowers, and the brightness of stars, that ever since, even the rose and the lily, and Hesper and Vesper, have always appeared like very vulgar acquaintance. We approach a very elegant scholar, and a celebrated historian, with an awe proportioned to the height of his just pretensions:—the name of Gibbon is high on the rolls of fame, and he has even been pronounced the Tacitus of England. The style of this gentleman it has long been fashionable to imitate, by all who aspired to the sublimities of diction, and the perfection of periods. But although he is a seductive, he is a dangerous preceptor, and though he may be sometimes judiciously consulted, it is absurd to be habitually influenced by his authority. His style is *always uniform*, and *sometimes inflated*, and it must be confessed, that he abounds in passages, which the chastity of Goldsmith's taste would not hesitate to denominate *fine writing*.

It results from these crude remarks, that Goldsmith's rule is right, and his practice laudable: let us believe the one, and copy the other. Hence, propriety of thought, and volubility of diction would distinguish our pages; and America, with all her disadvantages, might produce many a work, which, in Mellon's memorable phrase, the world would "not willingly let die." We praise Goldsmith's style with enthusiasm, because whoever would successfully ri-

val his grace and simplicity, would not only challenge domestick celebrity, but deserve and receive the approbation of the most fastidious foreigner.

MEMOIRS

OF

OLIV ERGOLDSMITH, M. B.

(Concluded from page 281.)

This attack upon a man in his own house, furnished matter of discussion, for some days to the newspapers; and an action at law was threatened to be brought for the assault; but by the interposition of friends, the affair was compromised; and on Wednesday, the 31st of March, Goldsmith inserted the following Address in the Daily Advertiser:

" TO THE PUBLICK.

" Lest it should be supposed, that I have been willing to correct in others, an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that in all my life, I never wrote or dictated a single paragraph, letter, or essay, in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the Ledger, and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the St. James's Chronicle. If the liberty of the Press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

" I have always considered the Press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the publick, most properly admits of a publick discussion. But of late, the Press has turned from defending publick interest, to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner, the freedom of the Press is beginning to sow the seeds

of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

" How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes, in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter, after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the publick, by being more open are the more distressing. By treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification, by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the Press, and as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.

" OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Mr. Boswell having intimated to Dr. Johnson his suspicions that *he* was the real writer of this Address, the latter said, " Sir, Dr. Goldsmith would no more have asked me to have written such a thing as that for him, than he would have asked me to feed him with a spoon, or to do anything else that denoted his imbecility. I as much believe that he wrote it, as if I had seen him do it. Sir, had he shown it to any one friend, he would not have been allowed to publish it. He has indeed done it very well, but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has been so much elated with the success of his new comedy, that he has thought everything that con-

cerns him, must be of importance to the publick."

About a month after this, to oblige Mr. Quick, the comedian, who had very successfully exerted himself in the character of Tony Lumpkin, Goldsmith, we believe reduced Sedley's "*Grumbler*," to a farce, and it was performed for Mr. Quick's benefit, on the 8th of May, but was never printed: indeed, some persons doubt whether Goldsmith did more than revise an alteration which had been made by some other person.

Our authour now, oddly enough, took it into his head to reject the title of *Doctor*, with which he had been self-invested, and to assume the plain address of Mr. Goldsmith; but whatever his motive to this might be, he could not effect it with the publick, who to the day of his death called him Doctor; and the same title is usually annexed to his name even now, though the degree of Bachelor of Physick was the highest ever actually conferred upon him.

After having compiled a History of Rome, and two Histories of England, he undertook, and completed in 1773, "*A History of the Earth and animated Nature*," in 8 vols. 8vo. which was printed in 1774, and he received for it 850*l*.

The emoluments which he had derived from his writings for some few years past, were, indeed, very considerable; but were rendered useless in effect by an incautious liberality, which prevented his distinguishing proper from improper objects of his bounty; and also by an unconquerable itch for gaming, a pursuit in which his impatience of temper, and his want of skill wholly disqualified him for succeeding.

His last production, "*Retaliation*," was written for his own

amusement, and that of his friends who were the subjects of it. That he did not live to finish it is to be lamented: for it is supposed that he would have introduced more characters. What he has left, however, is nearly perfect in its kind; with wonderful art he has traced all the leading features of his several portraits, and given with truth the characteristick peculiarities of each: no man is lampooned, and no man is flattered. The occasion of the poem was a circumstance of festivity. A literary party with which he occasionally dined at the St. James's coffeehouse one day proposed to write epitaphs on him. In these, his person, dialect, &c. were good-humouredly ridiculed; and as Goldsmith could not disguise his feelings on the occasion, he was called upon for a Retaliation, which he produced at the next meeting of the party; but this, with his "*Haunch of Venison*," and some other short poems, were not printed till after his death.

He had at this time ready for the press "*The Grecian History, from the earliest State to the Death of Alexander the Great*," which was afterwards printed in 2 vols. 8vo. He had also formed a design of compiling a "*Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*," a prospectus of which he printed and sent to his friends, many of whom had promised to furnish him with articles on different subjects. The booksellers, however, though they had a high opinion of his abilities, were startled at the bulk, importance, and expense of so great an undertaking, the execution of which was to depend upon a man with whose indolence of temper, and method of procrastination, they had long been acquainted: the coldness with which they met his proposals was lamented by Goldsmith to the

hour of his death ; which seems to have been accelerated by a neglect of his health, occasioned by continual vexation of mind on account of his frequently involved circumstances, although the last year's produce of his labour is generally believed to have amounted to 1800*l*.

In the spring of 1774 he was attacked in a very severe manner by the strangury, a disease of which he had often experienced slight symptoms. It now induced a nervous fever, which required medical assistance ; and on the 25th of March he sent for his friend Mr. (now Dr.) Hawes, to whom he related the symptoms of his malady, expressing at the same time a disgust with life, and a despondency which did not well become a man of his understanding. He told Mr. Hawes that he had taken two ounces of ipecacuanha wine as an emetick, and that it was his intention to take Dr. James's fever powders, which he desired he would send him. Mr. Hawes represented to his patient the impropriety of taking the medicine at that time ; but no argument could induce him to relinquish his intention. Finding this, and justly apprehensive of the fatal consequences of his putting this rash resolve in execution, he requested permission to send for Dr. Fordyce, of whose medical abilities he knew that Goldsmith had the highest opinion. Dr. Fordyce came, and corroborated the apothecary's assertion, adding every argument that he could think of, to dissuade him from using the powders in the present case ; but, deaf to all the remonstrances of his physician and his friend, he obstinately persisted in his resolution.

The next day, Mr. Hawes again visited his patient, and, inquiring of him how he did, Gold-

smith sighed deeply, and in a dejected tone, said, " I wish I had taken your friendly advice last night." Dr. Fordyce came, and finding the alarming symptoms increase, desired Mr. Hawes to propose sending for Dr. Turton : to this Goldsmith readily consented. The two physicians met, and held consultations twice a day, till Monday, April 4, when their patient died.

Warmth of affection induced Sir Joshua Reynolds and other friends of Goldsmith, to lay a plan for a sumptuous publick funeral ; according to which he was to have been interred in Westminster Abbey, and his pall to have been supported by Lord Shelburne (now Marquis of Lansdown) Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Edmund Burke, the Hon. Topham Beauclerc, and Mr. Garrick : but on a slight inspection of his affairs, it was found that so far from having left property to justify so expensive a proceeding, he was about 2000*l*. in debt. The original intention, therefore, was abandoned, and he was privately interred in the Temple burial-ground at 5 o'clock on Saturday evening, April 9, attended by the Rev. Joseph Palmer (nephew of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and now Dean of Cashel in Ireland) Mr. Hugh Kelly, Mr. (now Dr.) Hawes, Messrs. John and Robert Day, and Mr. Etherington.

A subscription, however, was speedily raised among Goldsmith's friends, but chiefly by the Literary Club, and a marble monumental stone, executed by Nollekens, consisting of a large medallion, exhibiting a good resemblance of our authour in profile, embellished with appropriate ornaments, was placed in Westminster Abbey, between those of Gay,

the poet, and the Duke of Argyle, in Poets' Corner, having underneath, on a tablet of white marble, the following inscription from the pen of his friend Dr. Johnson:

OLIVARIi GOLDSMITH,
Poetæ, Physici, Historici,
Qui nullum fere scribendi genus
Non tetigit;
Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit:
Sive risus essent movendi
Sive lachrymæ,
Affectuum potens at lenis dominator:
Ingenio sublimis, vividus, versatilis,
Oratione grandis, nitidus, venustus;
Hoc monumento memoriam coluit
Sodalium amor,
Amicorum fides,
Lectorum veneratio.
Natus in Hibernia, Forneiz Longfordiensis,
In loco cui nomen Pallas,
Nov. xxix. mdcxxxix.*
Eblanz literis institutus,
Obiit Londini,
Apr. iv. mdccclxxiv.

Of which the following is a translation:

By the love of his associates,
The fidelity of his friends,
And the veneration of his readers,
This monument is raised
To the memory of
OLIVER GOLDSMITH,
A poet, a natural philosopher, and an historian,
Who left no species of writing untouched
by his pen,
Nor touched any that he did not embellish;
Whether smiles or tears were to be excited,
He was a powerful, yet gentle master
Over the affections;
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and
equal to every subject;
In expression at once lofty, elegant, and
graceful.
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,
At a place called Pallas, in the parish of
Forney,
And county of Longford,
29th Nov. 1731.
Educated at Dublin,
And died in London,
4th April, 1774.

Beside this Latin epitaph, Dr. Johnson honoured the memory of Goldsmith with the following short one in Greek:

* Johnson had been misinformed in these particulars: it has been since ascertained that he was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, Nov. 29, 1728.

Τὸν ταφὸν εἰσὸς ἔμας τὸν Οὐλῖβαριου κοινὴν
Ἀφροσι μὴ σιμῆν, Ζεῖν, ποδισσι πικ-
τεῖ

Οἱσι μίμηλε Φυσις, μετῶν χάρις, ἐργα πα-
λαίου

Κλαίει πεικρῆν, ἱστορικόν, φυσικόν.

Mr. Boswell, who was very intimately acquainted with Goldsmith, thus speaks of his person and character:

“The person of Goldsmith was short, his countenance coarse and vulgar; his deportment that of a scholar awkwardly affecting the complete gentleman. No man had the art of displaying, with more advantage, whatever literary acquisitions he made. His mind resembled a fertile, but thin soil; there was a quick but not a strong vegetation of whatever chanced to be thrown upon it: No deep root could be struck. The oak of the forest did not grow there; but the elegant shrubbery and the fragrant parterre appeared in gay succession. It has been generally circulated and believed, that he was a mere fool in conversation. In allusion to this, Mr. Horatio Walpole, who admired his writings, said he was ‘an inspired idiot;’ and Garrick describes him as one,

‘————— for shortness called Nol,
‘ Who wrote like an angel, and talked like
poor Poll.’

But in reality, these descriptions are greatly exaggerated. He had, no doubt, a more than common share of that hurry of ideas, which we often find in his countrymen, and which sometimes introduces a laughable confusion in expressing them. He was very much what the French call *un étourdi*: and from vanity, and an eager desire of being conspicuous, wherever he was, he frequently talked carelessly, without any knowledge of the subject, or even without thought. Those who were anyways distinguished, excited envy in him to so ridiculous an excess, that the instances of it are hardly credible. He, I am told, had no settled system of any sort, so that his conduct must not be too strictly criticised; but his

affections were social and generous, and when he had money, he bestowed it liberally. His desires of imaginary consequence frequently predominated over his attention to truth.

"His prose has been admitted as the model of perfection, and the standard of the English language. Dr. Johnson says, 'Goldsmith was a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he seemed to excel in whatever he attempted; a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and generally without confusion; whose language was capacious, without exuberance, exact without restraint, and easy without weakness.'

"His merit as a poet, is universally acknowledged. His writings partake rather of the elegance and harmony of Pope, than the grandeur and sublimity of Milton; and it is to be lamented, that his poetical productions are not more numerous; for though his ideas flowed rapidly, he arranged them with great caution, and occupied much time in polishing his periods, and harmonizing his numbers.

"His most favourite poems are, 'The Traveller,' 'Deserted Village,' 'Hermit,' and 'Retaliation.' These productions may justly be ranked with the most admired works in English poetry.

"'The Traveller delights us with a display of charming imagery, refined ideas, and happy expressions. The characteristics of the different nations are strongly marked; and the predilection of each inhabitant, in favour of his own, ingeniously described.

"'The Deserted Village is generally admired; the characters are drawn from the life. The descriptions are lively and picturesque; and the whole appears so easy and natural as to bear the resemblance of historical truth, more than poetical fiction. The description of the parish-priest, (probably intended for a character of his brother Henry) would have done honour to any poet, of any age. In this description, the simile of the bird

teaching her young to fly, and of the mountain that rises above the storm, are not easily to be paralleled. The rest of the poem consists of the character of the village schoolmaster, and a description of the village alehouse; both drawn with admirable propriety and force; a descant on the mischiefs of luxury and wealth; the variety of artificial pleasures; the miseries of those, who, for want of employment at home, are driven to settle new colonies abroad; and concludes with a beautiful apostrophe to poetry.

"'The Hermit' holds equal estimation with the rest of his poetical productions.

"His last poem, of 'Retaliation,' is replete with humour, free from spleen, and forcibly exhibits the prominent features of the several characters to which it alludes. Dr. Johnson sums up his literary character in the following concise manner: 'Take him [Goldsmith] as a Poet, his 'Traveller' is a very fine performance; and so is his 'Deserted Village,' were it not sometimes too much the echo of his 'Traveller.' Whether we take him as a poet, as a comick writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class.' "

We have before observed, that his poem of "RETALIATION," was provoked by several jocular epigrams written upon him, by the different members of a dinner club to which he belonged. Of these, we subjoin a part of that which was produced by Garrick:

"Here Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go, fetch me some clay—I will make an odd fellow:

Right and wrong shall be jumbled; much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross:

Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,

A great lover of truth, yet a mind turned to fictions.

Now mix these ingredients, which warmed in the baking,

Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking;

With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste,

Tip his tongue with strange matter, his
pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may
prevail
Set fire to his head, and set fire to his tail;
For the joy of each sex on the world I'll be-
stow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, game-
ster, and poet.
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit
great fame,
And among brother mortals be Goldsmith
his name.
When on earth this strange meteor no
more shall appear,
You, Hermes, best fetch him, to make us
sport here."

To these we shall add another
sketch of our authour (by way of
Epitaph), written by a friend, as
soon as he heard of his death:

Here rests from the cares of the world
and his pen,
A poet whose like we shall scarce meet
again;
Who though form'd in an age when cor-
ruptions ran high,
And folly alone seemed with folly to vie;
When Genius, with traffick too commonly
trained,
Recounted her merits by what she had
gained,
Yet spurned at those walks of debasement
and pelf,
And in poverty's spite dared to think for
himself.
Thus freed from those fetters the Muses
oft bind,
He wrote from the heart to the hearts of
mankind;
And such was the prevalent force of his
song,
Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a throng.
"The lovers—'twas theirs to esteem
and commend,
For his Hermit had prov'd him their tutor
and friend.
The statesman, his politick passions on
fire,
Acknowledg'd repose from the charms of
his lyre.
The moralist too had a feel for his rhymes,
For his Essays were curbs on the rage of
the times.
Nay, the critic, all school'd in grammati-
cal sense,
Who look'd in the glow of description for
tense,
Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
And confess'd by his eyes what he felt at
his heart.
"Yet bless'd with original powers like
these,

His principal forte was on paper to please;
Like a fleet-footed hunter, though first in
the chase;
On the road of plain sense he oft slacken'd
his pace;
While Dulness and Cunning, by whipping
and goring,
Their hard-footed hacknies paraded before
him.
Compounded likewise of such primitive
parts,
That his manners alone would have gain'd
him our hearts.
So simple in truth, so ingenuously kind,
So ready to feel for the wants of mankind;
Yet praise but an authour of popular quill,
This flux of philanthropy quickly stood
still.
Transform'd from himself, he grew mean-
ly severe,
And rail'd at those talents he ought not to
fear.
"Such then were his foibles; but through
they were such
As shadow'd the picture a little too much,
The style was all graceful, expressive, and
grand,
And the whole the result of a masterly
hand.
"Then hear me, blest spirit! now sea-
ted above,
Where all is beatitude, concord, and love,
If e'er thy regards were bestow'd on man-
kind,
Thy Muse as a legacy leave us behind.
I ask it by proxy for letters and fame,
As the pride of our heart, and the old En-
glish name.
I demand it as such for virtue and truth,
As the solace of age, and the guide of our
youth.
Consider what poets surround us—how
dull!
From Minstrelsy B——e to Rosamond
H——l!
Consider what K——ys enervate the stage;
Consider what K——cks may poison the age;
O! protect us from such, nor let it be said,
That in Goldsmith the last British poet
lies dead!"

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

In our last, we transcribed
with delight, a humorous letter
from The Monthly Anthology,
which playfully exhibits, in a ludi-
crous light, some of those curious
phrases by which the *Provincials* in
this new country so egregiously
corrupt the purity of English ex-

pression. By a rare accident, we have just obtained the copy of a letter, addressed by a *true American*, to a *Yankee* acquaintance. This may serve as a kind of foil, to set off the beauties of the *Columbian* epistle, borrowed from the *Anthology*. The reader will perceive occasionally, in our *True American's* correspondence, some peculiarities of pronunciation, as well as of style:

Dear Jonathan,

Ever since I was chosen one of our *Selectmen*, I have been so engaged in *running Mr.* — on the *Republican ticket*, that I can ill spare time, to *drop you a line by the Post*. I believe you have not heard from me since our *glorious Anniversary*. I got up a *little afore day*, and as the morning was rather raw, I had a dram of *swinging thick*. The river being perfectly *boatable*, Mr. Webster and I crossed without any difficulty. I told him of the *occlusion* of New-Orleans, and *bottomed* my assertion on the authority of *Farmer Lincoln*. We soon arrived at the *Indian Queen*. Mr. Webster went *up stars*, to write something for his new dictionary, and I staid below, in the *stoop*, and shook hands with the *orator of the day*.

Although I had an *invite* to the *Indian Queen*, I rather *expected* I could find a better *cold cut* at the *Spread Eagle*. There I met my neighbour Goshen, and Deacon Muggins, and at eleven o'clock we *agreed* to have a *snack* together. We called for a glass of *gin sling*, though I observed two of our *hired men* were drinking *black strap*. I heard a Lexington farmer ask for a *button of flip*, and an Eastern-shore man for an *anti-fagmarick*. Just before dinner, a *backwoodsman* went out a *gunning*, and brought in a fine *woodchuck*. We called

for the reckoning, which was only *three-quarter-dollars* and a *flippeny-bit*, and *guessed* we should go home. But we were interrupted by a sad *scrummage* in the *piazza*. A Major in the Militia had *grabbed* his colonel, which the landlord perceiving, ran in, and broke a *shod-shovel all to flinders* over their heads. I inquired for the ostler, but was told he had been gone a *good bit ago*. The deacon's horse being rather *naggish*, I observed to him, that this hot weather *the flies was very thick*. We soon stopped at a *store*, and bought a *yard of pigtail*, and two quarts of *mountain malago*. The deacon and I had much discourse, and though his talk was *lengthy*, yet his argument was *evinical*. He frequently quoted Boston *newspaporia*ls, and run on like a *Salem witch*. He was always considered as a *very flippant-tonguey* man, and was once member of a *Committee of correspondence and safety*. He lives on the *side hill*, and understands *swapping horses*, and *dickering* for a bargain, better than any one on *Connecticut River*. He once reproved a *Federal officer* for using *hellniferous* as an oath, and, what was rather *disingenuous*, the military man laughed and *gurned* at him for his pains. The deacon told me, he meant soon to *portion off* his *daster femime*, and I *snore* says he, if it had not have been for the *dead-heartedness* of neighbour Chopstick, they two would have *come together, years ago*. The deacon added, that he was formerly very successful in *truck trade*, that he could make a bargain as *neat as plush*, and never sat down to dinner without potatoes, carrots, and *sich sauce*. He then offered to sell me a *likely pair* of oxen, and talked *of and about* his new barn and *back lintcr*. But, *la for me*, I

forgot to mention his *stilish* wife, or the *amiability* of his eldest daughter. I mean soon to *ask her for her company*, and if I can marry her, I shall be quite *happified*. I meant to *progress* a little further in my story, but for fear of growing tedious, I *timeously* conclude.

P. S. I went to *caucus* last night, and heard a *Boston man* speak five hours. He talked much of the *go-betweenity* of timeservers, and used many arguments *applicatory* to the subject.

The next time you go a *sparking* among the *gals*, I'll go *right away* after you. I do think for one of your *grade*, that you are rather too *twistical*. However, I shall give you an *invite* to our *raising*, where you shall hear *Yankee Doodle*, and *deuced fine* musick. After supper we will go *up steers* into my *chamber*, where you may take a *little nap of sleep*, after you have read the *Declaration*, and three *bran new July Orations*. The next time you go a *shopping*, I hope you wont lose any of your *suet skins*,* nor break any *chany*. Last Lord's Day, I saw at *meeting*, your sister. She had on a very *dressy* cap, and sat in one of the *body seats*. After *service*, she walked home quite *chirk* and *spry*, although she had so lately *been taken down* with the *lung fever* and a *sleepy lethargy*. I forgot to mention, that the *deacon gave out* the psalms to the tune of *Little Marlborough* and *Old Hundred*.

For The Port Folio

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

SCOTT'S MARMION.

Messrs. Hopkins and Earle, booksellers of this city, have published, in two volumes, duodecimo, a poetical

work of the most splendid character, entitled "Marmion; a Tale of Flodden Field, by Walter Scott, Esq." This highly interesting performance truly deserves, and certainly will receive, a much more than ordinary degree of the criticks' favour and the publick's attention.

Scotland has long been eminently distinguished for the splendour of her poetical reputation. Drummond of Hawthornden, Hamilton of Balfour, Thomson, Beattie and Burns have glorified their country by the most brilliant colours of imagination. To these *time honoured* names we may now add that of Walter Scott, who in every respect is most certainly their compeer. We run no risk by asserting, in the most decided tone, that his *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion* will be perused with delight, as long as the Tweed flows, and as long as a Caledonian can be found

On the green sedgy banks of the sweet winding Tay.

The writer of this article received the London copy of this exquisite poem on its first appearance, and by his suggestion it was immediately put to press by two gentlemen, his friends, who are quick to discern literary merit and anxious to gain for it the meed of publick favour. During the progress of this work through the press we enjoyed the opportunity which we did not abuse, of giving to the story of *Marmion* an Attention that seldom tired, and a Memory that was never satisfied. In fact during many a midnight hour, the magical genius of the Poet charmed every drowsy power away! and when we had for *five times* fairly tried his spell, our admiration was unabated by this reiterated experience of its potency.

On another occasion, and in a different department of The Port Folio, an ampler discussion of Mr. Scott's merits will appear. For the present, we shall only say that, in our deliberate opinion, nothing since the days of Dryden and Pope has appeared of a poetical cast which has a higher claim to the attention of the present

* Anglice, *Bank bills*.

and of future ages than Marmion. The interest of the story, the melody of the verse, the picture of national manners and individual character, the beauties of the imagery and the most dazzling glories of invention all conspire to challenge for this work a bright and durable reputation.

We cannot resist the temptation of quoting a passage from one of the authour's introductory epistles. It is addressed, to his friend James Skene, Esq. and is fertile in those charming images, which will find their way to the heart of every reader:

To thee, perchance, this rambling strain
Recals our summer walks again,
When doing nought,—and, to speak true
Not anxious to find out to do.
The wild, unbounded hills we ranged,
While oft our talk its topick changed,
And desultory, as our way,
Ranged unconfined, from grave to gay,
Even when it flagged, as oft will chance,
No effort made to break its trance,
We could nigh pleasantly pursue
Our sports in social silence too,
Thou gravely labouring to pourtray
The blighted oak's fantastick spray,
I spelling o'er, with much delight,
The legend of that antique knight,
Tirante, by name, 'yclepd the White;
At either's feet a trusty Squire,
Pandour and Camp, with eyes of fire,
Jealous each other's motions viewed,
And scarce suppressed their ancient feud.
The laverock whistled from the cloud,
The stream was lively, but not loud;
From the white thorn the May-flower
shed
Its dewy fragrance round our head,
Not Ariel lived more merrily
Under the blossomed bower, than we.

And blithesome nights, too, have been
ours,
When Winter stript the Summer's bow-
ers:

Careless we heard what now I hear,
The wild blast, sighing deep and drear,
When fires were bright, and lamps beam-
ed gay,
And ladies tuned the lovely lay;
And he was held a laggard soul,
Who shunned to quaff the sparkling bowl.
*Then he, whose absence we deplore,
Who breathes the gales of Devon's shore,
The longer missed, bewailed the more,*
And thou, and I, and dear loved R—,
And one, whose name I may not say,
For not *Mimosa's* tender tree
Shrinks sooner from the touch than he,—
In merry chorus, well combined,

With laughter drowned the whistling wind
Mirth was within; and Care without
Might gnaw her nails to hear our shout.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

IMPRESSIVE LESSON;

and almost the last words of a gentleman exalted in rank as well as literary reputation, who died a few years since :

“I have lived fifty years, have passed through various situations in life, and have, for the most part, kept what is generally called good company; I have associated with Kings, and the companions of Kings; I have been generally esteemed a fortunate man, and, as you all know, have had my share of honour, profit, and enjoyment; I have not, as *some* of you know, been without my afflictions.

“But of all my pleasures and comforts, none have been so durable, satisfactory, and unalloyed, as those derived from religion; in all my pains and disappointments, nothing has given so much inward support as Christian consolation; even now, at that awful moment, which sooner or later you must all experience, when I am on the point of being called into the presence of my Maker, I feel that nothing but the strong assurance of a blessed Mediator and Advocate, could enable me to bear up under the terrors of death.

“Let these thoughts, my dear young friends, be never wholly absent from your minds; whenever

any rash man, whether a free-thinker, a reformer, or a modern philosopher, shall endeavour to shake your belief on these points, by argument, by sneer, or by laughter, reply to them as I have frequently had occasion to do :

"Sir, I acknowledge the strength of some of your positions, and the ingenuity with which you support them; I do not, I will not deny, that the system to which I profess myself a devoted pupil, has its difficulties; but, as it is the business of a Christian humbly to adore, rather than to call in question the unfathomable depths of Providence, let me ask if *your hypothesis* is wholly free from difficulty?

"But, whether I am mistaken or not, is now wholly out of the question, I have made up my mind, and am resolved to trust my present and future salvation on Christianity; I find it replete with such excellent doctrines, so powerful in its effects in correcting our conduct, and purifying our hearts, and such an unfailing support in the various and severe trials of human life, that I am resolved never to part from it.

"Under such soothing convictions, you have too much humanity as a man of feeling, and too much politeness as a wellbred gentleman, to persevere in your attempts to deprive me of that which I value beyond all the treasures of the earth."

[*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*]

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A poem of much promise, entitled "The Powers of Fancy,"

we have duly received, and we assure the Friend, who has destined it for The Port Folio, that he shall not be disappointed. The publication has been postponed, not from any scruples with respect to the value of the work, but because we have many prior claims to satisfy. The impatience of an authour is extremely natural, but cannot always be immediately relieved. In such desperate cases, the patient must be content with such palliatives and lenitives, as that d—nd doctor, the Editor, can prescribe.

The witty articles in The Monthly Anthology, for the last six months, have not escaped our attention. We shall take an early opportunity to notice with applause the levity of Wit, and the gems of Genius. No periodical work, that has ever appeared in the Capital of New England, is comparable to The Monthly Anthology.

MERRIMENT.

An officer in battle, happening to *bow*, a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off the head of the soldier, who stood behind him: "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by his politeness."

Lee Lewis, shooting on a field, the proprietor attacked him violently: "I allow no person," to *kill game* on my manor, but myself, and I'll *shoot you*, if you come here again."—"What," said the other, "I suppose you mean to make *game* of me."

Bayle says, that a woman will inevitably divulge every secret, with which she is entrusted, except one—and that is *her own age*.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. Philadelphia, Saturday, November 12, 1808. No. 20.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 293.)

LETTER LIV.

ONE short excursion more, my dear daughter, and then we bid adieu to Geneva. As the weather became cooler in the Autumn and the beauties of our prospect were fading away, we determined to diversify the scene by a visit to Annecy, which you will easily find on the map of Savoy. It lies a little to the left of the road. F. and I had travelled along on the way to Turin, which has attracted some attention from Rousseau's description of the life he led there, and of his first interview with Madame de Warens. It possesses a thousand better claims to attention than from that circumstance, and has been the residence of far better people

than either Rousseau or Madame de Warens; but I question if one person in a hundred would have known of such a place, had it not been for the description I allude to.

We began to ascend, shortly after leaving Geneva, and were in a few hours on the top of Mount Sion, which is the lowest of the mountains that surround the Lake; it served, probably, as a waste-way to the waters of the great lake in ancient times, before a passage had been burst at l'Ecluse, and this idea, which is M. de Saussure's, is confirmed by the number of smooth pebbles on the summit of the ascent, and the rapid declivity on the other side.

We here stopped for a moment to look back on the country behind us; upon the lake, upon the city, and upon the environs, and then proceeded towards a place, at the extremity of Saleve, where a long and hollow passage, formed by the torrents of former days, and

which is said to have been the repair of a troop of smugglers and banditti in the last century, is now the seat of a poor and peaceful Savoyard village. I should have observed to you, that on the slope between Mount Sion and Saleve, on the side towards Geneva, is an ancient Chartreux, where the monks of St. Bruno formerly cultivated a flourishing farm, and sung psalms and said their prayers, and bestowed the overplus, which their simple wants could spare, on the poor of the neighbourhood. It is now a brewery, and I cannot find that either the morals, or the worldly prosperity of the country, have been in any degree benefited by the change.

The invectives to be met with in so many books, and in the conversation of so many people, against the idleness and luxury of the regular clergy of France, always remind me of the Englishman Dr. Moore speaks of, at Naples, who, talking of what he is to have for supper in town, after an ample dinner in the country, inveighs from a warm post-chaise, against the sloth and gormandizing spirit of two barefooted Carmelites.

Be assured, that in the abolishment of those various orders, and in the confiscation of their property, there has been a great deal of useless cruelty and oppression. The first establishments, made by pious enthusiasts and their followers, were in the nature of colonies sent out into a wild and desert country, where some of the monks, who laboured with their own hands took off, by degrees, the dishonour which had been ignorantly attached to the idea of manual industry, and others were employed in copying the literary productions of former times, while the bell which invited the neighbouring barbari-

ans to prayers, at certain hours, amused and softened their minds with the pomp of worship, blended with the charms of musick, and raised them to a sense of their moral duties. We smile at the simplicity of our European ancestors, who were soon prevailed upon, in the neighbourhood of these religious colonies, to respect, in a particular manner, those days, which had been consecrated, as it was supposed, by the last mysteries of the life of Christ: but if as Hume (no prejudiced man in favour of revealed religion) observes, if some respite to the miseries of mankind was procured, if time was thus given for the angry passions of hostile chieftains to cool; superstition, if such it must be called, rendered, in this instance, a service to society, which philosophy might be proud to claim. But gratitude towards our benefactors is not the virtue of these latter days, when a cold-hearted system of calculation has, in so many instances, got the better of right and justice. What would be thought in America, if our government were some centuries hence, to assert that they had a right to confiscate the property of the Swiss colonists, who are now establishing themselves in some part of our western territory, on pretence of their having paid but a small price, or perhaps no price at all, for an extensive tract of fertile soil, and were to reproach them for possessing those vallies and hill sides, which the industry of their ancestors had converted into wheat-fields, or covered with vines? But let us return from a digression, which, warmed by the spirit of Chateaubriant, I could make a volume of, and proceed on our way to Annecy.

The country becomes flat in the neighbourhood of the town: it was formerly, no doubt, covered by the waters of the lake, before they were diminished by some convulsion of nature; or the river, by which they vent themselves had formed so deep a channel; they are now shrunk to a space of about fourteen miles in length, by from two to five or six in breadth, and surrounded by gentle hills, interspersed with villages, and chateaus, and cornfields, and vineyards. The town contains nearly five thousand souls: it is ill-built and dark. In former times, that is to say, before the revolution, it used to be enlivened by the sort of court, which the Bishop, who still retained the title of Bishop of Geneva, held there, and by the residence of several families of nobility: the demand, too, which was occasioned for the necessaries of life, by the number of wealthy convents, occasioned an appearance of trade; but the Bishop has been withdrawn to another part of Savoy; the nobility are scattered and ruined, and the convents have been changed into gloomy warehouses, or converted to other purposes. One of them, and I am sorry it should be that of the poor sisters of St. Clair, whose story you have not, I hope, forgotten, has, however, been applied to no unworthy purpose. It has become the seat of a flourishing manufactory of cotton, where three hundred persons are employed, and where the undertaker hopes soon to employ eight hundred. He had just finished the water-case for his large wheel, and paved it with the tombstones of the abbesses of former days. I could not help thinking how astonished future antiquarians will be, if any accident should bring these tombstones to their

knowledge, when the hand of time shall have swept away the manufactory, and all that remember it, and what a system of geology would be built upon such a notable discovery.

Annecy was known to the Romans; and it is supposed that the vent for a part of the waters of the lake, which are led through the town, and are made to serve many useful ends, is a work for which the inhabitants of succeeding times have been indebted to them. I was struck with the size and appearance of the house Madame de Warens inhabited. A bookseller had directed me to the street, and a little girl, who stepped out of a neighbouring shop, told me all the rest. But I could not make out Rousseau's description of the spot where the interview took place. The rivulet, which he places to the right, is to the left; and there must be some error of the Press, unless he meant to the right of the lady, who had turned to speak to him. I took notice of the private door, through which she must have passed on her way to mass: it has been closed for many years, and is incumbered with ruins. The castle, in which the Counts of the Genevois resided some centuries ago, and which has been since, for a time, occupied by the Bishop, now serves partly as a prison, and partly as barracks for passing detachments of the army. It is gloomy and spacious, with prodigiously thick walls, and has all the appearance of having been designed for defence as well as shelter.

There were formerly, I was told, twenty-five carriages kept in Annecy, but now there is not one; so that the first people of the present day have, at least, the merit of not being ostentatious; they are composed, indeed, of what Mr.

Burke, in his vehement flow of eloquence, calls the "inferiour, unlearned, mechanical, and merely instrumental professors of the law, stewards of petty local jurisdictions, the fomenters and conductors of municipal litigation, and village vexation."

Of the families of Savoyan nobility, who have been ruined by the revolution, no one was more distinguished than that of the Marquis de Salles, a descendant of the ancient and princely house of Nemours. The two last males of this noble family, the father and the son, both died in the service of their sovereign, and the widow, like the mother of Thomson's Lavinia, lives in some obscure retirement, with a beautiful daughter, whom I have seen. Their residence was occasionally at Annecy, but generally at the castle of Douing, a noble mansion built on a peninsula of the lake, with spacious gardens, rising in terraces, as at Isola Bella, and commanding a still more variegated prospect. Our conductor pointed out to us several castles in the neighbourhood, some of which were bosomed high in tufted trees, that had been the property of the Marquis, and he led us over the house, which is large and commodious, and then into a musick-room, which is detached from the main building, and seems to hang over the lake:—the Marquis had erected it for his daughter, at the commencement of the revolution, and I can conceive the pleasure he promised himself from the use of it.

As I walked along the terrace, and admired the neighbouring hill sides, which are ragged and rocky at their extremities, but which end in vineyards, and in a gentle slope towards the water, and beheld the

large fish, the monsters of these deeps, which seemed slumbering in the bosom of the lake below, and figured to myself the agreeable variety, which must once or twice a week be occasioned by a fleet of market boats under full sail, on their way to Annecy, or dispersed, as they frequently are, by a sudden gust from the north-east, I could not but give way to something like a wish, that it had pleased Providence to make me lord of such a property; it seemed to N. that she could pass her life there.

The celebrated St. François de Salles, who lived in the century before the last, was of this family. He was a person of mild manners, of great good sense, and of never-ceasing benevolence. His letters contain very good and very liberal advice on many interesting occasions. He closed a long and useful life, by a death of pious resignation, and miracles were so clearly proved to have been worked at his tomb, that the Pope could not, in justice, but make a saint of him. It is really affecting, that man, frail, foolish, ignorant man, should thus presume to marshal the ranks of heaven, and assign places there, with as much confidence as the master of the ceremonies does at a watering-place in England. A Bishop of the family of Tonnerre wished, it is said, to have carried the distinction very far, indeed. He thought it hard that vulgar saints should be placed as conspicuously in heaven as those who were born gentlemen, and who had, in particular, the advantage of being allied to the noble house of Tonnerre. Madame de Chantale, grandmother of Madame de Sevigné, was the friend and pupil of this worthy saint, and passed a part of her life at Anne-

cy; it was by his advice, and under his directions, that she founded her order of the Visitation.

There is a great deal in this lady's life that you would read with pleasure. Richardson had read it I am persuaded, and had his mind full of Madame de Chantale, when he describes the persecutions which Clarissa endured from her family, and the arrangements of Pamela's household.

It was her misfortune to lose her husband, whom she tenderly loved, and whose circumstances she had retrieved by her spirit of good order and economy, at a very early period: and her mind seems never to have recovered the shock. She was just and generous towards her children, but resolute in opposition to their opinion, in following what she thought the inspirations of heaven; and when her only son threw himself along the threshold of the door, to prevent her going out, upon some religious occasion, she calmly stepped over his body, and pursued her purpose.

It is not a little singular, or it is perhaps not at all so, for I am very uncertain which, that at a time, when she seems to have been particularly desirous of mortifying her senses, by attending the sick and the poor on the most humiliating occasions, when she had, by a painful operation, and in order to drive away all terrestrial thoughts, impressed the figure of the cross upon her breast, she attracted her Director's attention, and drew a gentle reproof from him, by the fineness of her linen, and the gracefulness, with which her hair was collected under her cap.

She survived the saint many years, and as miracles were worked at her tomb also, to say nothing of the many cures she had effected by her prayers during her life,

she was beatified under the name of the blessed Mother of Chantale. What the precise difference is between beatification and canonization, I am at a loss to tell you.

As we returned from Douing to Annecy, along the borders of the lake, we saw two or three of the boats of the country, making head against the Bise, in a very bungling manner: their oars were long poles with pieces of board, about six inches square nailed on near the extremity; so as to oppose some resistance to the water; it was the very infancy of navigation. On the opposite side, were several ancient castles, and among them there was the castle of Menthon, the birth-place of the great St. Bernard de Menthon, whom I am proud to have the honour of introducing to your acquaintance.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

With reluctance, I again appear before the readers of *The Port Folio*, in vindication.

When I assumed the task of examining the defects of the *Ode*, signed Carlos, I regarded my labour as justice to myself. Having employed some leisure hours in translating the *Treatise on Oriental Poetry*, from which Carlos had taken his subject, I considered myself entitled to censure faults, where faults were apparent. How far I have succeeded, the acknowledgment of Carlos himself is a candid avowal. Throughout his answer to my Criticism, he testifies the justice of my strictures, by repeated thanks; but at the same time, endeavours to excuse his faults, by citing what he looks upon as *my own*.

In the commencement of my remarks, I asserted, that in many places, Carlos had not sufficiently explained his authour. To support this assertion, I had recourse to my own version of the Ode in question; not to be considered as a criterion in poetry, but merely to exhibit to the publick in what manner the Gazel of Hafiz was rendered by the translator of the Treatise of Sir William Jones. Had Carlos translated from the *original*, he would have been justified in attributing to his authour that meaning which in his own opinion was most correct: but in availing himself of my translation, he in fact challenged my observations.

I accuse him of tautology, and he shields himself under the line
Again *fill* to the sparkling goblet's *brim*.

I will cite from the master poet in my vindication,

And he will *fill* thy wishes to the *brim*,
with principalities.

Shaks. Ant. and Cleop. Act 3, sc. XI.

Filling a cup, until it will *hold no more*, I again assert, is tautology. The expression implies that you may *fill* the cup, but you must pour again, until it will *hold no more*. With Shakspeare to support me, I submit my line to the test of criticism: and even should I be found incorrect, Carlos cannot boast of being exculpated: for although I am ever ready to acknowledge that two negatives make an affirmative, yet I cannot agree with him, that *two* wrongs will make *one* right.

*Tis wine *heals* the hearts of the young and the old.

What is the obvious meaning of this line? Wine *heals* the *heart*, whether it have a *malady* or not: this was the purport of my first remark; and had Carlos under-

stood it, he would not have convicted himself in his reply:

And wine is remedy for every ill:

Here, Carlos says, is a liberal range for ridicule! Were it even to be understood in the light which Carlos requires, still it would be consonant with the original:

Apporte du vin, le remède contre l'amour.
Le vin guérit les *maladies* des jeunes et des vieux.

Hafiz means, that by drinking, a pleasing oblivion of *all care and pain* will ensue. Certainly he does not restrict the influence of wine, and confine it merely to operate as a balm on the *love-sick heart*.

The wine and the cup are the sun and the moon:

This is my own language in the *prose* translation. Carlos has not scrupled to introduce it, and now tells me, "if it be tame, my translation is tame!" This is indeed replication worthy of his pen. I censure the line as *prosaick*, devoid of the beauty of *poetry*, and he attempts to justify it, by acknowledging that it is my own *prose* translation!

Carlos seems to exult that he has caught me tripping in some of my lines, composed of monosyllables. "Here we are superlatively unhappy in disappointing our critick." I never censured the heroick verse of five Iambick feet, though composed of monosyllables. Of this verse our best poets are replete with examples. But *eleven* low words cannot be countenanced in that poetry, where *ten* are often considered as a beauty.

Haste, bring the moon that she may with us shine:

That is, wisely observes our *would-be-critick*, shine in conjunction with us. This remark is indeed *puerile*. As Carlos does not understand the

meaning of the line, I will endeavour to render it comprehensible to him.

A friend of Carlos meets an acquaintance in the street, and thus addresses him: "Carlos has been *with Mr. Oldschool (i.e. not in conjunction with him)* he was not very brilliant in his remarks, but he dines *with* our club today. I hope he may *shine with us*, although he did not in The Port Folio."

Memory had forsaken Carlos, when he accused me of impropriety, for "ushering the bright god of day into a Persian song." The Persians, *perhaps Hafiz did not suspect it*, worshipped the rising sun, as their god, and the expression is undoubtedly justifiable.

I agree with Carlos, that by some wonderful revolution in the animal creation, there might be a *male nightingale*: but in English Poetry, I contend, the nightingale is always considered as feminine. Had Carlos any acquaintance with Oriental writings, he would have known that their authours make even the sun and moon masculine or feminine, as it suits their metaphor;* therefore the fable of the Nightingale and the Rose, is no evidence in his favour.

When Carlos spoke of a lute ringing, I thought him incorrect, but when he appeals to an organ, I find him still more blamable. The violin and lute may vibrate, and produce harmony, but I cannot suppose *ringing* an applicable term.

I again assert, although Carlos calls it cavilling, that Fate and Fortune are not synonymous. Fate is fixed and *unchangeable*; yet he says,

Mourn not for a moment the *changes* of fate.

* See Bahar Danush, vol. 1, p. 131.

Fortune may change from evil to good.

Let roses fade, their beauties will not dwell.

Dwell means to *live*, to *remain*. Yet Carlos tells me "*scratch* a little sense into this line." Indeed, I can scarcely stoop to answer this petty remark, and the following:

Can all the roses of the world excel.

Carlos here asks, "excel in what?" Were the rose allowed to possess other qualities than beauty of colour and fragrance of scent, the question would be proper. But the line conveys the following idea to every mind, except that of Carlos, which I conceive to be clouded with misinterpretation.

The rose possesses fragrance and beauty: Wine is more fragrant and of higher colour than roses,

Therefore, wine can excel the rose.

Carlos blames my line of

Again fill to the sparkling goblet's brim,

and endeavours to amend the asperities of my quotation, by writing,

Again the bowl *replenish* to the brim.

Spirit of criticism! this is amending with a vengeance. Let Carlos listen to the interpretation of *replenish*;

Again the bowl *fill* again to the brim.

Carlos observes, that he does not wish the ninth stanza restored, because, forsooth, *he* has omitted it in *his* version.

Sir William Jones has had the misfortune to differ from Carlos, in his versification of the ten odes at the end of the Treatise:

Contre ma frénétique ivresse,
Quels recours pourroit-on trouver?
Verser, verser, du vin sans-cesse
Est le moyen de me sauver.

I have preserved it, beginning

Against each act when frenzy seized my soul,

and do not think that I am as culpable in exhibiting as Carlos is in concealing.

Carlos was censured for a departure from his authour in writing,

I shall kiss my beloved's white breast in my sleep;

This censure he calls "too puerile to deserve an answer." And is this all the vindication he offers? Again I throw down the gauntlet and condemn his version. Let him defend, in a manner more satisfactory to his readers, a sentiment foreign to his authour.

And, deaf to prayers, refuse thy fervent suit.

Here again Carlos displays wonderful erudition, in finding out a meaning which never was intended, by the welcome aid of an *Id Est*. Hence with such criticism! if youth be his excuse, I may say, with Shakspeare,

I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty.

I conclude with observing, that I have as much repugnance to a paper war as Carlos has to a metaphysical discussion.

W. R. S.

For The Port Folio.

NEW BIOGRAPHY

OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

To adopt Dr. Johnson's own phrase, notwithstanding the *penury*, of English biography, *his* life has been so copiously, and so variously written, that scarcely the minutest incident has escaped the vigilance of his foes, or the diligence of his friends. From the pert loquacity of Mistress Piozzi, the elaborate formality of Sir John Hawkins, the lively chit-chat of Arthur Murphy, the biassed narrative of Towers, and the perfect record of that *honest chronicler*, James Boswell, down to pamphlets, magazines, and the humblest

pages of Grub-street literature, every reader has been conducted, by a sort of regular gradation. About two years since, a despicable volume made its appearance in London, for no other purpose than to detail the most trivial particulars of his infancy. Prefixed to the new and excellent *octavo* edition of the Dictionary, Dr. Aikin, with his usual ability, has written an elegant memoir of the great philologer's life, but not without a deep tincture of the prejudice of party. After this, despairing of the *promised* biography of his friend, by the celebrated Bennet Langton, we concluded that every avenue to new information was either filled, or closed. But to a new and very beautiful edition of his inimitable *Rasselas*, now on our table, there is added a *new* biography of its illustrious authour. As this contains a small, but spirited sketch, of Johnson's eventful life, we are desirous, in this commodious form, to communicate it to many, who have not the opportunity or the inclination to peruse a more bulky narrative. Whatever may be thought or expressed of this extraordinary character by the votaries of faction, such a complete cavalier as Bennet Langton, a competent judge, and one of the most ingenious of his contemporaries, would, with a perfect pencil, and not a tint of exaggeration, paint Johnson to the life, as a most virtuous and pious man, generous, affable, affectionate, and brave; a profound scholar, an admirable converser, a pure, eloquent, and most energetic writer, a dextrous logician, an acute critick, and a sublime poet. Nor would a Langton omit other and prominent features, open, bold, and striking. He would depict him as the *moral mentor of the age*; as a sincere believer in the Christian faith, as the steadfast friend to loyalty and truth, and the sturdy foe of faction and infidelity. He would finish such a picture, not without a burst of a partizan's enthusiasm, that Johnson was a decided tory, a thorough-paced royalist, and an orthodox high-churchman.

LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

"—Sibi quivis

Sperit idem: sudet multum, frustra que laboret,

Ausus idem.* *Horace.*

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And not without much pains be undeceived.

Roscommon.

Samuel Johnson was born at Litchfield, on the 7th of September, Old Style, in the year 1709. His father, Michael Johnson, was of low parentage, was a native of Cubley, in Derbyshire, and at the birth of the subject of our memoir, resided at Litchfield, and carried on the business of a country bookseller, by attending, on market days, at all the neighbouring towns. He was nevertheless a man of much information: was a decent classical scholar, and lived in such a state of respectability that he was made one of the magistrates of that city. His mother's name was Sarah Ford; she had descended from a respectable family in Warwickshire, and was the sister of Dr. Joseph Ford, an eminent physician, and father of Cornelius Ford, the celebrated Chaplain to Lord Chesterfield. Mrs. Johnson possessed a considerable share of understanding, and was much respected for her piety and prudence. They did not marry till they were advanced in years, and they had only another son, named Nathaniel, who after succeeding to the business of his father, died in 1737, in the 25th year of his age. Samuel also had an uncle, named Andrew, who for some years kept the ring appropriated for boxers in Smithfield.

From an unclean nurse, or perhaps from hereditary derivation, he was afflicted with the disease called the King's Evil, and the Jacobites, which principles his father possessed, believing in the efficacy of royal contact, his mother, when he was two years old, presented

him before Queen Anne, who, for the first time performed the office of the touch, and gave to the patient all the healing virtue which she was capable of imparting. But the disease was too obstinate to yield even to more potent remedies; he was afterwards cut for the relief of that scrophulous humour, but the operation only disfigured his countenance, which was naturally harsh and rugged, impaired his hearing, and deprived him of the sight of his left eye.

Having acquired the first rudiments of education at Litchfield, under Tom Brown, the authour of a spelling book, he began at eight years of age, to learn Latin at the free-school of that city, and though he was not remarkable for diligence or application, he in less than two years, was taken from the undermaster by the head-master, Mr. Hunter, who made him a pupil of his own. Among his schoolfellows were Dr. James the inventor of the Fever Powder; and Mr. Lowe, Canon of Windsor.

There is no doubt that his progress under the abovementioned gentleman was considerable, though Johnson describes him as "wrongheadedly severe;" for at the age of fifteen he was removed to a still higher school, at Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, where he obtained a complete knowledge of classical literature. He seems to have figured there in the double capacity of usher and scholar; repaying the information he acquired from the master, Mr. Wentworth, by giving instructions to the junior pupils.—He describes this gentleman as unreasonably severe; and in his correspondence with Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, he thus discriminates between his progress at each of the schools. "At one I learnt much

R F

in the school, but little from the master: in the other I learnt much from the master, but little in the school."

After remaining upwards of a year at Stourbridge, he returned to his father, and when he had attained the age of nineteen, he was patronized by Mr. Andrew Corbett, a gentleman of Shropshire, who proposed to maintain him at Oxford, in the capacity of companion to his son. He was accordingly entered as a commoner of Pembroke College, in October 1728; but Mr. Boswell, on the authority of Dr. Taylor, asserts that he never derived the least advantage from his patron.

His favourite studies at College were ethicks, theology, and classical literature; and though he was generally reserved in his demeanour, he frequently gave proofs of his extensive reading, by quoting in controversial conversations, such a variety of passages from obscure ancient authours, as convinced his auditors, that he possessed a memory unusually retentive.

A remarkable anecdote is related of Johnson, while at College, which strongly proves the brilliancy of his talents. The 5th of November being then kept with great solemnity, it was usual for each student to deliver in an exercise upon that subject. Johnson having neglected the performance of this duty, composed instead of it some verses, entitled *Somnum*, the subject of which was, that the muse had appeared to him in his sleep and asserted, "that it did not become him to write on such abstruse points, but that he should confine himself to humbler themes." The versification was considered to be so truly Virgilian that Mr. Jordan his tutor, solicited him to

translate Pope's *Messiah* into Latin hexameter verse, as a Christmas exercise. This task he performed with such uncommon rapidity and elegance, that he gained the applause of the whole university: and Pope is reported to have said, that "the authour would leave it a question with posterity whether the Latin or the English were the original." While at college he had a great inclination for the reading of Greek:—he also projected a commonplacebook, to the extent of six folio volumes; but Sir John Hawkins asserts, that by far the greater portion of it consisted of blank leaves.

While at Litchfield, during the college vacation he was overwhelmed with "morbid melancholy" to such a degree as to render his life miserable. He fancied himself in a state of approaching insanity, and with this idea he drew up an account of his situation in Latin, and sent it to his godfather, Dr. Swinfen, of Litchfield.—Mr. Boswell asserts, that this statement displayed not only an uncommon vigour of fancy and taste, but of judgment. From this dismal malady it appears he never after perfectly recovered.

His religious progress is of importance. He had been instructed at an early age in the doctrines of the Church of England by his mother, who used to confine him on Sundays, and make him read the "Whole Duty of Man;" but her strictness only caused in him an inattention to religion, and in and after his fourteenth year he was a talker against it. On going to Oxford he read by chance Law's "Serious Call to the Unconverted;" when instead of finding it a dull book, as he expected, he declares it was an overmatch for him, and became the first occasion of his

thinking in earnest of religion.— Afterwards those tenets of our Church which are most nearly allied to Calvinism were congenial to his feelings, and they were confirmed by his habits for the remainder of his life.

In the year 1730, Mr. Corbett quitted the university, and his father declined contributing any farther to Johnson's maintenance than paying for his commons; while the remittances from his own family were so scanty and irregular, that he could no longer make a decent external appearance.—In short, his shoes were so much decayed, that his feet appeared through them; yet so averse was he to being considered as an object of eleemosynary contribution, that a new pair having been placed at his door by an unknown hand, he indignantly flung them away.

At this period of his distress he seemed indifferent to fame, and according to Dr. Percy, "he might be seen lounging at the college gate, with a circle of young students, whom he was entertaining with his wit, and keeping from their studies, if not spiring them up to rebellion against the college discipline, which in his maturer years he so much extolled."

For another year he continued to struggle under all the disadvantages of poverty: and professed a desire to practise either of the civil or common law; but his debts increasing, in consequence of his remittances from Litchfield having failed altogether, by the insolvency of his father, he was compelled to quit the college in the autumn of 1731. He had resided at it little more than three years, which circumstance prevented him from obtaining a settlement, from which at a future period of his life he might have derived a subsistence.

On returning to Litchfield the knowledge of his talents procured him a kind reception in several of the most respectable families at that place.

In December, 1731, his father died in the 79th year of his age; when after his mother was provided for, the portion of the effects which fell to his share amounted only to 20*l*.

He then found himself obliged to accept the situation of usher in the school of Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire, to which he travelled on foot; he resided in the house of the patron of the school, Sir W. Dixie who treated him with intolerable harshness; and this situation proved the most irksome to him of any which he met with in the course of his existence.

Having relinquished this employment, he went on a visit to Mr. Hector, of Birmingham, who had been his school-fellow, and here he performed his first literary work, which was a translation from the French of "*Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia*." It was published in 1735, by Bettesworth and Hicks, of Paternoster-row; and for this task Johnson received only five guineas.

In August 1734, he published proposals for printing by subscription the Latin Poems of Politian, but for want of encouragement the work never made its appearance, though it was to consist of thirty octavo sheets, for the small price of five shillings. In the same year being hardly driven to procure subsistence, he wrote under the name of S. Smith, to Mr. Cave, the proprietor of the Gentleman's Magazine, proposing "on reasonable terms," to supply him with a variety of literary matter, never printed before. Mr. Cave answered his letter, but it does not appear

that any advantage at that time resulted from it.

(To be Continued.)

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

"*The Lay of An Irish Harp, or Metrical Fragments by Miss Owenison. London printed, Philadelphia re-printed and published by T. S. Manning, 1307, pp. 180.*"

This is the age of literary females. With authours in petticoats, England has been long overrun; from Mrs. Carter, the grave, and my Lady Montague, the gay, down to *Molly* Hays and *Molly* Woolstonecraft, who, like Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Bellamy, Mrs. Baddeley, and Constantia Philips have actually established a sort of Frail Sisterhood in Literature.

But the young lady, who has now set before us her metrical fragments, is not exactly of the same classification with some of the intrepid matrons abovementioned. Miss Owenison is, we understand, a very honest woman, who has been carefully educated, and however, as may appear in the sequel, she may indulge herself in the naughtiness of the heart, she takes care to keep the naughtiness of man at a pretty respectful distance. She seems to be a very cheerful, chirping, rattling, prattling, giddy kind of a good-humoured girl, who sits down, after a glass or two of Irish claret, to talk rather tediously, about *Wild Irish* spinsters, and *Novices of Saint Dominick*. On their first appearance, the sight of these bulky romances, terrified us nearly as much as the twelve tomes of Celia or Cassandra, or the everlasting babblement of that prig, Richardson. We ventured, however, to dip here and there,

and immediately felt ourselves afflicted by a sensation of suffocation or strangling, from the choking length of some of her periods, and a degree of verbosity, of which the noisiest Hibernian lawyer might be ashamed. Nor was this all. She contrives, with the most indefatigable malice, to bore her unhappy readers with everlasting descriptions, most servilely copied after Mrs. Radcliffe, which serve for no other purpose than to remind us that we have seen the ocean and all its gulls, and the moon and seven stars painted over and over again, many years ago, and painted incomparably better. Men are disgusted with sign-post likenesses, after having contemplated the animated canvas of Sir Peter Lely and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But our business is not with the fashionable romances of this lively damsel. We are now to examine with what degree of skill she touches her *Harp*, and whether her Lay resembles the melody of Moore, or that harsher note so aptly denominated the Irish *howl*.

The volume opens, with due pomp, by a dedication to Joseph Atkinson, Esq. Treasurer of the Ordinance in Ireland, &c. This gentleman of literary habits and munificent temper, is the Mæcenas, the Montague, the Dorset of Ireland. He appears to be a general patron, and, as we are well assured, he is fully entitled to the compliments, with which he is adorned by the wits, his contemporaries. But the whole park of that artillery, over which this gentleman is the tutelary genius, would hardly produce such a deafening sound as the salute of this dedication. "In the rites of heaven piety," Miss Owenison solemnly remarks, "we are told, that a *dove* was propitiously re-

ceived, where the ability of the votarist was *inadequate to a hecatomb!* Suffer me then, to believe, that in friendship, as in religion, the motive, not the value of an offering, propitiates its acceptance!"

After this, Miss Owenson's *dove* may fly anywhere, and we should not be surprized to discover this fugitive fowl sometimes perched on Noah's ark; and sometimes on the top of the Andes. After a short, but solemn pause, she proceeds: "At some distant day, I might solicit your attention to some less idle vision; but the ardour of gratitude spurns the cold delay of protracted intention, while its feelings call for an immediate avowal. I have therefore seized on this opportunity," &c. This is a splendid specimen of the superfine style, and yet so perfectly feminine in its character, that of one hundred letters, or essays, which we might, in any assigned or assignable year, receive from writing women, or waiting women, upwards of ninety of the aforesaid letters would contain divers periods after the same pretty pattern.

After this dedication, marches, with a very prim step, something, which old-fashioned authours would call a preface; but which by the Wild Irish Girl is oddly baptized a *Prefatory Sketch*. We are here, very abruptly, hurried into the company of Greeks and Romans, Moors, Spaniards, and Italians, for the sake of being informed, that all these people practised Horace's advice of *Desipere in loco*. This sketch is finished in the following tawdry manner. "It were, perhaps, politick to anticipate the severity of criticism by candidly acknowledging the too frequent admission of French quotations. But if there are many elegant trifles in English Poe-

try, either the paucity of my reading, or the treachery of my memory prevented my claims on their assistance; while the *poetical badiers* of France came "skipping rank and file," to my aid, and illustrated MY (LESS felicitous) trifles by theirs, in a language, which above every other is constructed

"D'eterniser la bagatelle."

"Did this little volume aspire to any class of literature, I would rank it among the last and least of those *bagatelles* to which I have alluded; for the fragments it contains, were written at distant periods, and in those careless intervals of life, when judgment no longer breathes the *Qui va la* to Fancy! when feeling is inspiration, and when the mind, too desultory for narrative composition, or too indolent for connected detail, resigns itself to the impulse of transient emotion, and gives back to the heart some simple, but endearred image, the heart's own feelings had supplied."

This is a sweet mouthful of moonshine, which it is unnecessary for us to recommend to boarding-school misses, *child's-maids*, smirking sempstresses, milliners' apprentices, *et id genus omne*, all of whom, from the creation of the world to the present hour, if they can possess themselves of a skewer of a pen, and a fragment of paper, trace exactly such mystical characters as the above. From the days of Moses, until this present glorious year of our independence, no *man* ever wrote in such a style, which is as remote from the manner of Addison and Goldsmith, as the sweet simplicity of a British Cottage differs from the fantastick proportions of a Chinese Pagoda.

Having thus rapidly run over this young woman's prose, we now

come up undauntedly to her poetry. Her first fragment begins with asking three questions very abruptly:

Why sleeps the Harp of Erin's pride?
Why withering droops its shamrock
wreath?

Why has that song of sweetness died,
Which Erin's Harp alone can breathe?

To this poetical inquisitiveness, as no sort of reply is made, Miss Sidney goes on, and tacks an exclamation to her interrogative:

Oh! 'twas the simplest, wildest thing!
The sighs of Eve, that faintest flow
On airy lyres, did never fling
So sweet, so sad, a song of wo.

And yet its sadness seemed to borrow
From love or joy a mystick spell;
'Twas doubtful still if bliss or sorrow
From its melting lapses fell;

For if, amid its tone's soft languish,
A note of love or joy e'er streamed,
'Twas the plaint of love-sick anguish,
And still the "joy of grief," it seemed.

This is a little in the manner of Moore, but then it is his *worst* manner. The phrase *simplest, wildest thing*, very naturally reminds us of a gamesome hoyden, who at an early age, sometimes prefers the studies of a sampler, to the romping with boys. We leave it to musical doctors, to distinguish between the gay and the plaintive tones of her harp, and confess that we are such miserable metaphysicians as to be wholly incapable of analyzing the *joy of grief*, a phrase fully equivalent to the rapture of the rack, or the anguish of delightfulness.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

William Stallman } *Common Pleas Phila.*
v. } *Co. Nov. 8. 1808.*
Charles Nice. }

This was an appeal by the defendant from the judgment of a

Justice of the Peace in favour of the plaintiff.

The facts of the case appeared to be these. During the election in 1805, when Thos. M'Kean and Symon Snyder were rival candidates for the highest political honours of the State of Pennsylvania, the plaintiff betted \$20, with the defendant, that the former of the candidates would not be elected by a majority of 3000 votes. Stallman was of course a Snyderite, and it will naturally be supposed that Nice was a M'Keanite: or in other words, that each betted for his favourite: and as it was impossible that a M'Keanite could have confidence in a Snyderite, or *vice versa*, it was agreed to *stake* the bets, and that a captain, colonel, major, or general *hold-money*, or *hold-gate*, (or something like it) should *hold* the stake, until the election, *now* rendered vastly momentous to the parties, should be decided. Nice put down the dust like a man; *i. e.* he put his \$20 in the safe-keeping of the militia officer, and might have said, Who's afraid? Stallman had not the ready rhino, but (whether he raised it by bond, mortgage, or pledge of chattels, *vivum vadium*, or *mortuum vadium*, was neither proved, nor is it material;) he deposited his \$20 with his antagonist, probably (although the precise time did not appear in evidence) a day or two after the bet was made. The *locus in quo* of this interesting transaction was Germantown. It may be readily conceived, that after the bet, Stallman was not backward in *patriotick* exertion, for Simon Snyder, nor Mr. Nice *fastidious* in supporting Mr. M'Kean. The whole world knows, and posterity may know, that Snyder was beaten, and by a majority greater than 3000;

and, if the reports of this reporter be as widely circulated and as carefully preserved as they deserve, the whole world and posterity may know, that *Nice won the bet afore-said of Stallman*—and that, by a *sequitur*, as logical as any that can be produced from the chapters of Watts or the pages of Duncan. But, "*Gentlemen of the Jury*," Nice did not deposit Stallman's \$20 with the militia officer, as it was alleged he ought to have done. Whether it was that he became confident of winning the bet, and did not care to have the trouble of putting this money into the hands of the militia officer, and getting it out of his hands again, or,—but surmises would be vain, because *de non apparentibus, et non existentibus, eadem est ratio*, and no particular motive did appear in evidence.—In fact Nice staked Stallman's \$20 in his own pocket, and promptly delivered it to the winner, and afterwards got back his own \$20 from the militia officer; by which it appears that by the bet he was bettered in his temporal affairs to the amount of said \$20. Stallman, having made the bet with the expectation of *winning* (in which he felt himself disappointed) and *finding* that he had *lost* (in which he was grievously mortified) stung with the afore-said disappointment and mortification, brought his action before a *Justice*, to recover back his \$20; and the Justice (who for ought the reporter knows, his name not having been mentioned, may have been a wise and impartial justice) gave judgment for the plaintiff. To this Nice had too much spirit to submit; so he entered his appeal, and brought Stallman to a higher tribunal.

As the reporter is no stenographer, or cheirographer, or shorthand-writer, and, as there was much

noise in the court-room, he will not pretend to trace the arguments of the ingenious counsel of the parties. Nice had employed *two* counsellors, Stallman but *one*, so that at the *start* there were two to one against the latter; but whether it be true in all cases that "in the multitude of counsellors there is safety," will appear in the sequel, which shows how the parties *came out*.

For Stallman it was contended, that betting was immoral, *contra bonos mores*, against sound policy,—that, if it was encouraged, we should become a nation of gamblers, instead of a nation of free and independent citizens.—Cases were read from the *English* books to support these points, and it was particularly insisted, that *Nice* had not behaved *nicely* in keeping Stallman's \$20, instead of paying it over to the militia officer, according to the alleged contract.

E contra it was argued, that "*in pari delicto potior est conditio defendentis*:" that if betting be "*contra bonos mores*," the parties were precisely on the same foot; Stallman was not a whit the better than Nice on the score of morality:—that he who comes to ask justice should come like *Nice*, with *clean* hands, and not like Stallman whose hands, figuratively speaking, were those of a *stableman*: that the bet had been fairly lost and fairly won, and, as the defendant had the money, and possession is at least nine (some *dicta* say eleven) points of the law, the courts would not aid the plaintiff getting it back again:—Besides, it was contended on the honourable principles of *sporting*, that Stallman was endeavouring to *draw back* from a bet fairly laid, and that for such dishonourable conduct, the jury ought to scout him out of court.

The learned judge declared it to be the decided opinion of the court, that, upon the soundest principles of policy, a suit could not be sustained for a wager on an election: but if a party bets, and loses and pays his bet, the law will not aid him in recovering it back again. In this case, however, there was some peculiarity: the contract was, that the bets should be staked, and though the plaintiff had given his bet to the defendant it was that it might be staked with the militia officer: that Nice had not staked it agreeably to the contract, and if Stallman had been the winner, he never could have recovered the bet: that in this view they were placed on unequal ground by the conduct or misconduct of Nice, who had not kept the contract, and in that case, Stallman was entitled to have his money returned.

So thought the jury, who found for the plaintiff \$20 interest and costs. Judgment *Nisi*.

The jury, it was remarked, were all *Snyderites*, yet Nice did not pray a jury *de medietate*, to which foreigners are entitled by the Common Law or by the Act of Assembly, in such case made and provided. *Quod nota*.

For The Port Folio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VERSES

SENT TO A YOUNG LADY WITH A ROSE-BUD.
Depart, thou sweetest flow'r that blows,
And with Eliza, budding rose,
Unfold thy latent bloom;
Adorn the bosom of my fair,
Expand thy blushing beauties there,
And meet in bliss thy doom.

Yet, rose! before thy charms decay,
While glows thy beauty, bright as day,
And all thy charms approve,
Oh! tell Eliza, in an hour
Her charms may fade, like thine, sweet
flow'r,
Oh! teach her heart to love.

Then let the blushing fair one see
Resemblance of herself in thee,
A rose-bud of the morn;
But sweetness, beauty, youth combine
With innocence to make her shine
A rose without a thorn!

And when at eve thou droop'st thy head,
And wilt, with all thy beauties dead,
Thy fragrance still retain,
Show her, although thy day is past,
Although thy night approaches fast,
That still thy sweets remain.

Show her, although thy charms are gone,
Which erst in brilliant colours shone,
Thou still hast fragrant breath;
And let her draw this moral thence,
Virtue alone is excellence
Surviving after death.

W. R. S.

SONNET TO HOPE.

Star of the sinking soul! whose distant
beams
Cast cheering lustre o'er Despair's dark
form,
Delusive sprite of misery's waking
dreams,
Whose vivid rays shed solace in wo's
storm!
Thou whose deceptive light entic'd my
heart,
In search of fancied bliss, with peace to
part,
Whose fairy form with rapture once I
view'd,
Whose voice once whisper'd, Mary will
be kind,
Whose tempting, rose-strew'd path I
once pursued,
And left reflection ling'ring far behind.
For love I sighing seek, and find disdain,
But thou, deceiving, bidst me sigh again.
Oh! cease alluring, Hope! sweet balm
of care,
Nor feed my passion while I feel des-
pair.

W. R. S.

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BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 309.)

LETTER LV.

IN a Latin distich, which is still to be read over the gateway of the Castle, it is pretended, that the Lords of Menthon were Barons before the Christian era. Without acquiescing in this extravagant claim, we may yet allow, that as long ago as the tenth century, they lived in all the dignity of feudal lords, surrounded by vassals, and exercising a species of sovereignty. It was in the year 928, that Bernard, the heir of Menthon, the future Saint, was born; and his father, with more attention to literature, than was common at that time, sent him to Paris, to complete his education,

intending to devote him to the honourable profession of arms, and hoping, no doubt, that he would emulate the deeds of his grandfather, Olivier, *Compte du Genevois*, one of the companions of the immortal Charlemagne; but the good Baron committed the same mistake, which Lord Chesterfield did so many years after; he placed a governour over the person of his son, who, with many good qualities, was totally deficient in that species of merit, which the father was desirous his son should possess, and who even thought contemptuously of it; and we may judge of the father's mortification and astonishment, when his son returned from Paris, not burning with heroick zeal to signalize himself in arms, or singing the praises of Charlemagne, but quoting St. Nicholas, telling of visions he had seen, or voices he had heard, and talking of prayer and sacrifice, and prophecy and divination. The father hoped, that the

charms of beauty might dispel the infatuation of his son, and proposed an alliance for him, with the fair Marguaritte, the heiress of the ancient and noble house of Miolans; but a faint expression of admiration for the lady, and somewhat short of an absolute refusal, were all that could be obtained from the pious young man, who with horror viewed the preparations that were made for his approaching nuptials, and observed that the fair Marguaritte, with her nearest relations, had been invited to Menthon, either because it was the custom of those days, or for the conveniency of some neighbouring chapel of peculiar sanctity.

The situation of Bernard was now not unlike that of Clarissa, and his expedient the same; having written a letter to his parents, in which he solicited their pardon, for an act of disobedience performed under the guidance and by the repeated injunctions of a higher authority, he boldly leaped, in the night, from his chamber-window; and the true believer, who goes to Menthon, may still, after a lapse of so many ages, perceive the impression of his footstep on the bare rock, full twenty feet below.

The authour, whose work is my authority on the present occasion, employs at least two pages, in describing the confusion that took place in the castle the next morning; the despair of the Baron and his Lady; the confusion of the fair Marguaritte; and the rage of every proud and valiant individual of the house of Miolans. But the deserted bride had the good sense and delicacy to interfere: she even declared herself satisfied, after a short struggle, with the reasons of the fugitive, and prevailed upon

her relations to refrain from acts, which might have brought on a civil war, at a period, when every Baron looked for justice and satisfaction to his own sword, and to the united exertions of his kinsmen. She shortly after entered a society of nuns, and in time became their abbess, and was afterwards as renowned for her good government, and for her sanctity of manners, as she had been formerly celebrated for her beauty.

The Baron and his Lady, whose hearts were not as hard as those of the Harlow family, now began to reproach themselves for having driven their son into exile; they considered him, after a fruitless search, as lost to them forever, and secluding themselves from the world, they passed many years in sorrow and retirement at Menthon.

Desirous, at length, of making their final peace with heaven, they were induced, by the voice of Fame, to take a journey as far as Aoste, on the Italian side of the Alps, there to seek advice and consolation from a father of distinguished piety, who though originally a stranger and of unknown origin, had risen rapidly through all the various employments of the convent, to fill the office of Prior, exercising the most unbounded hospitality, and exerting himself in person at the head of his monks, to open the passage of the neighbouring mountain. The Romans, who had, in their time, made use of the same road from Italy into the Vallais, had erected a temple, on the highest part of the passage, and it was supposed that the demon, who had formerly inspired the oracle of Jupiter, had leagued himself with the wild beasts and robbers of the desert against all travellers and pilgrims who came

that way. You perceive, at once, that the holy man, whom the Baron and his Lady consulted, was no other than their son, and surely not even Priam at the feet of Achilles would afford a finer subject for a picture, than this aged couple, pouring out their hearts and telling their sad story to him, whose agitation must soon have betrayed him: after a few days, passed happily together, they parted, with mutual blessings and forgiveness; the parents to end their days in peace, and the son to continue his meritorious career. It was in honour of him that the mountain was called St. Bernard, and you must remember the account I have given you in a former letter, of the undistinguishing hospitality of the fathers, who reside there, and of the services rendered to Buonaparte, at the passage of his army.

We passed a day at Annecy, and then proceeded through a narrow, but well cultivated, valley by the Chateau of Thorens, to a great glass manufactory, which takes its name from the castle, and is situated at the extremity of a deep recess, overshadowed by lofty mountains.

The manufactory had been established by the Marquis de Salles, to whom the whole of the neighbouring country belonged, but a little time before the revolution; it had lately been put in complete order, but was not at this moment at work. As I knew that the clerk, who had purchased this part of the Marquis's estate, had behaved very handsomely upon the occasion, that he had gone into Piedmont at the risk of his life, and had made a proposal to the family of Salles, which, from a sense of allegiance to their sovereign, they did not feel themselves

at liberty to accept, I looked at his improvements with pleasure, and sincerely wished him success.

As the woods recede, and that they do very rapidly, the proprietor is obliged to extend his causeways, which are not unlike our pole-bridges in South Carolina, and on these, which have all a gentle descent towards the glass-house, a labourer with ease draws a quarter of a cord of wood, in a small cart with iron wheels. One of these causeways extends to the distance of six miles, with but one interruption, from a precipice, where a slope, which, as the proprietor informed me, had cost £1000 sterling, had been prepared, and down this the wood, being taken out of the cart above and committed to its own weight, descended into the valley with frightful velocity.

I could not but envy a people, who, like those of Geneva, or of the neighbouring towns, have a cool, peaceful, and retired valley, to take refuge in, from the heat of summer and the cares of society; but even here, in this corner of the world, the inhabitants groan under the oppression of the conscription. If a conscript desert, and nothing is easier in Savoy than to seclude oneself from all possibility of discovery, the parents of the deserter are made responsible, the law calls upon them, most unjustly I think, for the exercise of an authority, which it allows them in no other instance; a fine of fifteen hundred livres is demanded, and guards are sent, who live at their expense, taking from time to time whatever can be converted into money, until the whole is paid, or until their means being exhausted, they leave their property in the hands of government, and go in quest of bread, or to die elsewhere. There were four families

in this afflicting situation in the valley of Thorens. From Thorens we crossed a bleak and barren mountain, and passing close to the ancient castle of Clot, which a labourer had bought for *assignats*, at the confiscation of the Marquis de Salle's estate, we fell into the road from Annecy to Geneva, and arrived at Secheron in the evening.

I was far from feeling, on this occasion, the alacrity I had generally experienced, in our other excursions: I knew that I was taking the last look at every object around, and that the curtain would soon be drawn between me and the lake, and the cultivated environs of Geneva, and the fertile hill sides of La Côte, and the snowy tops of the mighty Alps; I felt too, that we were soon to make the exertion of separating ourselves from a part of our family, that we were to quit the tranquil life we had led, and to venture on a world unknown. I have long had, and shall always retain great affection for Geneva. I think no people know so well how to make the most of life, or share so liberally the advantages of fortune, or bestow so cheerfully the little which can be spared, from the wants of nature, on the education and the amusements of their children; perhaps, too, none are more generally possessed of that various knowledge which can best enliven conversation, and convert the publick events of the passing day into subjects of interesting discussion: but if, in taking leave of them, I could presume to advise a whole people, I would exhort the Genevois, at the same time that they preserved, as much as possible, the observance of their ancient customs, and cherished the precious flame of national pride, to reconcile them-

selves to a change of government, which, together with some disadvantages, has certainly brought them peace and internal tranquillity: they are wrong to avoid their conquerors in social life, as carefully as the timid Arethusa did the pursuit of the god Alpheus: a cheerful submission might have some effect, upon the mind of their mighty master: he himself has at times affected to be thought a man of letters, and might be rendered partial to the seat of Literature, and he might recollect, in a moment of good humour, that he in some measure promised, upon a former occasion, to respect and even to protect the independence of Geneva. It may one day occur to him that the existence of two or three little republics, busily occupied in their own concerns, and safe under the shadow of his power, might afford him, in his moments of relaxation, so many objects of interesting contemplation: they might certainly engage his attention, and amuse him, as the exoticks of a hot house, or the curious animals of a menagerie do, and he might take a pleasure in following the operation of the diminutive states of Bienne, of Mulhausen, or of Geneva, as the family of Huber do the economy of a bee-hive, or the instinctive powers of the commonwealth of ants.

With respect to the advice I might wish to give the Genevans, I ought to observe, that it would in some instances, be unnecessary, as there are a few respectable families, who, either from resentment at the conduct of the popular party, during the revolution, or from the love of that tranquillity, which the misfortunes of their own country have taught them to believe was only to be found in the

bosom of Despotism, are not only satisfied to be the subjects of France, but are sincerely attached to their sovereign, the Emperour. I have even heard a lady, who is an enthusiastick admirer of his, assert, that she believed him to be an instrument in the hands of Providence for the good of mankind, and that the Angel of the Lord protected him. In one circumstance they are all agreed; they are tremblingly alive to the dread of the rod, which hangs over them: they would submit, with implicit obedience, to whatever the government, in its utmost caprice and wantonness of power might choose to order; and are careful, however they may indulge themselves in conversation, never to risk any opinion upon paper, which might give offence. An old acquaintance of mine, a man of spritely mind, and gentle manners, and such a counsellor in short, as Juvenal describes Crispus to have been, one who always went with the stream, is a member of the tribunate, and ventures now and then in a speech, which he very carefully prepares for the purpose, just to hint, that, perhaps, but he will not be certain, the great genius, who governs France, and whom he adorns upon the occasion, with all the flowers of rhetoric, might with propriety and advantage, suspend some intended measure; and the wonder, upon such occasions, at Geneva, is, that their countryman should have had so much courage, and that he should not have been sent to the Temple. On his return he is complimented not on his knowledge, and on his eloquence, which are deserving of every praise, but on his manly resolution; and his friends surround him with wonder and applause, as the Trojans did Hector, when he

came back safe and unhurt from the much dreaded spear and the seven-fold shield of Ajax.

It is time, however, that I should cease to speak of Geneva, of which I might almost say what Mary of England did of Calais: but it is necessary that I should previously fulfil my promise, and give you some idea of the Genevan system of education, and of the state of Science and of Literature there. You would easily forgive me, I believe, if I did not fulfil it, but I should not forgive myself: for it is a tribute I owe to Geneva, and a tribute very easily paid by the assistance of Mr. Senebier's Literary History of Geneva.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

(Continued from page 316.)

His juvenile attachments to the fair sex, were various and transient. He paid his addresses, while at Stourbridge school, to Miss Olivia Lloyd, a young Quaker, and next to Lucy Porter, whose mother he married, in 1735. Mrs. P. was the widow of Mr. Porter, a mercer of Birmingham. It was a love-match on both sides, inspired, not by the beauty of form, but by a mutual admiration of each other's minds. Johnson's appearance was certainly very forbidding, as at that time, he was lean and tall, and the scars of the scrophula made his physiognomy hideous. Mrs. Porter was double his age, was very corpulent, had an uncommonly large bosom, and, according to Garrick, "she had florid red cheeks, produced by thick painting, and a liberal use of cordials." She was worth about 800*l.*, which

rendered her to a man in Johnson's circumstances, a desirable acquisition. He immediately hired a large house at Edial, near Litchfield, set up a private classical academy, and advertised for scholars; but the plan proved abortive, for the only pupils he acquired were the celebrated Garrick, then about eighteen, his brother George, and a Mr. Offeley, who died before he had completed his studies.

About this time he commenced his tragedy of *Irene*; and in the Spring of 1737, he resolved to try his fortune in London, being then in the twenty-eighth year of his age. Young Garrick came to town at the same time, with the intention of studying the profession of the law. Johnson, on his arrival, was much reduced in his circumstances, and was obliged to practise the most rigid economy. He took lodging in Exeter-street, where a poor Irish painter initiated him in the art of living cheaply, and whose true character he afterwards drew, as his *Ofellus* in the *Art of living in London*. In the course of this year he was introduced to Mr. Cave, who was his patron, and for many years his principal resource for employment. He also at this period, commenced his intimacy with the well-known Richard Savage.

The misfortunes and misconduct of Savage had, at this period, reduced him to the lowest state of indigence, and his only means of subsistence was by writing for the "Gentleman's Magazine," by which Johnson became acquainted with him, and being both equally destitute, they sympathized in each other's sufferings. It is a melancholy truth, that they were often so extremely poor as not to be able to pay for a lodging,

and were, consequently obliged to traverse the streets for whole nights together.

In May, 1738, he published his excellent Poem, called "*London*," written in imitation of the third Satire of Juvenal. He offered it to several booksellers, none of whom would purchase it; but at last, through the interest of Mr. Cave, Mr. Dodsley bought it of him for 10*l*. Pope highly admired this Poem, and prophesied the authour's future fame. It went through a second edition in the space of a week.

But the trade of writing was, upon the whole, so unprofitable, that Johnson made an effort to procure the situation of master of the free-school at Appleby, Leicestershire, the salary of which was 60*l*. a year. Pope exerted himself greatly to procure him this situation; but his project miscarried, and our authour was again thrown back upon the metropolis, where he continued his drudgery in the service of Cave, and produced a number of small tracts with astonishing rapidity. He composed the Parliamentary Speeches for the magazines, wrote a variety of Prefaces for different works, and in 1743, he was employed in making a catalogue of the Earl of Oxford's library, and in compiling the "*Harleian Miscellany*." In the same year, he published his excellent "*Life of Savage*," which was alone sufficient to establish his reputation. Yet on projecting, soon afterwards, a new edition of Shakspeare, he could find no friend to promote the subscription, and was obliged to abandon the project. Sir John Hawkins preserved a list of his schemes, thirty-nine of which he had formed in the course of his studies, but such was his want of encouragement,

that not one of them was ever executed.

In 1747, however, he published his "*Plan of a Dictionary of the English Language*," and addressed it to the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield; when several opulent booksellers having meditated a book of a similar kind, they agreed with Johnson to execute it, and the price stipulated was 1575*l*. The proprietors were Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, Mr. Dodsley, the two Messrs. Longman, and the two Messrs. Knapton. Johnson had hitherto lived with his wife, in obscure courts and alleys about the Strand; but, in order to execute this arduous undertaking, he hired a house in Gough-square, fitted up one of the upper rooms like a counting-house, and employed there, six amanuenses, in transcribing, five of whom were Scotchmen.

In February, 1749, he finished his tragedy of *Irene*, and the theatre being then under the direction of Garrick, he had sufficient interest to get it put in rehearsal; during which, to attract the publick attention to his name, he published the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*," of which poem he was said to have composed seventy lines in one day, without putting one of them upon paper till they were finished. For this Poem, which is highly esteemed, he received from Dodsley only fifteen guineas.

His tragedy was produced on the 6th of February, 1749, after a serious dispute between him and the manager, with respect to some alterations, which the authour refused to make, though he at last conceded. Dr. Adams, who was present on the first night of its representation, gave Mr. Boswell the following account of its reception: "Before the curtain drew

up, there were catcalls whistling, which alarmed Johnson's friends. The prologue, which was written by himself in a manly strain, soothed the audience, and the play went off tolerably till it came to the conclusion, when Mrs. Pritchard, the heroine of the piece, was to be strangled upon the stage, and was to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck. The audience cried out Murder! murder! She several times attempted to speak, but in vain. At last she was obliged to go off the stage alive." *Irene* was represented on the twelve following nights, and the heroine was carried off to be put to death behind the scenes: but since that time, it has never been acted on any stage; and Johnson, from the unfavourable decision upon his tragedy, being convinced that his talents were not sufficient to allow him to write successfully for the stage, never afterwards made any attempt at dramatick composition.

It was towards the close of this year, that Lauder published his essay on "*Milton's Use and Imitations of the moderns*," in which he pretended that he had detected a multitude of plagiarisms in that authour. Johnson, it appears, from motives of enmity to the memory of Milton, at first assisted Lauder, but the imposition being detected by Dr. Douglas, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, he insisted on the impostor confessing his offence: and he at length signed a recantation, which was published in 1751. Johnson then abandoned him; when after having the folly and wickedness to deny his apology, he went to Barbadoes, where he died.

While he was employed in his Dictionary, he projected the *Rambler*, which first made its appear-

ance on the 20th of March, 1750, and was continued regularly every Tuesday and Friday, till the 17th of March, 1752, when it was stopped. In this publication he received little assistance, it having been all written by himself, except five numbers: these were No. 10, by Mrs. Chapone: No. 30, by Mrs. Talbot; No. 97, by Richardson; and Nos. 44, and 100, by Miss Carter.

About this period, Johnson's circumstances were far from easy; yet he received as a constant visitor at his house, Miss Anna Williams, the daughter of a Welch physician, who possessed considerable literary talents, and had just lost her sight. Having been intimate with his wife, Johnson insisted on her retaining an apartment in his house, and Garrick in 1755, gave her a benefit, which produced 200*l*. In 1766, she published a volume of miscellanies in quarto, by which she increased her stock to 300*l*., and this little fund, with the assistance of Johnson, supported her during the remainder of her life.

Soon after he had finished the "*Rambler*," he experienced a loss which afflicted him in the most sensible manner. On the 17th of March, O. S. his wife died, after a cohabitation of seventeen years. She was buried in the chapel at Bromley, which was under the care of his friend Dr. Hawkesworth; and the poignant distress of Johnson in consequence of this event, is said to have been indescribable. She left, by her first husband, a daughter, who has been already mentioned, and a son who was a captain in the navy, and who at his death left his sister 10,000*l*.

In May, 1752, preparatory to his relinquishment of mourning, he composed a prayer for the re-

pose of his wife, and resumed his literary labours on the Dictionary, though he occasionally assisted Dr. Hawkesworth, in his publication of the *Adventurer*, which was commenced on the 7th of November, 1752, and continued twice a week, till March the 9th, 1754. Thornton, who assisted him in the beginning, soon withdrew, and set up a new paper called the *Connoisseur*.

His early patron, Mr. Cave, died in January 1754, and Johnson showed his gratitude by writing his life, which was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His Dictionary was also finished towards the end of this year, and made its appearance in 1756. Previous to its publication, the University of Oxford anticipating the excellence of the work, and at the solicitation of his friend Mr. Warton, unanimously conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts, which, though it had been refused to him at a former period, was considered as an honour by that establishment.

In this year, he assisted Mr. Zachariah Williams, father of the blind lady lately mentioned, by writing for him the account of his attempts to ascertain the Longitude. He had vainly hoped to receive a reward from Parliament for his exertions, but failing in his expectations, he died shortly afterwards, in the 83d year of his age.

During the progress of his Dictionary, Johnson having spent the money, for which he had contracted to write it, he was again under the necessity of exerting his talents in order to procure the means of subsistence. His principal resources now were the subscriptions for his edition of Shakspeare, and the profits of his miscellaneous

writings, which, however, were not sufficient to secure him from an arrest for the trifling sum of 5*l*. 18*s*. a debt which Richardson sent him the money to discharge.

His mind having been long oppressed by constant exertion, seemed now to require an interval of repose:—but indolence to him was dangerous, for when his spirits were not actively employed, they turned with hostility against him, and he nearly sunk under the pressure of his melancholy indisposition. He always reflected with severity upon his own life and conduct, and wishing to be immaculate he destroyed his peace by unnecessary scruples. He observes, that on surveying his own life, he could discover nothing but a barren waste of time, with some disorders of body and disturbances of mind, very nearly allied to madness; that his life from his earliest years, was wasted in a morning-bed, and his prevailing sin was a general sluggishness, to which he had always been inclined; and in part of his life almost compelled, by the attacks of his never-failing disease, and the consequent weariness of his mental faculties. Indeed it appears that from the time of his consultation with Dr. Swinfen, already alluded to, he was never free from apprehension of the worst calamity with which human nature can be afflicted, and which, like the sword of the tyrant suspended over his guest, kept him for the remainder of his life in a state of the most dreadful suspense.

(*To be Continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

It is difficult to make a true estimate of things; for although what is absolutely immoral can ne-

ver obtain any countenance from a good man, some of the weaknesses of human nature, if considered in their consequences, will appear to be valuable ingredients in our present condition, and no mean argument of the wisdom of providence. A sanguine temper, to a person of experience and reflection, is apt to appear unwise, and not at all suited to the nature of things; and perhaps he could show that the vast expectations which people of that temper commonly indulge must necessarily be disappointed in the course of human life, and consequently become a source of unhappiness. We will listen to the voice of discretion, and treasure up the admonitions of the prudent, but still congratulate the man whose native hilarity disposes him to view the bright side of things, and make the most of his situation.

The suspicious soul that has become a fright to itself, envies at the same time that it censures; and if nature would admit of such barter, would gladly exchange its squinting philosophy for the perennial flow of jocund spirits. It is natural to put the best face we can upon our own infirmities; but a desponding temper is so miserable, as well as weak, that I should think that nobody would be proud of it. The happiness of acting, which seems to be principally intended in our formation, is lost; and it would be hard to conceive that the damage can ever be repaired by suffering, which is the only part that remains for a man to act (pardon the expression) while he consults only his fears and lives by rule of hesitation. However he may console himself by a comparison with foolish, daring and abortive heroism, his pusillanimity will ever remain as incompatible with happiness as it is with virtue.

T t

Abundant spirits is one of the characters of youth, and although they may exceed the immediate calls of duty, as the luxuriance of vegetation disdains a strict proportion to the expected increase, they are not lavished in vain. It is then that the mind is formed for enterprise and animated with views that nothing but the magick of an unworn fancy can exhibit. Not only natural scenes array themselves in richer colouring, or more astonishing sublimity, but the business of life assumes a thousand nameless attractions in so advantageous a perspective. Let the merchant, the soldier, or the pleader, for instance, who has reached the calm of life, and by various experience qualified himself to make an estimate of its pursuits, recollect his first impressions, and compare the anticipations (call them the dreams) of adventurous youth with the corrected sentiments of age, and say how much he is indebted to the former for the great design, or the resolute execution, that has made his fortune, or perhaps insured his fame.

It is well known to men of reflection that there is something like illusion in the more interesting objects of desire or attention; and that such overpowering influence is necessary to the business of human life. In youth we are most susceptible of this influence; and we should consider the affections and determination of that early period, as the first formation of a force proportioned to the successive exertions of forty or fifty years; or the radical vigour that is to supply a timely growth, and ultimately display itself in full maturity of character. Pleasure is then predominant; and as it is not embarrassed by the reserves and counterpassions which commonly take place

in a longer course of experience, it hurries on to its object and engages the concurrence of every faculty. But the imagination, the inseparable attendant and prompter of a sanguine temper, dresses the object in the most suitable colours, and places it in an attitude that commands every avenue to the heart. By excluding other things with which it might be compared, it acquires a sovereign importance and grows big with the promise of every thing excellent or desirable. Hence an attachment, a devotedness, that makes no account of any difficulties that may intervene, and makes itself sure of a complete indemnification in the accomplishment of its main purpose.

The youthful mind not only conceives pleasing images, and such as make a flattering representation of things in general, but fixes upon some one object with a fond partiality. In his view this object has more than the advantages of optical representation. It is not only nearer and larger, but its form becomes more imposing. The medium of his contemplation superadds elegance to what is otherwise unsightly, and invests even deformity in the charms of rainbow-drapery. What wonder then if his preference is decided, his attachment inviolable? He has already been more than agreeably entertained, and the pleasure with which he makes those early advances toward a profession, he considers as the first fruits of a harvest that is to combine the conveniences of wealth with the gratification of his ruling passion; as a small object by being brought very near the eye may exclude the heaven and the earth, and with a little assistance of the imagination may seem bigger than either, so the

near view, the partial view, the fond view, that he takes of his object makes it seem everything to him; and whatever delusion may be implied in it, I say it is well for the business of human life, that it commences with such views and such impressions.

Every state and condition is attended with difficulties. I have sometimes thought that if we could foresee the sad seasons and the corroding cares of matrimony the population of the world would suffer a diminution; but as this part of the universal plan is executed by means of an expectation pleasing beyond all others, so we are engaged in the pursuits of active or studious life by an agreeable prepossession that is not at all disposed to anticipate difficulties, or to admit any considerations that might damp the ardour of enterprise. Not only in the progress of a profession will difficulties occur, but at the commencement there is commonly something of the kind that would turn the scale of cold deliberation, and in many instances frustrate the designs of nature or education. But the purpose has been formed, or rather, the mind has recognized its object, and in that object it sees something so persuasively charming, or so strikingly great, that nothing would give him more pain than a relinquishment of it. Hence a degree of exertion that nothing but the desire of happiness could prompt, or the prospect of happiness maintain.

I do not know that human nature in any form bespeaks a more cordial congratulation, or demands a readier tribute of good wishes, than in that of a young man, modestly daring to distinguish himself from the crowd, and to claim a part of more than ordinary impor-

tance on the stage of human affairs. I love him for the generous motive that combines his happiness and his usefulness in one and the same object, and admire the wisdom of divine providence in accomplishing the dictates of duty by the aid of instinct.

It is found that a mere sense of duty is hardly ever sufficient; and as in every other case a sort of self-gratification mingles itself with a prompt and faithful performance, so in this it is not only necessary, but sometimes predominates so as to spoil the effect. For we must not suppose, because a flow of spirits, and sanguine hopes, are both natural and necessary at the outset of life that they never run wild, and ruin the business that they were intended to execute. However, I say, as duty is commonly attended with difficulty; and more especially as the first essay of a profession, or a course of life, is arduous, we ought to consider the natural enthusiasm of a youthful mind as a provision which in the nature of things could not be dispensed with, and which therefore, with a thousand other instances, declares the wisdom with which the designs of the Creator are executed.

Not only does the heart of a parent dilate at the blooming promise, the generous complexion of juvenile ardour, but every body regards it with something more than approbation, and follows the stripling, in idea, to the scene of action with a fond concern for his success; and those engaging appearances which call forth his good wishes are a sort of earnest of their accomplishment, for such is the meaning of nature.

I should not expect that a cold-hearted boy would ever grow up into a man of character. I should

not expect that a calculating youth would ever venture to be great. Nature does not stint those sons whom she means to own. The excellence of manhood results from the exuberance of an earlier period; and it is only the noble impetuosity, the living fire of youth, that can triumph over discouragements, and take its last form in the mild lustre of a respectable old age.

M. L.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful dirty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

MOUNTEBANK.

An adventurer of this description, in the reign of King George the first, having collected an audience, he addressed them in the following words:

"Being originally a native of this place, I have for a long time been considering, in what manner I can best show my regard for my brother townsmen; and after maturely weighing the subject, I am come to a resolution of making a present of five shillings to every inhabitant of the parish; it will, I own, be a heavy expense, and I hope no one will attempt to profit from my liberality, who is not really and truly a parishioner."

The multitude pressed forward with open eyes, as well as mouths, casting earnest looks on a green velvet bag, of ample dimensions, which hung on the arm of this generous man.

"I know you are not so sor-did," continued the orator, "and so mercenary, as to value my

bounty merely because it would put a few shillings into your pockets; the pleasure I see sparkling in your eyes, cannot be produced at the thought of dirty pelf, which today is in your hands, and tomorrow may be in the gripe of a miser, a highwayman, or a pawnbroker.

"I perceive what it is that delights you: the discovering in one whom you considered as a stranger, the warmest and most disinterested friend you ever had in your lives. Money, my good people, too often tempts the young and the indiscreet to indulge in liquor, and other excesses, to the destruction of their health and understanding.

"In order, therefore, to prevent what I meant for a benefit, from being converted into an injury, I freely present to every brother townsman, (*dipping his hand into the green velvet bag*) this inestimable packet, which contains a box of pills, a paper of powders, and a plaister, which has not its fellow in Europe, for violent bruises and green wounds, whether by knife, sword or pistol.

"If applied on the patient's going to bed, I pledge my reputation, that the ball, if there is one, shall be extracted, and the flesh be as sound as the palm of my hand before morning.

"But for those who dislike the pain and smart of such things as plaisters and ointment, and who are not fond of trouble, let me recommend the powder; it acts, ladies and gentlemen, by sympathy, and was the joint invention of three of the greatest medical men that ever lived, Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus. If you have a few grains only of this powder in your possession, you may, with-

out fear, rush into the thickest of the battle, and defy broad-sword, pike, or bayonet.

"All I say is, get wounded, get crippled, get mangled and hacked, like a crimped cod; the longer, the deeper, the more numerous the cuts are, the better shall I be pleased, the more decisive is the proof it will afford of the merits of my invaluable powder.

"Give yourself no sort of uneasiness, only wrap the part affected in a clean white handkerchief; then get to bed, and to sleep *as soon as you can*; in the meantime, let the weapon which did the injury be rubbed nine times with a small quantity of the powder, and take my word for it, you may follow your usual occupations the next day.

"Of the pills I need say nothing; they have long pronounced their own panegyrick, and there are full directions sealed up with them; but as you live rather out of the way of the great world, it is but fair to tell you, that they procure husbands for single women, and children for those who are married; they are great sweeteners of the blood, and wonderful improvers of the complexion." (*I will not fatigue my readers by continuing his display of the virtues of his medicines; it was too long, too elaborate, and too minute, to be repeated in this place.*)

"The selling price of these matchless remedies," said the doctor, "has been six shillings for time immemorial, but as I am resolved to stand to my word, and as I do not practise physick for the love of dirty lucre, if you will throw up your handkerchiefs, with the small sum of one shilling tied in each, merely to pay traveling charges and servants' wages,

I freely make you a present of the rest of the money, according to my original promise.

"Besides medicines, which no master of a family, nor indeed any one who values his life and limbs ought to be without, the favourite of fortune will be entitled to a superb and elegant piece of massy plate." (*This attractive article was immediately brought forward and displayed.*)

A small number of the crowd, who were so absurd as to doubt anything the doctor said, beginning to smell a rat, marched off in silence, but the mass was not formed of materials capable of resisting so complicated an attack on their feelings and understandings; the present of a crown to each man at first so confidently promised, had dissipated all fear of imposition; for how could one who acted so much like a gentleman, be supposed to want to *take them in*.

His ostentatious palaver had diffused a magick ray over his powder of post, his rosin, and his jalap; for the passive infatuation of being cheated, is not without its pleasures; and the superb piece of plate glittering in their eyes, and dazzling their reason, completed the conquest of the impostor.

He was proceeding in his address, but a shower of shillings interrupted his harangue, and two hours were fully occupied in easing his brother townsmen of their silver, and emptying the green velvet bag of the *six shilling packets*; while his assistants diverted the anxieties, and allayed the impatience of the people, by musick and tumbling.

Handkerchiefs from all quarters dropped round the cunning knave; inhabitants of Brentford or Kensington, Chelsea, Turnham, or any other green were *permitted to*

contribute their shillings, without any ill-natured questions being asked, concerning the place of their residence.

The business of the day concluded with general satisfaction, as those who did not get the rich prize, possessed that which was nearly equal in value; and the artist owned, at an inn, in the evening, over a duck and green peas, that the neat profit of his afternoon was five and twenty guineas.

"At a moment, too," says a cynick, who is fond of catching at every opportunity for establishing an impious theory, "at a moment," says the snarler, "when a miserable subordinate member of the profession, in full view of the mountebank, and toiling at his *triple oar*, had booked only ten shillings, of which seven and sixpence came under the description of debts irrecoverably bad; perhaps a worthy character, qualified by parts and attainments, for the task he undertook, and who had sunk his little fortune, in furnishing himself with the means of instruction."

I agree that the description of the satirist *may* be correct, but I will not allow him to pronounce, on the fate of the two characters; or, as he is so very fond of doing, to arraign the wisdom and justice of Providence; nor indeed can he do it with justice, till both individuals are traced to the end of their journey through life.

Authorised by general experience, and the logick of probabilities, the impudent and fraudulent quack, dissipating his substance, as such animals frequently do, in riot and profusion, it is neither rash nor uncharitable, to say, that his last scene was at the gallows.

The professional man, who beheld with a tranquil eye, fools lis-

tening to a rogue, after treading the regular and satisfactory path of duty and useful occupation, probably past his last moments in the calm confidence of hope; looking up with thankfulness to the Almighty, for competence and content, and for enabling him to exert his faculties usefully in that rank of life, in which Providence had placed him.

TRANSLATION

Of the Chorus at the End of the Second Act of the Hecuba of Euripides.

Ye breezes, mild and gentle gales,
Whose breath propitious fills the swelling
sails,
And bids the vessel swiftly glide
Through angry seas, and stem the stubborn tide;
O! whither, whither will ye bear me
hence,
To haughty power a slave and lawless insolence?

Will ye, alas! in Dorick lands,
Subject me to some haughty Greek's commands?
Or waft me to the fertile coast
Of Pthia, where in wandering mazes lost,
Apidanus pours forth his silver floods
Through meads of verdant hue, and shadowy darkling woods.
Or must I to the Isle repair,
Sacred to Latona's care,
Where verdant laurels and the lofty pine,
Their friendly shades and blooming branches join,
And with the youthful choir's united lays,
Raise the chaste voice in fair Diana's praise.

For lofty Athens must I part,
To shade the curious vest with nicest art:
To paint Minerva's glorious car,
Adorn the tapestry with scenes of war,
Or point the forked bolt with flaming rage,
On Titans hurled, that durst Heaven's awful King engage.

See blazing fires from hapless Ilion rise,
While clouds of circling smoke obscure the skies;
O dire distress! why only am I left;
Of children, parents, brethren, all bereft,
Why thus reserved a prey for lawless hands,
To drag the galling chain far hence in foreign lands?

STANZAS,

On reading the following Inscription on a delightful vacant Cottage at Binsted, in the Isle of Wight.

"CONTENTMENT IS WEALTH."

And art thou fled, romantick host ?

Thy airy hopes at once bely'd ?

Contentment's clue forever lost,

And life the sport of Fortune's tide !

Such still their fate, who idly dream

In court or cot th' enchantress dwells ;

Hangs o'er the cool meandering stream,
Or slumbers in monastick cells.

Tho' Freedom guard the Monarch's
throne,

And innocence the cottage grace ;
Dwells, in the mind, her spells alone,
Unchang'd by circumstance or place !

If, stranger ! such thy inmate prove
On peaceful plain or stormy sea,
Or in this sweet sequester'd grove,
Contentment shall be wealth to thee !

LANGOIRAN,

A sensible Hugonot, and a subject
of Charles the ninth, king of France.

Several months before the massacre of Saint Bartholomew's day, it was the execrable policy of the Catholics, to sooth the fears of the Protestants, and lull their apprehensions by kindness and attention, which appeared too over-acted to be real.

Of this opinion was the subject of my present article ; puzzled and alarmed by the conduct of these inveterate foes, and after considering the subject in every point of view, he resolved to emigrate ; but previous to his departure, called on the worthy Coligni, to take his leave.

The admiral remonstrated with Langoiran, on his rash determination, called his suspicions groundless, frequently repeating to him, " My friend Langoiran, why will you not remain with us ? I tell you your fears are foolish." " I choose rather," said the fugitive, " to save myself with fools, than to stay and perish with men wiser than myself."—The fatal event amply justified his fears and his precaution.

It ought not to be suppressed, that on this bloody and nefarious occasion,

there were Catholics who refused to cooperate with the merciless myrmidons of the vatican. Of this number was the generous and humane D'Ortez. " I have read," said the gallant viscount, " the letter, enjoining a massacre of the Hugonots, to the inhabitants of Bayonne; but they turned away with horror and indignation ; your majesty has many faithful subjects, but not a single assassin in that city."

LA REINE BOIT,

The queen drinks, a ceremonial exclamation used on certain festive occasions in France, under the old monarchy.

The first time that Voltaire's tragedy of Mariamne was performed, a cup of poison being administered, just at the point of its being drank, a rogue in the pit exclaimed, "*La reine boit*," which producing a universal burst of laughter, actually stopt the piece ; a few years after, the authour hit on another method of despatching his heroine, and the play succeeded to his satisfaction.

This exclamation was also made use of by a courtier in the train of Mary de Medicis, who was soused in the Seine in consequence of her boat oversetting ; it was thought a tolerable sally of extempore wit, at a moment when a fear of being drowned would have damped, if not have extinguished, the faculties of most men.

TO A LATE PRIMROSE,

By Lockhart Muirhead, A. M.

Weep not, modest child of Spring,

Lone, unpitied in the dell,

Snatch the joys the Graces bring,

Bid thy tufted haunts farewell.

'Reft of kindred, wherefore stay ?

Other flowrets paints the vale,

Vernal Zephyrs fade away,

Sultry vapours taint the gale.

Come, my Emma's breast adorn !

Give to her thy blossom rare ;

Emma soothes the fair forlorn,

Emma cheers the child of care.

Wanton now around thy tomb,
Catch the smile, and catch the sigh,
Rescued from the grove of gloom,
Happy Primrose, live—and die.

REMEDY FOR IDLENESS.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, John, Duke of Burbon, dispatched an especial messenger to England, with the following singular challenge. "That he would at an appointed day, accompanied by sixteen knights, equally indifferent to life or death as himself, meet as many English chevaliers, and fight it out with them, till all on one side or other were defeated and destroyed; *in order to avoid idleness*, and merit the good graces of his mistress."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE,

A POEM,

BY JOHN DAVIS.

When Fancy from the azure skies
On earth came down, before unseen:
She bade the wond'rous structure rise,
And haply chose this sylvan scene.

The Graces, too, with spritely air,
Assisted in the work divine;
The arch they form'd with nicest care,
And made the murm'ring stream incline.

Then Fancy from the pile above,
Would gaze with rapture, bending o'er;
And charm'd behold the streamlet rove,
While Echo mock'd its feeble roar.

And here, perhaps, the Indian stood,
With uplift hands, and eye amaz'd;
As sudden from th' ascending wood,
He first upon the fabrick gaz'd.

Wrapt in these shades I love to rest;
Hid from the world, the world from me;
And oh! what transport fills the breast
Amid this solemn scenery.

Lo! here the scarcely waving trees
A awful stillness throw around;
Safe shelter'd from the chiding breeze,
That dies upon the higher ground.

See on their bark the lover true,
Has carv'd the maiden's hallow'd name,
Whose kindling glance from eyes of blue,
Awak'd the soft resistless flame.

And here the print of Mary's feet
Has mark'd the violet's fragrant dew,
When, stealing round her love to meet,
Her lips to his with passion grew.

And here the dove has built her nest,
And soft repos'd her silver plume;
And here the hum-bird's painted breast
Has hover'd o'er the flowret's bloom.

See Tadmor's domes and halls of state,
In undistinguish'd ruin lie;
See Rome's proud empire yield to fate,
And claim the mournful pilgrim's sigh.

But while relentless Time impairs
The monuments of crumbling art;
This pile unfading beauty wears,
Eternal in its ev'ry part.

MERRIMENT.

A tradesman pressing a gentleman very much for payment of his bill, the latter said "You need not be in so great a hurry, I am not going to run away." "I do not imagine you are, Sir," returned the tradesman, "*but I am!*"

In a mixed company, a gentleman thought proper to make some remarks to the lady next him (who happened to be drinking toast and water), as to induce the affronted damsel to take out the toast and throw it in his face. He very coolly took it up, and threw it in the face of the person on the other side of him desiring that Miss—'s toast might go round.

A formal fellow inquiring for Mr. Owen, asked if Mr. O—n was at home? "N—o," replied the boy.

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(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—*Cowp.*

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(Continued from page 325.)

LETTER LVI.

MR. SENEBIER asserts, that his native city was at a very early period, distinguished for the superior information of its inhabitants, that the Roman inscriptions which remain legible are of the best Latinity, and that although in times of Paganism, the neighbourhood of so large a lake, rendered it decent to have an altar consecrated to Neptune, for the comfort of mariners and fishermen, yet the patron deity was no other than Apollo, the god of Science. The darkness of the middle ages seems really to have been less profound at Geneva, than in the neighbourhood, and a great many anec-

dotes have been treasured up, of the resistance opposed to the selfish attempts of several religious communities, and of false miracles, which were detected and exposed. The arts appear too, to have flourished at Geneva, at a very early period, and there is now a picture at the library, which has found its way there from some distant country, and which was done by a Genevois in the year 1415. It has considerable merit for that age, and this additional charm, in the opinion of every good Genevois, that the artist, though full of zeal to do justice to his subject, which was the marvellous draught of fishes, has most patriotically placed the scene of it in the lake of Geneva.

Several of the earlier Bishops were pious and enlightened men, and schools had been established for the instruction of youth, but there were neither good libraries nor learned professors, and there existed a depravity of manners,

U U

which I have never heard accounted for.

The reformation came at length, and Calvin, who was the apostle of learning, as well as of religion, and of good morals, exerted himself in a way which does honour to his memory, and should, in some measure, contribute to make us forgive him for the death of Servet.

A college was erected in 1558: it was liberally endowed with estates, which had once been the property of the church, and has flourished ever since. You will see a very good account of it in Keate's view of Geneva. Every bourgeois, or citizen, of Geneva, sends his sons there free of every expense, and they are removed at a proper age, and after undergoing an examination, for the purpose, to the auditory, where they attend lectures, given by different professors, on Belles Lettres, on all the various branches of the Mathematicks, on Moral Philosophy, on Law, and on Divinity, according to the profession they are intended for. The discipline of the college, though mild, is strict. The prizes obtained in the various classes, are conferred with every circumstance, which can give them additional importance, and no manual correction is allowed. In the auditory, the learner is more upon the footing of a student in a university: but no prizes are bestowed, nor is there any public examination; a yearly one takes place in presence of all the professors assembled. The effects of this system of education, and upon so liberal a footing, are such as I have already described.

There is nowhere a greater diffusion of knowledge than in Geneva. Dr. Johnson, perhaps, might have compared it to bread

in a besieged town, of which every man has a little, and no man enough: but I by no means felt myself qualified to make such a remark, though I have sometimes suspected that there are subjects to which it might be applied. I never knew a Genevois, not a learned man by profession, who appeared to me as well versed in history as I could have expected from his other acquirements, or who was in the custom of having any of the Roman classicks among the books upon his chimney-piece, or most within his reach upon the shelves of his library. Madame de Stael pretends that they have more science than literature, and minds rather turned to Algebra and Metaphysics than to History and to Poetry. There is, however, no want among them, I believe, of the lighter sorts of French Belles Lettres, and there are few who have not some knowledge of English and Italian. If you add to this as accurate information as can well be had of all political events, a keen and exact knowledge of the banking science, an acquaintance with agriculture, a great desire to please, blended with a desire to shine, too great, perhaps, at times, but never offensive, you will form a very just idea of their conversation. They are certainly the best calculators in Europe, and being in the habit of appealing frequently to the accuracy of numbers, it has been pretended, but how truly I will not pretend to say, that they regulate all the important affairs of life, by Subtraction and the Rule of Three, and by a methodical arrangement, upon paper, of various arguments under different heads: it might be better for us all if we did so too, but there are subjects, one would think, which would bid defiance to

all the logick and all the arithmetick in the world. La Harpe, however, who, like many other Frenchmen, affects to be witty at the expense of Geneva, tells a story of a Genevois, who having mislaid the paper on which he had drawn up his arguments against matrimony, went so far as to propose marriage to a young lady whom he had long admired, as much as so learned a geometrician could admire anything but a problem; his offers were accepted, and everything was going gravely on, and as expeditiously as they can do, in this sober country, when the lover, having found the paper, on which the arguments were drawn up against marriage, was so struck with their force as to offer a large sum of money, rather than proceed in the business.

A connexion by marriage is here, as perhaps it ought always to be, a matter regulated between the parents and friends on both sides, and I have heard a very pretty girl, who was asked if it were true that she was going to be married, answer very gravely, that she had heard nothing of it, but would inquire of her mamma, as soon as she returned home.

An old acquaintance of mine carried his fluctuation upon this important subject very far indeed. It occurred to him as he was handing his bride out of church, that they had been doing a very foolish thing, and he told her so; and what is very singular, she had the good humour to be of his opinion, so they parted friends for the day, contrived, after an amicable suit for incompatibility of humour, to be divorced, shortly after, and have ever since lived in habits of great mutual respect and friendship.

The talent of preaching is very much cultivated in Geneva, and in some instances with great success, the minister reciting his sermon, with scarcely even the assistance of notes, it certainly adds charms to eloquence, and gives force to what the preacher says, when he addresses his audience, as from conviction and sentiment, and not in poring over a book, as is customary in the church of England. The mode of preaching without book, is, however, productive of some defects; it gives rise to a great deal of tautology, and declamation is frequently substituted for argument.

There are some much admired preachers, and several volumes of printed sermons, every way worthy of being compared to Blair's, but no writer of eminence, on subjects of Theology, has appeared since Mr. Vernet, and it is best, perhaps, that the human mind should be left in repose on subjects which can never be comprehended.

No writer either has succeeded Burlamaqui on Natural Law, nor has anything appeared on the Law of Nations, of which the science is indeed, by the late events of Europe, rendered little better than a name. There have been some political effusions, which have found their way into print, but nothing of the sort which is very likely to be transmitted to posterity, nor any play or novel, that I know of. Political pamphlets grew out of the ancient government, but the present admits of no such productions. In history, Geneva still possesses Berenger, who has published the best translation of Büsching, and the annals of his own country, and Mallet long distinguished for his history of Denmark: the voluminous

work of my friend Muller has furnished him the materials of a history of Switzerland, which he has written with the boldness of a patriot, and with a certain graceful negligence of style, and his green and vigorous old age has lately given us a history of the Hanseatic towns. A new historian, too, has sprung up in the person of Mr. Picot, and if he continues as he has begun, he will do honour to his country.

(*Letter to be continued.*)

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

ODE ON SPRING. Gray.

Dr. Johnson's critique on the Ode to Spring, which is exceedingly brief, derives its principal importance from a point of general criticism involved, and may be remarked for having drawn down a philippick of peculiar vehemence from Mr. Wakefield:— 'His Ode on Spring has something poetical, both in the language, and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new. There has of late arisen a practice of giving to adjectives, derived from substantives, the termination of participles; such as, the *cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I was sorry to see in the lines of a scholar, like Gray, the *honied* Spring. The morality is natural, but too stale, the conclusion is pretty.

'In direct opposition to the malicious suggestions of arrogant and tasteless criticism,' begins Mr. Wakefield, 'I make no scruple to pronounce this Ode on Spring, by far the choicest specimen of classical composition, that modern times can produce. It is, indeed, an epitome of everything beautiful upon this subject; a collection of sweets from the blossoms of poetry, in the extensive garden of the Muses. The versification is highly correct and sweetly musical. The language glows with all the warmth and beauty of the season,

which it paints, and the sentiments are at once unaffected, instructive, and sublime. In short, the first excellencies of poetry are united in this little Ode, which has this criterion of merit, in common with the other poems of Mr. Gray, that the more it is contemplated, it will please the more; and will rise in beauty, in proportion to our acquaintance with the best models of antiquity.'

Lo, where the rosy-bosomed Hours
(Fair Venus' train) appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flow'rs,
And wake the purple year!

The Attick warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring:
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky,
Their gathered fragrance fling:

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown bench
O'ercanopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink,
With me, the Muse shall sit and think
(At ease reclined in rustick state)
How low, how little, are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of care;
The panting herds repose;
Yet hark! how through the peopled air,
The busy, murmur'ing lows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied Spring,
And float amid the liquid noon;
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim,
Quick glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the life of man!
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began;
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest;
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chilled by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest!

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
The sportive kind reply,
Poor moralist, and what art thou?
A solitary fly!
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display;
On hasty wings thy youth is flown,
Thy sun is set, thy Spring is gone;
We flutter while 'tis May.

1. *The rosy-bosomed hours.* On this and other passages, we subjoin the remarks of Mr. Wakefield:

The *rosy-bosomed* Spring
To weeping Fancy pines.
Thomson's Spring, v. 1007.

'But there is a particular allusion to a passage, in Milton's *Comus*, in my judgment the most beautiful and perfect poem of that sublime genius:

Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces and the *rosy-bosomed* Hours
Thither all their bounties bring;

There eternal Summer dwells,
And *West Winds*, with musky wing,
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.

Ver. 984.

'It is observable, that the epithet *rosy-bosomed*, is employed by these poets with unusual latitude to signify *with bosoms full of roses*; very differently from the "*rododaktulos Eos*," of Homer, and the *rosy-fingered morn* of Milton.

'Poetry has made the *Rose* a constant attendant on the *Spring*.

Vere rosam fundi. LUCRET. *Primus vere rosam.* VIRG. And Thomson thus charmingly introduces his finest poem:

Come gentle Spring! ethereal mildness come;
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowing *roses*, on our plains descend.

'This application of the Hours, the "*ora*" of the Greeks, is conceived in the genuine spirit of ancient poetry. Nomus has two verses worth quoting, on this occasion:

With *rosy-blooming* face the Hours appear,
The daughters of the tempest-footed year.

'A fine fragment of Pindar, preserved by Dionysius Halicarnassensis, *De Struct. Orat.*, could not escape the excursive eye of our judicious poet:

When the gay *Hours* unfold their stores,
The poet's curious eye explores,

Where, listening to the breath of *Spring*,
The nectared flowers their fragrance fling.

2. *Fair Venus' laughing train.*

'Venus is here employed in conformity to the mythology of the Greeks, as the source of *creation* and *beauty*, as the principle that pervades and invigorates *universal nature*; and with peculiar propriety on this occasion, because a *new creation*, as it were, takes place with the commencement of the Spring, after the languor and inactivity of Winter. The elegance of Mr. Gray's taste, and the accuracy of his learning are conspicuous at all times.

Æschylus introduces Venus thus, displaying her own dignity and importance:

The heaven-enamoured reigns upon the earth,
The earth with joy the fertile boon receives,
Impregnated and teeming forth in flowers,
In corn, and fruits, and trees, and living things:
I, Venus, of this produce am the cause.

Venus is styled, the *universal cause*, inasmuch as her energy is visible, even in the heavens, the earth, and the sea. *Phornut. de Nat. Deor.*

The same idea is briefly and elegantly expressed by Euripides, in his Hippolytus:

Venus, the source of all created things,
Pervades the air, and fills the vast abyss.

'But these sentiments are exhibited with considerable variety, and ennobled with all the grandeur and embellishments of poetry, by the sublime Lucretius, in the exordium to his admirable poem on *The Nature of Things*; in which there are many passages, in spite of the obscurity and untowardness of his subject, that claim a rank among the noblest effusions of poetical inspiration. An edition of the poetical parts of his work, unincumbered by his *philosophy* and *metaphysics*, would be a useful work, and I have sometimes entertained thoughts of presenting it to the publick.'

3. *Call forth the long-expecting flowers.*

In that soft season when descending showers
Call forth the greens, and *wake* the rising flowers,
 When opening buds salute the welcome day,
 And earth relenting feels the genial ray.

The Hours are certainly introduced in this Ode, in the sense described, and so pleasingly illustrated by Mr. Wakefield; yet the *train of Venus* irresistibly carries us back to those ancient festivals of Spring, when *Venus* had a *train* of mortal virgins, the idea of which appears to be somewhat mingled in the thought of Gray. Our readers may refer to Horace, Ode 4, lib. i, and Ode 7, lib. iv, where he will find the passages thus severally translated by Mr. Bosca-

By the mild moon's propitious light,
 Blithe Venus leads her sportive choir;
 Her Graces and gay nymphs unite;
 Weave the light dance, or wake the lyre.

The graceful nymphs, unawed by conscious fear,
 In native beauty lead the festive choir.

POLITE LITERATURE.

The *prose* of Goldsmith has been sufficiently analyzed, but his *poetry* has not hitherto undergone a complete scrutiny upon liberal principles, and by a competent critick. The poems of Goldsmith have been always perused with wonder and delight. On their first appearance they were liberally praised, and JOHNSON gave his suffrage in their favour. But a minute criticism was reserved until now. Dr. Aikin within a very short period has published a critical dissertation on the poetry of our authour. This essay is written with so much truth and elegance that we should be unjust to the merit both of its authour and his subject if we did not contribute to extend its circulation. We think the style of Dr. Aikin resembles Goldsmith's best manner. What Dr. Aikin appropriately calls a *survey* of the principal pieces of our authour, is executed with uncommon ability. The whole article we are confident, will be perused with equal pleasure and instruction.

ON THE POETRY OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

Among those false opinions which, having once obtained currency, have

been adopted without examination, may be reckoned the prevalent notion, that, notwithstanding the improvement of this country, in many species of literary composition, its poetical character has been on the decline ever since the supposed Augustan age of the beginning of this [the 18th] century. No one poet, it is true, has fully succeeded to the laurel of Dryden or Pope; but if, without prejudice, we compare the minor poets of the present age (*minor*, I mean, with respect to the *quantity*, not the *quality* of their productions), with those of any former period, we shall, I am convinced, find them greatly superiour, not only in taste and correctness, but in every other point of poetical excellence. The works of many late and present writers might be confidently appealed to in proof of this assertion; but it will suffice to instance the authour who is the subject of the present Essay; and I cannot for a moment hesitate to place the name of GOLDSMITH as a poet, above that of Addison, Parnell, Tickel, Congreve, Lansdown, or any of those who fill the greater part of the voluminous collection of the *English Poets*. Of these, the main body has obtained a prescriptive right to the honour of classical writers; while their works, ranged on the shelves, as necessary appendages to a modern library, are rarely taken down, and contribute very little to the stock of literary amusement. Whereas the pieces of Goldsmith are our familiar companions, and supply passages for recollection, when our minds are either composed to moral reflection, or warmed by strong emotions and elevated conceptions. There is, I acknowledge, much of habit and accident in the attachments we form to particular writers; yet I have little doubt that if the lovers of English poetry were confined to a small selection of authours, Goldsmith would find a place in the favourite list of a great majority. And it is, I think, with much justice, that a great modern critick has regarded this concurrence of publick favour, as one of the least equivocal tests of

uncommon merit. Some kinds of excellence, it is true, will more readily be recognized than others, and this will not always be in proportion to the degree of mental power employed in the respective productions; but he who obtains general and lasting applause in any work of art, must have happily executed a design judiciously formed. This remark is of fundamental consequence, in estimating the poetry of Goldsmith; because it will enable us to hold the balance steady, when it might be disposed to incline to the superiour claims of a style of loftier pretension and more brilliant reputation.

Compared with many poets of deserved eminence, Goldsmith will appear characterized by his *simplicity*. In his language will be found few of those figures which are supposed of *themselves* to constitute poetry;—no violent transpositions; no uncommon meanings and constructions; no epithets drawn from abstract and remote ideas; no coinage of new words by the ready mode of turning nouns into verbs; no bold prosepopœia, or audacious metaphor:—it scarcely contains an expression which might not be used in eloquent and descriptive prose. It is replete with imagery; but that imagery is drawn from obvious sources, and rather enforces the simple idea, than dazzles by new and unexpected ones. It rejects not common words and phrases; and, like the language of Dryden and Otway, is thereby rendered the more forcible and pathetick. It is eminently nervous and concise; and hence affords numerous passages which dwell on the memory. With respect to his matter, it is taken from human life, and the objects of nature. It does not body forth things unknown, and create new beings. Its humbler purpose is, to represent manners and characters as they really exist; to impress strongly on the heart moral and political sentiments; and to fill the imagination with a variety of pleasing or affecting objects selected from the stores of nature. If this be not the highest department of

poetry, it has the advantage of being the most universally agreeable. To receive delight from the sublime fictions of Milton, the allegories of Spencer, the learning of Gray, and the fancy of Collins, the mind must have been prepared by a course of particular study; and perhaps, at a certain period of life, when the judgment exercises a severer scrutiny over the sallies of the imagination, the relish for artificial beauties will always abate, if not entirely desert us. But at every age, and with every degree of culture, correct and well-chosen representations of nature must please. We admire them when young; we recur to them when old; and they charm us till nothing longer can charm. Further, in forming a scale of excellence for artists, we are not only to consider who works upon the noblest design, but who fills his design best. It is, in reality, but a poor excuse for a slovenly performer, to say, "*magnis tamen excidit ausis*," and the addition of one master-piece of any kind to the stock of art, is a greater benefit than that of a thousand abortive and mis-shapen wonders.

If Goldsmith then be referred to the class of *descriptive poets*, including the description of moral, as well as of physical nature, it will next be important to inquire by what means he has attained the rank of a master in his class. Let us then observe, how he has selected, combined, and contrasted his objects, with what truth and strength of colouring he has expressed them, and to what end and purpose.

As poetry and eloquence do not describe by an exact enumeration of every circumstance, it is necessary to *select* certain particulars, which may excite a sufficiently distinct image of the thing to be represented. In this *selection*, the great art is to give *characteristick marks*, whereby the object may at once be recognized without being obscured in a mass of common properties, which belong equally to many others. Hence the great superiority of *parti-*

cular images, to general ones in description: the former identify, while the latter disguise. Thus, all the hackneyed representations of the country, in the works of ordinary versifiers, in which groves, and rills, and flowery meads, are introduced just as the rhyme and measure require, present nothing to the fancy but an indistinct daub of colouring, in which all the diversity of nature is lost and confounded. To catch the discriminating features, and present them bold and prominent, by few, but decisive strokes, is the talent of a master; and it will not be easy to produce a superiour to Goldsmith in this respect. The mind is never in doubt as to the meaning of his figures, nor does it languish over the survey of trivial and unappropriate circumstances. All is alive—all is filled—yet all is clear.

The proper *combination* of objects refers to the impression they are calculated to make on the mind, and requires that they should harmonize, and reciprocally enforce and sustain each other's effect. They should unite in giving one leading tone to the imagination; and without a sameness of form, they should blend in a uniformity of hue. This, too, has very successfully been attended to by Goldsmith, who has not only sketched his single figures with truth and spirit, but has combined them into the most harmonious and expressive groups. Nor has any descriptive poet better understood the great force of *contrast*, in setting off his scenes, and preventing any approach to wearisomeness by repetition of kindred objects. And, with great skill he has contrived that both parts of his contrast should conspire in producing one intended moral effect. Of all these excellencies, examples will be pointed out as we take a cursory view of the particular pieces.

In addition to the circumstances already noted, the *force* and *clearness* of representation depend also on the diction.

(To be Continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL.

Sir William Trumbull, son of W. Trumbull, esq. clerk of the signet, and grandson of W. Trumbull, esq. agent at Brussels for James I. and Charles I. and clerk of the privy council. His maternal grandfather, Mr. Weekerlin,* Latin secretary to Charles I. instructed him in the rudiments of the Latin and French languages; he was afterwards sent to Oakingham school; and thence as a gentleman commoner to St. John's College, Oxford. His studies there were interrupted for some time by his going to travel on the continent, where he was much noticed by the lords Sunderland, Godolphin, and Sidney, and also Dr. Compton, afterwards bishop of London. On his return home, having obtained necessary degrees, he practised in Doctors' Commons. The frugality of his father's allowance, and his own marriage, urged him to great exertions in his profession, which were amply rewarded, particularly after the death of Sir W. Walker. His first publick appointment was that of judge advocate at Tangier, and he succeeded to the clerkship of the signet, in 1682, by a reversionary grant on Sir P. Warwick's death. He refused going to Ireland as secretary. Charles II. knighted him, Nov. 1, 1684, and made him clerk of the deliveries of ordnance stores. James II. in 1685, sent him as envoy extraordinary to France, but he very reluctantly accepted the employment, with a pension of 200*l.* instead of the forenamed place. The oppression which the French protestants suffered was so extremely repugnant to the feelings of Sir William, that he openly condemned it; this circumstance created mutual disgust between the King of France and himself; he was therefore recalled, and sent as Embassadour to the Ottoman court in 1687; in this situation he was found by king William, who continued him in it by a

* See Granger. vol. II. p. 282, 2d Edit. 8vo.

new appointment at the commencement of his reign.* On his return

* As the form of a state document of this kind between a Christian and a Mahometan sovereign is a sort of curiosity, it is here transcribed from the original instrument, which is finely written, partly in gold letters, on a sheet of vellum, illuminated with the arms of Great Britain, and the different quarterings properly emblazoned in the margin, and signed with the king's own hand; now (1806) in the possession of Mr. Bindley.

William the Third, by the grace of God, king of great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, To the most high and mighty prince Sultan Soliman Kan, emperor of the Eastern Nations, sole and supreme monarch of the Mussulman kingdom, health and true happiness. Most high and mighty prince, it having pleased Almighty God, by whom kings reign, to exalt us to the imperial throne of these kingdoms by a free consent of the states of both our realmes of England and Scotland, and wee having been solemnly inaugurated together with our royal consort the queen, the friendship and good correspondence which hath continued for so many yeares between our and your royall predecessors, and the particular esteeme wee have for your Majesty's person, whose princely virtues are published throughout the world, oblige us to give your Majestie this early intimation of our elevation to the regall dignity, as also to assure your Majestie that wee shall on our part be sincere and constant in observing, and causing to be observed, the several articles and capitulations mutually agreed and concluded on for the benefit and advantage of the subjects of both our dominions. And wee promise ourselves, from your great justice and wisdom, the like exactness in the performance of all that you have consented to by the said capitulations and treatys, and that our subjects shall all wayes find your royall protection and encouragement to carry on that trade and commerce which hath so long subsisted and flourished in your dominions, to the great benefit of our subjects on both sides. And further, wee recommend unto you the person of our ambassadour, sir William Trumbull, whom wee have thought fit to continue in the same employment in our name; aving a confidence in his prudence and fidelity; that he will acquit himself in all things as becomes his character, to whom we desire your Imperial Majestie to give all credence in whatsoever he shall impart your Majestie, your Vizier Azem, or any your Majestie's Officers. And so, high and mighty prince, wee humbly beseech: one great and omnipotent God to pre-

from Constantinople, which journey he performed principally by land, and great part of it on foot, he was made successively a commissioner of the treasury, privy counsellor, and secretary of state. He was also governour of the Hudson's Bay and Turkey companies, and sat in several parliaments for different places, particularly for the university of Oxford in 1695. The experienced diplomatist, who well knew the tedium of negotiation, said to king William upon a certain occasion, "do not Sir, send embassies to Italy, but a fleet into the Mediterranean." Retiring from publick life to East-Hamsted, in Berkshire, he there past the remainder of his days in literary leisure. It was here that his acquaintance with Pope, whose near residence at Bindfield was favourable to their intercourse, commenced, which, to their mutual honour and happiness, continued without interruption till Sir William's death in 1716. On this occasion the poet took leave of his patron with a laudable decorum, by writing an epitaph for his monument; which, though it cannot stand the test of Johnson's criticism, he undoubtedly laboured with great care, having adopted in the compass of twelve lines almost every topick of encomium that could excite love, veneration, or esteem, for the memory of his departed friend. As one of the most eminent civilians of his day, as a critick in ancient and modern languages, and as an unblemished statesman, Sir William Trumbull will ever be revered. In 1699, Michell Le Vassor, a French protestant, dedicated to him his translation of the letters and memoirs of Francisco de Vargas, relative to the Council of Trent: in which he bears ho-

serve you in health and happiness, and to send you a speedy issue out of so long a war by an honourable and lasting peace.—Given at our court at Whitehall, the sixth day of June, in the yeare of our Lord one thousand six hundred eighty-nine, in the first year of our Reigne.

Your most affectionate friend,

WILLIAM R.

nourable testimony to Sir William's zealous endeavours to assist the distressed protestant interest, both at home and abroad. The Spanish originals, which were in Sir William's library, having been obtained by his grandfather during his residence at Brussels; most probably a part of cardinal Granvelle's collections, which were left behind in that country. The beautiful and accomplished Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Charles Cotterel, master of the ceremonies, was his first wife, who accompanied him in his embassies. She dying July 8th, 1704, he married in his old age Judith, daughter of Henry Alexander, fourth earl of Sterling, by whom he had Judith, who died in infancy; and W. Trumbull, Esq. whose daughter and sole heir, Mary, marrying with the honourable Col. Martin Sandys, carried a large property into that family.

For The Port Folio.

LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

(Continued from page 329.)

In 1756, he undertook to superintend, and contributed largely to a monthly publication, entitled *The Literary Magazine and Universal Review*; and he wrote for it without intermission, till the fifteenth number, during which time he was drawn into several controversies, by the severity of his criticisms. In the same year, he issued proposals of considerable length for his edition of *Shakspeare*, with notes; and his anticipated activity was so great, that he promised the work should be completed by Christmas, 1757, though it did not make its appearance till seven years after that period.

In 1757, it does not appear that he wrote anything of consequence; but on the 15th of April 1758, he began the *Idler*, which appeared every Saturday, in a weekly newspaper, called *The Universal Chronicle*. The essays were 103 in number, of which twelve only were contributed by his friends. Of these numbers 33, 93, and

96, were written by Mr. Warton, number 67, by Mr. Langton, and numbers 76, 79, and 82, by Sir Joshua Reynolds. When the *Idler* was completed, Johnson added the *Essay on Epitaphs*, the *Dissertation on those of Pope*, and an *Essay on the Bravery of the English common soldiers*. The *Idler* is allowed to possess more variety of real life, and greater facility of language, but less body and spirit than the *Rambler*.

In January 1759, his mother died at the advanced age of ninety. He had not seen her for many years previous to her last illness, though he had often impoverished himself to contribute to her support.—When he heard of her confinement he was anxious to repair to Litchfield to pay her the last offices of his filial duty, but he had no money to defray his carriage: he therefore finished his tale of *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*, for which Mr. Johnson, the bookseller, very liberally gave him 100*l*. With this supply he set off, but did not arrive in time to close the eyes of his beloved parent. He told Sir Joshua Reynolds that he composed *Rasselas* in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was written, and never afterwards read it. When it passed through a second edition, Mr. Johnson made him a present of an additional 25*l*.

When he was engaged upon the *Idler*, he found it necessary to retrench his expenses, and quitting his house in Gough-square, he retired first to Gray's Inn, and afterwards to Inner Temple Lane, "where he lived," says Mr. Murphy, "in poverty, total idleness, and the pride of literature." Mr. Fitzherbert, the father of Lord St. Helen's, used to say, that he once paid him a morning visit at his chambers, intending to send a letter to the city, but he found this without by profession without pen, ink, or paper.—In 1762, however, his fortune suddenly changed, and no longer left him to struggle against the inconveniences of a precarious subsistence. The King granted him a pension of 300*l*. per annum, as a recom-

pense for the excellence of his writings and the benefit of their moral tendency.

Being now possessed of a comparative independency, he left the Temple, took a house in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, and formed a new weekly club, among the members of which were Mr. Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other distinguished characters. He also formed a connexion in 1763 with Mr. Boswell, and continued to live with him in the greatest intimacy for the remainder of his life. In 1765, while enjoying his comfortable state of independence, he met with another resource, which contributed more than any other circumstance to exempt him from the solitudes of life:—he was introduced to the family of the late Mr. Thrale.

(*To be Continued.*)

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I was lately induced, on seeing Carr's Travels highly praised in The Port Folio, to turn to my commonplace-book where I had written about two years ago, the following review of that gentleman's Northern Summer. As my sentiments differ from those of your correspondent, I have sent them to you to be published if you think proper; if not, I pray you to notice this communication in no other way than by burning it.

A short review of Mr. now, Sir John Carr's Northern Summer.

This is an account of the authour's travels through the north of Europe, and many of the events he relates are interesting, although not new: the incidental details are often trifling and sometimes foolish. He views every object with the prejudiced eye of an Englishman, calling whatever he sees that pleases him, by the high sounding name of *English*: thus if a Prussian has a good farm and seems easy in his circumstances, he is sup-

posed to be a phenomenon on the continent, and his husbandry complimented with the Epithet *English*; If a hotel be tolerable, it is likened to those of his own country, or is most certainly kept by his compatriot; while those conducted by persons who have not had the felicity of being rocked in an English cradle, are dirty and detestable. Mr. Carr extols the culinary skill of his fellow-islanders, classing the cookery of some itinerant roaster and boiler, before the exquisite art of the French!!

His description of the Russian Capital is by far the most interesting part of his book. The anecdotes of that court, although told before, by men of great observation and truth, with circumstances extremely different from those he relates, are nevertheless pleasing and instructive. Kotzebue and several French travellers have given to the world in much superiour language, nearly, if not all Mr. Carr was able to collect for the British reader.

This gentleman's style is verbose, affected, and often obscure.—As a specimen I will transcribe the following:

"Our Skipper was lying at the feet of a good-natured brawny girl, who was a passenger; his head was on her lap, just as Goliath sometime since rested his head in that of Delilah; but the fingers of our fair companion were more kindly employed than were those of the woman of the valley of Sorek. The Skipper had no comb, perhaps never heard of such a thing, and this kind-hearted creature was sedulously consigning with a humane, because an instantaneous, destruction of sensation in every vital part by an equal and forcible pressure, every restless disturber of his peace in that region, which most assuredly must be, though Doctors may dispute the point, the seat of reason."

How many words are here to describe a disgusting circumstance, no doubt as common in the sea port towns of England as in those of Swe-

den.—Do people leave their homes to pick up such vulgar occurrences? why did not Mr. Carr give us a page upon the manner in which cows ruminate, or the leaves expand in those Northern climates? If circumstances common to all countries must be Journalized, let him select the most pleasing; or if determined upon rendering a faithful account of *every* thing he meets, let him tell us in *one* line instead of *thirteen*, that a peasant girl was looking a sailor's head.

Again. "These many-eyed marauders, with their Gossamer wing and incessant hum, opposed the approach of sleep, and fairly kept her aloof for two long dreary hours. Weary, yet incapable of repose, something was to be done. I resolved upon revenge, and accordingly made an irritable effort to surprise three of my enemies, who in a row were audaciously washing their little slender black hands upon one of mine."

This gentleman proceeds to tell us that he did not catch these flies! how worthy of record! a traveller is incommoded by musketoes or other insects, in the months of July and August, and he notes their stings in his diary for the information of those who are suffering the same inconvenience at home! This he must register to fill up his volume, although it should prove him an awkward fly-catcher. In truth, it is imposing upon an indulgent publick to print such trash. If many parts of these travels were not somewhat better, I should wonder at an American's republishing them in Philadelphia. It is a pity they had not been abridged: An Epitome would have edified more, and tired less.

Mr. Carr, who paints diffusively his own conceits, is pedantically fond of quoting. How pleasing it would have been to the reader if he had imitated the style of some of the beautiful authours he cites. He gives, for instance a description by *Addison*, the purest writer among the British Classics, viz. in the words of that excellent man: "When I see

Kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be cotemporaries, and make our appearance together."

This is comprehensive. The soundest philosophy is exprest in the plainest language. But had the same ideas occurred to Mr. Carr, it seems to me we should have had them from his pen thus:

When I behold, with astonished eyes, deposed Kings lying by the side of those who tore their diadems from their bleeding brows; when I consider the sparkling genius of a Johnson reposing in awful silence by the side of the once glowing, but now dumb spirit of a Shakspeare, or the learned Theologians that rent the world asunder by their scholastick sophisms, I reflect with heart-felt grief and wonder on the puerile disputes of man. When I run over the various dates of the sepulchral register, of some that went but to day, and others centuries back, I contemplate with fearful reverence, that sacred hour when we shall all be called as cotemporaries before the August presence of omnipotence itself.

Pages might be copied from his book, as affected, trifling, and turgid as those I have selected. There must be a dearth of men disposed to print their remarks upon foreign countries, else this writer could not have disposed of four volumes, the result of four trips from England to the nations in her neighbourhood; and to have been distinguished for these important literary labours, by the honour of Knighthood; an honour that Dryden, Addison, Pope, or Johnson, and a thousand other superiour geniuses, never arrived at.

ALEXIS.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

TRUE POLITENESS.

Politeness is a just medium between formality and rudeness; it is in fact, good nature regulated by quick discernment, which proportions itself to every situation, and every character; it is a restraint laid by reason and benevolence on every irregularity of temper, of appetite, and passion. It accommodates itself to the fantastick laws of custom and fashion, as long as they are not inconsistent with the higher obligations of virtue and religion.

To give efficacy and grace to politeness, it must be accompanied with some degree of taste, as well as delicacy; and although its foundation must be rooted in the heart, it is not perfect without a knowledge of the world.

In society, it is the happy medium which blends the most discordant natures; it imposes silence on the loquacious, and inclines the most reserved to furnish their share of conversation; it represses the despicable, but common ambition of being the most prominent character in the scene; it increases the general desire of being mutually agreeable; takes off the offensive edge of raillery, and gives delicacy to wit; it preserves subordination, and reconciles ease with propriety; like other valuable qualities, its value is best estimated when it is absent.

No greatness can awe it into servility, no intimacy sink it into

coarse familiarity; to superiours, it is respectful freedom, to inferiours, it is unassuming good-nature, to equals, everything that is charming; studying, anticipating, and attending to all things, yet at the same time apparently disengaged and careless.

Such is true politeness, by people of wrong heads and unworthy hearts disgraced in its two extremes, and by the generality of mankind confined within the narrow bounds of mere good breeding, which is only one branch of it.

ELEGIACK STANZAS,

By the late Thomas Dermody.

To pleasure's wiles an easy prey,
Beneath this sod a bosom lies,
Yet, spare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

O, stranger, if thy wayward lot
Through Folly's heedless maze has led,
Here nurse the true, the tender thought,
And fling the wild flower on his head.

For he, by this cold hillock clad,
Where tall grass twines the pointed stone,
Each gentlest balm of feeling had,
To sooth all sorrow but his own.

For he, by tuneful Fancy reared,
(Though ever dumb, he sleeps below!)
The stillest sigh of Anguish heard,
And gave a tear for every wo.

O, place his dear harp by his side!
His harp, alas! his only hoard,
The fairy breeze, at even-tide,
Will, trembling, kiss each weeping chord.

Oft on yon crested cliff he stood,
When misty twilight streamed around,
To mark the slowly-heaving flood,
And catch the deep wave's sullen sound.

Oft when the rosy dawn was seen,
'Mid blue to gild the blushing steep,
He marked, o'er yonder margent green,
The curling cloud of fragrance sweep.

Oft did he pause the lark to hear,
With speckled wing the skies explore;
Oft paused to see the slow flock near:
But he shall see or hear no more!

Then stranger! be his foibles lost;
At such small foibles Virtue smiled:
Few was their number, large their cost,
For he was Nature's orphan-child.

The graceful drop of Pity spare,
(To him the bright drop once belonged;)
Well, well his doom deserves thy care,
Much, much he suffered, much was
wroged.

When taught by life its pangs to know,
Ah! as thou roam'st the checkered gloom,
Bid the sweet night-bird's numbers flow,
And the last sun-beam light his tomb.

A pleasant reply made by lord
Tyrawley to a Lisbon merchant,
who was complaining how very
much the balance of trade was
against his countrymen, in their
commercial intercourse with Great
Britain.

"The whole of our bullion is
carried to England," concluded
the Portuguese, "I believe a Mr.
Solomon da Costa, "and as long
as this continues to be the case,
we cannot but be a poor and mise-
rable people."

"I can point out to you an easy
way of preventing it," replied the
noble lord. "How?" "Never eat,
and wear no clothes."

This hint, said an ingenious re-
later of lord Tyrawley's reply,
might be usefully applied in most
cases of deranged finance, whether
publick or private; one dish and
one coat, instead of ten, will, in
most instances, be found a sove-
reign remedy for this species of
complaint in the chest, in the pre-
sent day so generally prevalent.

ORPHEUS,

From the Spanish of Quevedo.

When Orpheus lost his wife,
As th' ancient stories tell,
He sought her in the proper place,
For he went down to hell.

They say that he went singing,
And I believe the thing,
For since he was a widower,
Pure joy would make him sing.

He mov'd rocks, stones, and mountains,
His harmony was such,
But had his song been bad, he would
Have moved them just as much.

The damned forgot their torments
When he his tale began,
For no one could complain, who saw
So mad a married man.

But though his voice persuaded
The god to his intent,
When Pluto gave him back his wife
It was for punishment.

Yet even then, in pity,
Two laws old Pluto made;
To take his wife, and not look back—
Both hard to be obeyed.

Then Orpheus, the foremost,
Went up from that abode;
For women always lead the way,
When we go down that road:

I know not if, on purpose,
He wisely turned his sight;
But if 'twas chance, he lost his wife;
And so, by chance, was right.

Full happy is the husband
From wedlock once set free!
But he, who twice escapes so well,
A lucky man is he!

Alarmist, a new-coined but not in-
expressive word, applied to certain
modern politicians, who, from the
commencement of the revolution in
France, have considered it as an ob-
ject in the highest degree interesting
and formidable to the internal happi-
ness and external prosperity of Great
Britain, as well from geographical
position, and the principles which
gave it birth, as from the electrical
enthusiasm, and ardent passion for
fraternization which have generally
accompanied it.

As an Englishman, and a lover of
my country, I agree that of two evils,
unnecessary alarm, or torpid indiffe-
rence, the first is by far the safest,
and attended with inconveniences
more easily remedied.

To cry out before we are hurt, to
teaze ourselves, our friends, and half
the country, by groundless apprehen-
sions, unfounded jealousies, and a
half-way system between espionage
and coercion, is, it must be confes-
sed, an unneighbourly and unchari-

table office; but, that careless negligence, and fatal thoughtlessness, which sees not, or will not see, calamity till overwhelmed by it, and takes no precaution against the plunderer, and the assassin, until his dagger is in our vitals, must end in irretrievable ruin.

I am ready to make ample allowance for fear, excited by undeniable or probable danger, yet I cannot but reprobate that uncandid spirit and unceasing suspicion which attends it, that tendency to nick-names and opprobrious epithets, *at a certain time*, so prevalent among us, and indiscriminately directed against every man who presumed to censure publick measures, or ventured to hint that any thing could be amended in the theory or practice of the English constitution.

The delicate sensibility of those gentlemen who oppose reform in every shape, has been compared to the prohibition with respect to the ark, that ark *once* in the possession of the children of Israel, "*He who toucheth it shall surely die.*"

It was not ill said by a republican alarmist, one of the members of the Gallick Convention, in reply to Legendre, who, while he acknowledged the warm patriotism of his associate (I believe Bentabole) could not help blaming his unceasing terrors and suspicions; "I tremble," replied Bentabole to his friend, "I tremble for the republick, as a lover for the object of his affections."

According to this theory, his Grace of Portland, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Rosselyn and Mr. Wyndham, are the fondest of swains; Mr. Burke, a ranting Romeo; and Messrs. Bowles, Gifford, and Arthur Young the most distracted of lovers.

Others have compared the conduct of alarmists to that of a debauchee, who flatters the foibles, and indulges the weak propensities of the virgin he means to seduce; after having imposed on her understanding, he finds it no difficult task to corrupt the purity of her mind, awakens her pas-

sions, triumphs over her chastity, and riots in her charms.

[*Lounger's Commonplace Book.*]

Annihilation, far preferable to everlasting punishment; yet a late writer is of a different opinion.

Describing the heroine of her tale, as suffering under the agitations of love, on its first accession, she thus proceeds: "The walks were melancholy, and the company insipid, every thing seemed altered, but it was herself who was changed; yet, though she found herself less happy, she felt, that to enjoy the happiness she had lost, she would not again be reduced to the being she was before.

"Thus does the lover consider the extinction of his passion, with the same horror, *as the libertine looks upon annihilation*; the one would rather live hereafter, though in eternal punishment, than cease to exist."

Nothing can be more opposite to fact, feeling, and every day's experience; I never yet knew a wicked man, and I have had intercourse with a few in my time, who would not merely have preferred a state of non-existence to everlasting punishment, or even the awful risk of it, but have earnestly and eagerly desired it.

It is precisely on this principle that ancient and modern freethinkers have persuaded, or have endeavoured to persuade themselves of the mortality of the human soul.

MOUNTAINEERS.

"O, Sir," said a valet to his master; "I have something to tell you, which I am sure will do your heart good; the Genevese gentleman, you know, Mr. Bertrand, has at last found, and released, and obtained, the liberty of his old servant, poor Antonio, who having been presumed *guilty*, had been condemned to hard labour at Caserta.—I really do imagine, Sir, that there is something in the air of mountainous countries, exceed-

ingly favourable to kindness of heart.—I have heard several travellers declare, that they had met with more hospitality in a short tour in the highlands of Scotland, than in their journies over all Flanders, and the low countries, although the last are as full of populous towns, as the former is of mountains.”

“This Bertrand, is a citizen of Geneva, whose territories are not mountainous;” said the master, smiling.

“Your honour, will be pleased to remember,” replied the valet, “that Geneva is situated by a fine lake, just as the village of Buchanan is by Loch Lomond; and there are mountains at no great distance from both.”

MERRIMENT.

An Irish paper observes that the best mode to *prevent* school boys from being drowned, is to take care that they be not suffered to *go into the water*.

The proprietor of a stage-coach at Oxford, infected with the classical enthusiasm, which pervades that celebrated seat of the Muses, has affixed to his vehicles a recommendation from Martial “*Ride, si sapiis.*”

A publican's reasons for not permitting card playing in his house.

You amused yourselves all last night with *All Fours*, but I am determined to *Putt* up with it no

longer. What is worse than all the rest, you even *Brag* that you have not been in the bed all night. Gentlemen, I like to *laugh and lay down*, as well as any of you, but I can see no reason, why I am to sit up till the dawn, and not have a *single deal* in *Matrimony*. You are all *knaves*, from the *highest* to the *lowest* of you, and you must not think to make *game* of me in this manner. By such *tricks* as these you will forfeit all your *honours*, and dig your graves with your own *spades*. If your pockets were full of *diamonds* you are within an *ace* of ruining yourselves. In short, you deserve to be well *clubbed* for having the *heart* to treat me in this manner, and the *curse of Scotland* attend you; for the *Deuce* take me, if I will bear it any longer, but will *drive the Knaves out of Doors*.

The late Sam. Foote could say anything of any body, or to any body. When he was once at Lord K's. table, a gentleman present complained that the beer was rather cold;—“Get his lordship to dip his nose into the tankard,” said Foote, “and if he keeps it there half a minute, and the beer does not boil, it must be *fire-proof*.”

A man having been capitally convicted at the Old-Bailey, was, as usual, asked what he had to say why judgment of death should not pass against him? “Say!” replied he, “why I think the joke has been carried far enough already, and the less that is said about it the better—if you please, my lord, we'll drop the subject.”

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. *Philadelphia, Saturday, December 3, 1808.* No. 23.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LVI.

(Continued from page 340.)

MR. SIMONDE has followed the course of Adam Smith in a very useful work, and has ventured to differ very successfully from that distinguished writer on some important heads. He is composing a history of the Italian republics of the middle ages. Natural history, natural philosophy, metaphysics, chymistry, botany and the different branches of the mathematicks are cultivated and professed by distinguished characters. Professor Prevost, with whom I am particularly acquainted, has published a translation of Euripides, two volumes on the faculties of the human mind, and several smaller productions: when his country was threatened by Montesquieu, he bore arms

in the ranks, and as long as it was possible to keep alive the flame of patriotism, his efforts as a writer and a man of letters were not wanting; but he submits with a good grace to the present order of things, and is satisfied with what it is no longer possible to prevent. Another of my old friends Mr. de Vegobre has published a small volume in which he has recorded many of the melancholy events of 1793, and particularly such as regarded Naville one of the most interesting victims of that frightful period, and it is to be wished that some man of letters like him, of unblemished character, would take the same trouble every eight or ten years, and prevent, as far as his influence extended, all possibility of that oblivion of the past which too easily creeps upon the human mind. Those days of degradation both in France and Geneva ought never to be forgotten; I like the spirit and sensibility of Laharpe, who declares that they remain present to his eyes, that they weigh upon his heart, and that the best and last employment of his pen shall be to retrace them for the bene-

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fit of posterity. The names of Bonnet and de Saussure are both familiar to you. They were men of large fortune, who devoted their lives to the cultivation of letters: the last, whose attention seems to have turned to every branch of literature, was the discoverer of a singular little animal whose increase takes place by a division of its body into two completely formed individuals, and who is in that respect perhaps the best emblem of immortality to be met with. I have on a former occasion brought you acquainted with the family of Huber, and Mr. Necker, of whom I have already said so much, and who have done honour to Geneva. Of his political works and of their tendency, posterity alone can judge, they were unquestionably written with the best intentions, but had in all probability the bad effect of promoting a fermentation which it might have been foreseen, that no human influence could afterwards allay,—his last recommends a particular form of government, which is likely I am told, to be the one hereafter adopted by Bonaparte. His moral discourses contain a great deal of good advice, adapted to every age and to all the various stations of life, they are composed, however, I think, in too pompous a style. He has chosen to call them sermons, and has affixed a text to each, but though he inculcates in the strongest terms a belief in the existence of the Supreme Being and a reliance on that superiour wisdom and goodness which regulates the decrees of providence, yet he nowhere directs our attention to the doctrines and mysteries of revealed religion, or expresses himself otherwise than as a philosopher of ancient times might have done. His posthumous works have been collected into one volume, and published by Mad. de Staël, whose eloquence and active sensibility appear perfectly well directed in drawing the attention of mankind to the merit of the best of fathers. It is such a monument as Tullia might have raised to the memory of her father had she survived him. I

could perceive however that the literary world had been in the expectation of something better, and that there was but one opinion as to the far greater number of the maxims and definitions which make a part of the volume. They are such as may very well have occurred to one who had lived long in the world, but scarcely such as a man of letters would risk his reputation upon. I could have wished too that there had been more of narrative and less of eulogy, and that we had been made better acquainted with the life of Mr. Necker in his earlier years. Dr. Franklin's memoirs might have afforded an excellent model on the occasion. From the situation of a clerk at 15*l.* a year to that of a prime minister of France the transition is so great, that there must have been much merit and many lucky chances, and had Mad. de Staël condescended to follow the chain of events and thus unravel the fortunes of her father, she would have commanded universal attention, and have rendered a service to mankind. The banker whom he first lived with in Paris, came into his counting-house one morning, and reproached the clerks, that not one of them was able to translate a letter for him out of Dutch. About six weeks afterwards Mr. Necker, till then an unnoticed young man in the herd of clerks, came forward, and declaring his acquisition of the Dutch language, requested and obtained, that the correspondence from Holland should be hereafter entrusted to him. He was afterwards a partner in the celebrated house of Thelasson, and acquired a large fortune in the banking business, which is carried on in France in a way not yet, I believe, understood in America. It consists in finding bills of exchange for money and money for bills of exchange on any part of Europe, and in transferring stock from one fund to another on the most advantageous terms; so great was Mr. Necker's sagacity on this subject that he is said to have annually made a large sum to the last year of his life, without moving from his elbow chair.

He has often declared, that nothing had for a long period of his life appeared easier to him than to become immensely rich, if such had been the object of his ambition. The volume closes with a tale which is drawn from common life, and is on that account the more interesting. Mad. de Genlis has proved in her *Thelesmar* and *Alphonso*, that the wonder and astonishment of the reader might be as well excited by the relation of what is strictly within the verge of truth and possibility, as by the wildest fictions of romance, and the object of Mr. Necker was to show, that as interesting a narrative might be composed from the circumstances of ordinary life, and from the endearments of married love, as from all that could be invented even by the brilliant imagination of Madame de Staël. Had he been as deeply read in novels as you and I are, he would have known, that the same idea had already occurred to Fielding and to Miss Burney, whose account of Mr. Harrel, of his want of conduct, of his wife's indifference, and insensibility of the expedients by which a disclosure of their circumstances is from time to time kept off a little longer, and of their final ruin is by far the most interesting part of her principal work. In the novel of Mr. Necker a country gentleman of generous mind and amiable manners marries a lady of exalted merit whom he passionately loves, and who has preferred him to the most brilliant connexions. They are situated on the paternal estate, in a beautiful country, and are blest with a daughter who unites all their affections. But unfortunately the husband had been led into habits of expense by expectations which are not realized, he finds it difficult to retrench, and equally so to impart the truth of his embarrassments to his wife, who suspects what she does not venture to inquire into, and is secretly unhappy. Accidental business carries him to London; he is there on the lookout for some speculation by which he might rapidly become immensely rich, and thinks himself fortunate in

the acquaintance of a broker, who is said to have retrieved the affairs of several gentlemen; who being embarrassed, had placed them in his hands. He is dazzled at the prospect of a speculation in the funds; is led on by the success of two or three trifling attempts, and encouraged by the punctuality of the broker, now become his agent, to venture more and more, till, in order to prevent the trouble of frequent meetings and letters to that purpose, he in a fatal moment, delivers a number of promissory notes with blanks for the sums they are to be filled up with, and retires to his house in the country, not without some dismal forebodings what might be the event.—Symptoms of the truth now rapidly occur, and it is soon evident that the broker had been long a man of desperate fortune; that he had pledged the means of his employer to the utmost; that total ruin and disgrace would ensue; that his creditors had been alarmed, and that the unfortunate gentleman would in a short time be dragged to prison. The lady, who had long dreaded the worst, and had lamented nothing more than her husband's unwillingness to share his griefs with her, now offers him the most delightful of all consolations; she offers to share his fortune, be it what it may, and no expression of reproach is in contradiction to the smile of love which beams upon her countenance. But his pride, and a strong sense of the happiness he had thrown away, render life loathsome to him; he declares his dreadful purpose of suicide, and she determines not to survive him. They recommend their child to a friend whom they can depend upon; and while this dear object of their united affections, who had been soliciting her father for the new doll he had promised her, is running about the garden, they resolutely execute their purpose with a pair of pistols, and die in each other's arms. The moral of this little story is excellent, but the termination is too dismal: it would have been better, I think, to have

brought religion to the aid of the unhappy couple ; who submitting to their fate with resignation, might have cheerfully withdrawn to some cottage, and subsisted by their own industry. A delightful picture of a retired and blameless life, might now have been drawn; and, as they were seated by their fire side, on a winter's evening, with their daughter between them, a messenger might have thundered at the door, with the news of some rich and generous uncle, just arrived from the East Indies; or some hard-hearted maiden aunt with an immense fortune, might have been made to die for the occasion, without giving her time to make her will. The same tenderness of affection which induced Mr. Necker to render the days of his wife as happy as the unavoidable evils of human nature admit of, continued to animate his exertions to the last moments of her existence. The gloomy period which we all shudder at, was softened by his assiduous attention; her mind was composed by the certainty that her wishes with respect to the disposal of her remains, would be complied with; and musick, either from the hand of her daughter, or from a band in a neighbouring chamber, was heard whenever she seemed to request it; and was made to sooth the long and painful approach of death. I have often thought, that with all our love for each other in this world, there was something not well understood in our conduct towards those of our friends who are on the verge of their last moments; and that the art of promoting an easy, and I might almost say, a cheerful death, was not sufficiently attended to. A book has been written upon this subject in the French language; but for want of knowing the title, I have never been able to procure it.

Mr. de Luc, who has been so distinguished in the literary world, and in particular for his improved application of the barometer to the measurement of heights, is also of Geneva, though he has principally resided in England; where he bears the

title of reader to the Queen. His works on the history of the earth extend to several volumes, which are replete with a variety of observations, made in almost every part of Europe, on such circumstances and phenomena, as prove the portion of the globe which we inhabit, to have been formerly covered by the waters of some great ocean, that has been since suddenly withdrawn; and on such as are connected with the changes it has undergone by the operation of volcanic fire. He is also the inventor of another very simple experiment, for the measurement of heights by the greater or less degree of thermometrical heat of water, exposed to the action of fire; at which ebullition commences: if we reflect a moment, that the process of ebullition is the overcoming the incumbent pressure of a column of air, it will immediately occur to us, that the column being rendered shorter at every step we ascend, its weight must consequently become less, and be more easily overcome. Monsieur de Saussure, with a liberality which did him infinite honour, spared no trouble or expense which could enable him to ascertain the truth of this hypothesis, and has given us the result of various experiments on the sea shore, on Mount Cenis, and on Mount Blanc. It appears from these, that although the difficulty of kindling and keeping up a flame increased as he ascended, and was almost insurmountable on Mount Blanc, yet the difference of height to be presumed in all these instances, from the different temperature of the water at the moment of ebullition, was in exact ratio to the difference of level at every particular station; such as it had been ascertained by the barometer, and by trigonometrical experiments.

The works of M. de Luc, though long known to the scientific world, were new to me; and I was particularly struck with his hypothesis on the nature of heat. The Creator condescending, if I may use the expression, to act always by secondary causes, has willed, that in

this atmosphere we breathe, in the earth, and in every object of creation, there should exist a variety of invisible materials, which we are enabled to call into action at pleasure, and to give a direction to—it is so with the magnetick and galvanick powers, and with the electric fluid, and so with the element of heat; or, as I believe I should call it, calorick. This important element, this great vivifier of creation, is composed of materials which gravitate towards the earth, and accumulate upon its surface; it exists more or less in all bodies; it is more easily absorbed and transmitted by some substances than by others; it may be called into action in various ways; by friction, for example, and by the rays of the Sun: which last may be supposed to operate more efficaciously in the plain, where the gravitating particles of heat are more condensed, than on elevated places; without, however, containing any more of the substance of heat, than a knife with which you cut an orange does of juice; and if you ever complain of their being hot, I shall set you right, as Jack Lizard did his mamma, when she complained of having burnt her fingers. The theory of M. de Luc has met with some opposition, but has been rather confirmed than not by a course of atmospherical experiments, made by an ingenious natural philosopher of Geneva. He found indeed, the degree of heat greater at a certain distance from the earth, than upon the surface; but the continued exhalation which we know to exist there, and the effect of moisture in absorbing heat, very easily explain that circumstance.

Another of this last mentioned gentleman's experiments* shows the effect of a mass of ice at one extremity of a room, upon a thermometer at the other. It was natural that the thermometer should sink as the heat

of the room was absorbed by the melting of the ice, but this he has chosen to call the reflection of cold, and to reason upon it as upon some unknown property; as well might he call the action of a sponge upon a table, where water had been spilt, the reflection of dryness; and he might have recollected, what he must have observed a hundred times in his excursions to the glaciers, that the protrusion of ice into the valley has the effect of impeding the growth of every plant in its neighbourhood, by absorbing, as it gradually melts during the summer, that heat which is so necessary to vegetation.

The learned men of Geneva, though in general communicative, yet reminded me sometimes of the Druids of old; they seemed fearful lest the fruit of their investigations should be too easily understood, and science become too common; and their admission of such a difficulty as the reflection of cold, which they condescend gravely to discuss, is not unlike the conduct of Sir Roger de Coverley, who confessed, when an old man, that he used sometimes, in the vigour of youth, and in his zeal for hunting, to collect as many of the foxes of the neighbourhood as possible, that he might have the pleasure of running them down upon his own manor. Another Mr. de Luc, a brother of the one abovementioned, resides in Geneva, and has often given me occasion to admire the rare reunion of an attachment to scientific pursuits, with cheerful piety, an active mind, and 75 years of age. His Cabinet of Natural History is allowed by those who can best appreciate such things, to be extremely well composed; and it is particularly interesting, from the circumstance of its containing several marine and other fossils, which evidently belong to species now existing in a state of nature; either on land or in the sea. It has been said, and I have heard it asserted at Geneva, that there was nothing more than a distant analogy between those fossil remains which we see collected, and any existing

* This, which was considered as an original experiment at Geneva, was made by Dr. Priestly in 1794.

animals : this, if true, would imply, that there had been two distinct creations; a circumstance the more painful to Mr. de Luc and to his brother, as in their zeal for religion they have, rather unnecessarily I think, pledged themselves to prove the exact and literal truth of the Mosaick History.

I have as great a respect for this famous lawgiver as either of the Mess. de Lucs, and I admire his having conducted the moody, wrong-headed, murmuring race of his countrymen from slavery to liberty, in the midst of so many difficulties ; but I am driven to let my reason take shelter in the supposition of allegory and metaphor, when I am called upon to declare my opinion of the most wonderful part of his narration, and might, I think, with propriety, apply what Rousseau rather improperly said of the miraculous part of the gospel : you, said he, addressing himself to a theologian, you are rendered a Christian by a belief in these miracles, now I am a Christian in spite of them. An interesting trait in the history of these venerable brothers, is the union of heart and mind in which they have ever lived, and the determination of each that the other should participate in any literary honour, or any credit that labour or ingenuity could procure the one in the opinion of mankind. Mr. Pictet, from whom I received the welcome of a friend on my return to this country, is among the most distinguished of the Genevans. The work of his of which I am best able to judge, contains a volume of letters, written during a rapid tour in England and Ireland ; they contain a lively account of men and manners ; of arts and sciences ; of manufactures and agriculture ; and show how much can be done in a very short time by a man of genius, who has activity ; who is cheerful and good natured, and who possesses the language of the country through which he travels.

Medicine and surgery are practised in Geneva by individuals who rank high in those professions all

over Europe ; but there is one fault common to them all : they take it for granted, that a stranger is to pay more for the services he receives, than an inhabitant ; and they embarrass him by refusing to make any demand, or give in any account ; so that though he may in the end pay more than he ought, he has never the satisfaction of knowing that he has paid enough. There is something in this unworthy the dignity of a learned and highly useful profession, practised as it is at Geneva, by men of the most distinguished merit ; and by no means consistent with the liberality of their conduct upon every other occasion. A Mr. Le S. a very eminent literary character, died a few days after my arrival at Geneva ; his life, which was protracted to a good old age, had been in a great measure devoted to intense study ; the great object of which was to explain mechanically, the operations of gravity. What the secondary causes are which occasion the fall of bodies, we shall never know with certainty ; but those imagined by Mr. Le Sage would, I presume, be sufficient in the hands of a being enabled to wield them ; it would appear so at least, as far as human knowledge has brought us acquainted with all the various phenomena of gravity upon earth, or in the Heavens : he was a man of a most benevolent heart ; of great good humour, and of some singularities ; these arose in a great measure, from his habit of classing his ideas, of deducing consequences upon all occasions from premises, and of taking nothing for granted, that he was not satisfied as to the truth of ; his ingenious and active mind had been left in very early youth, from the circumstances of his situation and the mode of instruction his father had adopted, under the necessity of ruminating, where a slight explanation, had it been given, might have satisfied his doubts, and of making experiments, which he did with great ingenuity in order to satisfy himself on subjects of very ordinary occurrence ; from these he passed to others far more

intricate, and was yet a young man when he decided a very important axiom in vision, and proved to the satisfaction of all who could understand him, that with power the mechanist might produce any sort of motion, and convert that which is recurring into that which shall be rotatory. His system on the explanation of gravity, was the great employment of his life; but it necessarily supposed a mass of information on various subjects, and this as well as the particulars of his hypothesis, he was at all times willing to communicate. But he could never acquire an easy flow of words, and would have been embarrassed by a very ordinary question, on which he had not been allowed to prepare himself. It was his misfortune to mistrust his memory, and commit every thing to paper. Attached as he was, almost unreasonably to truth, in all its rigour, and to extreme accuracy, it is singular that he should have bestowed so much of his attention upon subjects so inexhaustible and so remote from all possibility of being ever perfectly explained. He at one period of his life, fatigued his mind so long by endeavouring to ascertain the precise moment at which our waking faculties cease, and sleep commences, that he had almost lost the power of sleep. There is always a great deal of oral tradition in the accounts which are given us of any distinguished character, and this goes down to posterity, together with what assumes the appearance of history; it is already so with Mr. Le Sage, of whom a variety of anecdotes are related, in addition to what professor Prevost has published. He was fond of society it is said, but invariably took his solitary meal by his kitchen fire; and as he thought a certain degree of exercise necessary to health, and could not find time to walk out as often as he ought, it was his custom to dance a jig with his servant maid just before he went to bed. He was never married, nor does it appear that he ever was in love; but he had unaccountably taken up an idea,

that the fair sex of his acquaintance, were always laying snares for his affections; and felicitated himself very gravely more than once, at having escaped temptations, which it is very certain never existed but in his own imagination. To believe the philosopher, Ulysses himself, never incurred more danger in the country of the Syrens, than he did in the virtuous city of Geneva. I do not mention this anecdote from any wish to excite a smile, but as a trait in the character of man in general, who is more frequently affected by what Dr. Johnson calls the flying clouds of incipient madness, than we commonly imagine; you will agree with me, that the mistake of the Genevan philosopher was not much less singular than that of the astronomer in *Rasselas*.—A Review, in the nature of those published in London, comes out once a month in Geneva; it is conducted by a society of men of letters, and exclusively appropriated to foreign, and particularly English productions. They very frequently discuss the subjects of the books they report upon, and throw light upon each; arranging whatever is confused; explaining whatever appears obscure, and pruning away all that is superfluous and redundant; so that an English authour is sometimes infinitely more improved by having passed through their hands, than his countrymen even are by their travels. They thus render no inconsiderable service to an authour, and to the portion of mankind who may be benefited by his labours. They were among the most zealous cooperators of Dr. Jenner, in promoting a confidence in the virtues of the vaccine inoculation, and contributed extremely to the success of this wonderful discovery, by explaining the process and symptoms. And now, ———, I believe I must cease to write to you about Geneva, it is a topick upon which I could never exhaust myself, but your patience might not last as long; we are now preparing for our journey to Paris, and my next letter will be from thence.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

JUNIUS ONCE MORE.

— Nov. 4, 1808.

Who was the authour of the letters signed JUNIUS?

They have been ascribed to *Burke*, to *Lord George Germaine*, to *Hugh Boyd*, to *Mr. Dunning*, and to a foreign clergyman of the name of *Rosenhagen*. In this country, some person has suggested the name of *Gen. Lee* as the authour; but they are attributed in England for the most part to *W. G. Hamilton*. I shall proceed to notice briefly the pretensions of each of these gentlemen: a newspaper dissertation will not admit of much detail.

The writers who have occasionally treated this question, *Stephens*, *Malone*, *Chalmers*, *Heron*, have not been very well qualified to do complete justice to it. Mere authours, criticks in black letter lore, like *Stephens* and *Malone*, may do well enough as verbal criticks, as illustrators of *Shakspeare's* dramas, but they had no adequate opportunity of mingling with the *political* world. For this is a mixed question; of elegant literature, and of the politicks of the day. As to *Chalmers*, an underwriter on British statisticks in *Rose's* office, however he may have earned the praise of patient industry in copying the entries of export and import, in editing treaties, or collecting tales of *Daniel Defoe* or *Thomas Paine*, he is certainly neither calculated by elegant erudition, or political information, to throw much light on this long agitated question.

The suggestion of *Boyd* rests chiefly I believe, upon the conjectures of *Almon* the bookseller; who certainly can only be autho-

rity so far as his informant was; for of his own knowledge it is not probable that *Almon* could give any information. *Almon's* shop, like that of his predecessour *Debrett* in *Piccadilly*, was a morning resort for literary loungers of the opposition-politicks, as *Stockdale's* was for the adherents of administration; and it is probable that *Almon* might be struck by some vague conjecture of *Boyd* having written the Letters of *Junius*, uttered in the desultory chit-chat of some of the whig politicians who frequented his counter. *Heron*, I fancy is the same person who published about twenty years ago a now-forgotten book, entitled "*Letters on Literature*," remarkable only for the affectation of paradox in the literary criticisms it contains. I remember at the time it was considered as a *nomme de guerre*, and the book was attributed to *Pinkerton*; whose pertinacity of assertion was then notorious. *Heron's* edition is certainly a good one, but I am fully persuaded that he is perfectly incompetent, from a want of political intercourse, to judge of the present question: indeed the Scotch literati, are not well versed in the anecdotal history of English authorship. Of *Heron*, since the "*Letters*" above mentioned, I have heard little or nothing in the literary world. He is *novus homo*, at least on these subjects. These remarks may appear peremptory and positive in this country, but I can risk them without danger to English amateurs of literary anecdote.

With respect to *Burke* as the supposed authour of *Junius*, I apprehend the pretension is not supportable. 1st, *Burke's* style is of all others the most unlike that of *Junius*: the one, diffuse, impetuous, glowing, metaphorical, coloured,

and ornamented in a high degree, exuberant in epithets, frequent in repeated ideas, with periods full, flowing, and rounded. The other, polished indeed, but sarcastick, epigrammatick. There is not a passage in Burke's known works, that can give the idea of Junius. There is not a passage in Junius impressed with the ardent energy of imagination so perpetually flashing through the pages of Burke's invective. 2dly, No man in Great Britain could be less disposed to panegyrisé the mob-popularity of John Wilkes than Edmund Burke. Wilkes courted and cajoled the populace—Burke's motto was, *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*: he never condescended to be of Wilkes's party, though he might oppose the unconstitutionality of his expulsion: if indeed in that country, John Wilkes's expulsion could fairly be considered as unconstitutional. 3rdly, Upon a question of party politicks, Burke was too open, too ardent for concealment: he had no motive for this kind of privacy: his opposition was uniformly to men superiour in mind as well as in political situation to the Duke of Grafton or his Grace of Bedford: and that opposition was in the face of the world. His posthumous editors indeed have been most disgracefully ashamed of one of his finest compositions, the "Vindication of Natural Society:" but Dodsley who repeatedly published it, and for whom Burke compiled the historical part of the old Annual Register, never concealed it. In my younger days its authour was never doubted: indeed who but Burke could have written it? Although it defends all the tenets of Paine—although it professes to imitate only the declamatory periods of Bolingbroke's style, yet it is manifestly impressed with

the *vividus vis animi*, of Burke himself: for Bolingbroke's eloquence, though flowing, was comparatively cold and chastened, and did not exhibit like that of Burke "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." For these or some such reasons, the name of Mr. Burke has at present few advocates in its favour, as connected with that of Junius.

The political quid-nuncs of the day, the saunterers at Debrett's, were, for a long time suspicious that the Letters of Junius issued in some way or other from the office of LORD GEORGE GERMAINE: and the suspicion was not without some foundation, though I know of none to fix the authourship on Lord George himself. Cumberland, who was on very good terms with Lord George Germaine, tells us in his life (p. 338) that he once mentioned this report to his friend and patron, who smiled at it, but gave no reply in affirmance or denial. If Hamilton were the authour, I do not wonder at this silence: for Hamilton was under the patronage of Lord George, who was by no means friendly toward any of the subjects of Junius's abuse. But neither Hamilton nor Lord George could expect any favour or indeed any mercy from the court, as the defenders of John Wilkes, and the accusers of Lord Mansfield. Woodfall was deeply guarantied. Whatever general suspicion might exist, I know of no fact or anecdote that points particularly at Lord George Germaine; of whose literary talents we have no specimens to enable us to judge. That he was a man of ability, there is no doubt; but the affair of Minder was a millstone about his neck, and the opposition to his entrance into the House of Lords, sunk his spirits and paralysed his subsequent exertions.

Almon suggested **BOYD** as the authour: whose published works by no means justify such a conjecture. Boyd died in India, I believe at Calcutta, a few years ago, and I have heard him mentioned as the probable authour of Junius, in this country, by Mr. Duane, who appears to have known him in India. But I have received no fact as attaching to Boyd in this respect. It appears to me, conjecture not only devoid of foundation, but against all common probability. The Letters of Junius carry with them intrinsic evidence that they were written by a man conversant with the higher classes of society, and deeply versed in the private as well as the publick characters and views of the political leaders of the day: a man of elegant literature, too democratick, not for the publick, but for a court, and therefore if connected with a court interested in remaining unknown. A man evidently not tempted to acquire wealth by literary talent exerted in the field of politicks, and willing to sacrifice the love of fame to prudent obscurity. Which of these traits belongs to Boyd?—an adventurer of tolerable education and of good abilities, but no more. A man who could not be acted upon by motives of prudence in adopting voluntary obscurity, for his station in life could place him in no jeopardy. He had every motive to acquire if he could, either wealth or fame as a writer, for they were necessary to his comfort and consideration. Which then of the features belonging to Junius, belongs also to Boyd? What specimen of Boyd's style has been produced, that proves anything like a rival similarity to the style of Junius? And if there were any such in the few pages left by Boyd, how easily may a happy imitation

of a favourite writer, be occasionally struck off by very inferior talents? It is not merely the intrinsic neatness and sarcastick point; the bitter, deep-felt mordancy of Junius's style, that must stamp his merit as a writer—it is, that he was original at the time; his style was his own—Junius did not rank among the herd of imitators, *servum pecus*. He was the first, and he is as yet the last in his way: for unless some brilliant imitations of Junius's manner by Col. Francis, in his letters “of one of the People of Great Britian,” there has been no copy of Junius worth a moment's attention. I agree with Lord Orford's friend, *Quicquid ostendas mihi sic, incredulus odi*.

Mr. Heron, attributes the Letters of Junius to **DUNNING**. He could have known nothing of Dunning. I object to this supposition, 1st, That Junius declares expressly that he was not a lawyer by profession:—Dunning was. 2ndly, That Dunning was no writer: his practice was by far too extensive and incessant to admit of his appearing in the character of an authour. I know of no specimen of Dunning's composition. Junius must have been used to composition. He furnishes intrinsic evidence that he was in the habit of writing: his style too is polished, laboured, touched, and re-touched with great care. To me it bears strong marks of the *limæ labor*. He acknowledges this indeed, himself, in his letter to Horne: Dunning had no time for this. 3rdly, If he had time, Dunning was above it. Dunning was careless of ornament; his manner was singularly inelegant and repulsive; his diction fluent, but artless: his speeches were full of argument, strong and forcible, embracing all his subject, avoiding

no objections, betraying no art or management, meeting in their full force all his adversaries' reasonings. I have heard Dunning, at the Bar, and in the House. His dry cough incessantly interrupting the flow of his speeches—his figure diminutive and ungain—his manner void of action, standing obstinately erect, his hands resting unmoved below his breast, could never give the idea of anything approaching to elegance. Rapid he was, and forcible; occasionally witty, and pointed; but he was too good-tempered to be severe or sarcastick; much less was he like Junius, bitter and malignant. No tempers could be more opposite than those of Dunning and of Junius. 4th, Dunning did not care for the Court, I mean the Court of St. James's; to which, at that time he was in known and open opposition, nor was he in any fear of Lord Mansfield's influence, for his standing at the Bar, was not merely in the first rank in point of talents and practice, but he was the first in that rank. He led the Bar. Wallace and Bearcroft came after him, *longo intervallo*. He had no motive then for concealing himself, if he had been the authour of Junius, and Dunning was above concealment. He was as a lawyer, what Fox was as a politician. 5th, An argument of itself decisive with me, is that John Horne was the intimate, the valued friend of Dunning: and so continued, I believe till the death of Lord Ashburton. He has mentioned Dunning to me, in terms of so much respect and affection, that my feelings revolt at Dunning's being the authour of Junius to John Horne. Dunning and Horne were the confidential advisers of the Shelburne Club, with Col. Barrè, and that set of associated politicians. Dunning, Horne,

Sergeant Glynor, and Barrè, were the managers of the city politicks of the day in conjunction; they were the political supporters, but not the personal friends of John Wilkes. Dunning was not only the private and political, but the loyal friend and adviser of John Horne. I refer to "Horne's Letter to Dunning." It was to Dunning that he dedicated this skeleton sketch of the *Epea Pteroenta*; a work that does honour to the nation; of unequalled ingenuity and research; a work that has placed Horne Tooke at the head of European literature. It was not this man that Dunning *could* have abused. I know Horne Tooke well: generous and kind-hearted as he is learned and able, he could not but have been the friend of Dunning, had they met, as they did. Horne Tooke could not have been the friend of Junius. If Mr. Heron were ignorant of these circumstances, he was unqualified to agitate the question: if he knew them, Dunning ought to have been the last of men to whom the Letters of Junius should be ascribed. The letters between Horne and Junius are full of passages which render Mr. Heron's conjecture to the highest degree improbable; in my mind, impossible. Heron has properly noticed, with great brevity, the foreigner ROSENHAGEN. No foreigner could have penned those Letters. He could have possessed neither the knowledge of character, nor the knowledge of the language that those Letters imply. And why should he conceal himself? Why should this obscure man renounce such a harvest of fame and fortune? The suggestion of such a name is almost as absurd as that of GENERAL LEE, of whom upon this question, no more need be said.

My opinion is, that the Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton* was the authour: and the following authorities and considerations sway me.

1. I was too young at the time of Junius's publications in Woodfall's paper, to have any precise remembrance of the conjectures of the day. Between the years 1778 and 1792, I was much conversant with literary people, in London particularly, and elsewhere in England. I have heard the question frequently stated, and occasionally discussed: but I have never heard those Letters attributed among the best informed people to any body but single-speech Hamilton. Not that any person to my knowledge, ever pretended to *know* who was the authour, but the general conjecture rested on him from a story commonly current, that one day in the House of Commons, he inquired of some of the members if they had read Junius's letter of that morning, and repeated a passage out of it. It happened, however, that in consequence of an accident at Woodfall's printing-office, his paper did not appear that day. The inference was, that nobody could know the contents of Junius's letter before it was published, but the authour of it.

2. In the latter part of the year 1792, I was on a visit to Horne Tooke at Wimbleton. We were

alone. I asked him in the course of conversation if he knew who was the authour of Junius: he said, No: Whom do you suppose? I cannot suspect any one in particular, unless it be single-speech Hamilton. Horne Tooke was as likely to form a probable conjecture on the subject as any one.

3. Cumberland and Horace Walpole, appear to me of all the men in England, the best authority upon a question of this nature. Their forte, their *métier*, their profession (particularly Lord Orford) was literary anecdote. It was chiefly on this account, that Cumberland, whose conversation-talents were much prized from ten to twenty years ago, was so welcome a guest in literary circles. Beside this, both these gentlemen were intimately associated with the prominent political characters of that day, and therefore possessed in a high degree the two qualifications peculiarly required in this discussion.

Cumberland in his *Life* (New-York ed. p. 109) has the following among other passages relating to W. G. Hamilton. "The speech of the lord-lieutenant upon the opening of the Session is upon record. It was generally esteemed a very brilliant composition. His graceful person, and impressive manner of delivery, set it off to the best advantage, and all things seemed to augur well for his success. When I was called in jointly with Secretary Hamilton to take the project and rough copy of this speech into consideration, I could not help remarking the extraordinary efforts which that gentleman made, to engraft his own very peculiar style on the sketch before him. In this I sometimes agreed with him, but more generally opposed him: till Lord Halifax, whose patience began to be exhausted, no

* This gentleman died at his house in Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-Square, on July 16, 1796; aged 69. About the year 1760 he was appointed Chief-Secretary to the Earl of Halifax, who was sent over as lord-lieutenant of Ireland. Cumberland, the draught-writer, was at the same time Ulster-Secretary to that Nobleman. I believe Hamilton afterward was Secretary to Lord George Germaine, when the latter came into office. He was remarkable as a member of the House of Commons, for making but one speech in a Session, but that was always an able one.

longer submitted his copy to be dissected, but took it to himself with such alterations as he saw fit to adopt, and those but few. I must candidly acknowledge, that at times when I have heard people searching for internal evidence in the style of Junius, as to the authour of those famous letters, I have called to recollection this circumstance which I have now related, and occasionally said that the style of Junius bore a strong resemblance to what I had observed of the style of Secretary Hamilton. Beyond this I never had the least grounds for conjecture, nor any clue to lead me to the discovery of that anonymous writer beyond what I have alluded to."

I know too that my long and much-esteemed friend Richard Sharpe, Esq. to whose literary judgment, Cumberland has shown such prudent deference, entertains the same opinion: and his opinions respecting English authours, and on subjects of English literature, has no slight weight among the literary circles of the British metropolis.

The editor of the *Walpoliana* (p. 49) gives the following anecdote, as related by Lord Orford:

"I was informed by Sir John Irwine, that one day when he was at Mr. Grenville's, Mr. G. told Sir John, that he had that morning received a letter from Junius, saying, that he esteemed Mr. G. and might soon make himself known to him. This affords me proof positive that the celebrated authour of those Letters could not be Mr. Grenville's secretary, as was supposed. I really suspect single-speech Hamilton to have been the authour, from the following circumstance: One day at a house where he happened to be, he repeated the contents of that day's Junius, while in fact, the printer had delayed the

publication till next day.' (This probably alludes to the same mistake which I have already noticed, as commonly spoken of in literary circles in my time. Hamilton might have mentioned the same thing both at a private house and at the House of Commons.) "Hamilton," says Walpole, "was also brought forward by Lord Holland, and it is remarkable that Lord Holland, though very open to censure, is never once mentioned. Garrick dining with me one day, told me, that having been at Woodfall's, he learnt that the Junius of that day would be the last; upon this, hurrying to St. James's he reported this intelligence to several people. Next day he received a letter from Junius informing him that if he used such freedoms, a letter from Junius to him should appear. From this Garrick concluded that the authour was about the Court."

To these testimonies of Cumberland and Walpole, I will add another, not inferior in weight of authority. The authour of the "*Pursuits of Literature*" pedant as he is, will be regarded as no mean judge in questions depending upon literary anecdote. In p. 19, of the Philad. edit. of his "*Imperial Epistle from Kien-Long to George the Third*," is this note:

"Junius: there is a person now living emphatically styled on the highest authority, THE MAN WITH THE PEN. *Note communicated by the Right Honourable W. G. Hamilton, M. P.*"

This epistle I believe was first published in 1795. W. G. Hamilton died in 1796.

These are all the remarks that I am at present prepared to offer on this *diu vexator questio*. But I think the current anecdote of Hamilton's premature quotation from Junius, aided by the conjectures of

such men as Tooke, Walpole, Cumberland, Sharpe, and the authour of the Pursuits of Literature, furnish much stronger ground in favour of my supposition, than any other hypothesis can call in aid. The question is not indeed of much importance, but it is one of those that the lovers of fine writing, will feel to a certain degree interested in resolving. If the preceding speculations are likely to afford amusement to your readers, you are welcome to them.

C.

For The Port Folio.

LIFE OF DR. JOHNSON.

(Concluded from page 347.)

He published his Shakspeare in 1765, and shortly after the University of Dublin created him a Doctor of Laws: the University of Oxford followed the example ten years afterwards, and till that period he never assumed his title. In 1766 his constitution seemed to be in a rapid decline, and the morbid melancholy to which he had always been a victim, then came upon him with redoubled force. About this time Mr. and Mrs. Thrale paid him a visit and found him on his knees with Dr. Delap, beseeching God to continue him in the use of his understanding.

From 1766 till the year 1775, we find him engaged in no very material literary avocations. He was much in the habit of writing Prefaces and Introductions to the works of various authours. He passed much of his time at Streatham, the residence of Mr. Thrale; and in 1776 he removed to a larger house in Bolt-Court, where the whole of the second floor was fitted up for his library, which now consisted of 5000 volumes. Miss Williams partook of his new mansion; and he also gave apartments to Mrs. Desmoulins, daughter of his godfather Dr. Swinfen, and her daughter, a Miss Carmichael. Such likewise was his generosity, that he

allowed Mrs. Desmoulins half a guinea a week out of his pension. Yet Johnson used to observe to Mrs. Piozzi, that from the dissensions of his inmates they made his life miserable, by the impossibility he found of making theirs happy.

Among the constant visitors of Dr. Johnson was Robert Levett, an obscure practitioner of medicine.—He had scarcely sufficient practice to keep him from starving, but Johnson had such a high opinion of his abilities that he always consulted him, and declared “he was hardly able to live without him.” He also gave this man an apartment in his house, in which he continued for the rest of his life. The figure and manner of Levett exactly resembled those of Johnson; and when nearly sixty years of age he married a common street walker, who persuaded him that she was a woman of family and fortune. This man was highly remarkable for the tenderness and gratitude which he always showed towards his benefactor.

In August 1773, he set out on his journey to Scotland, in company with Mr. Boswell, and returned to London in November. His various adventures during his tour have been well described by Mr. Boswell in his journal. In 1774, he published a political pamphlet, entitled, *The Patriot*; and in 1775, another, called, *Taxation no Tyranny*; as well as the *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland*. His first publication of the *Lives of the Poets* was in 1779, and in 1781, he completed this work, which in his seventy-first year closed his literary labours. It was this work which contributed to immortalize his name, and procured him that rational esteem which was not diminished even by the injudicious zeal of his friends.

On the 4th of May, 1781, he lost his valuable friend Mr. Thrale, who appointed him one of his executors, with a legacy of 200*l*. He has given a true character of this gentleman in a Latin Epitaph, which is to be seen in the church at Streatham. By the

loss of Mr. Thrale, Johnson was deprived of many of the comforts of his life ; and his visits becoming less agreeable at Streatham, he took his final leave of Mrs. Thrale in April 1783, after a connexion of nearly twenty years. It appears from the anecdotes of Mrs. Piozzi, (formerly Mrs. Thrale,) that her politeness to Johnson was principally in consequence of an habitual yoke imposed upon her by her husband. "Veneration," says she, "for his virtues, reverence for his talents, and an habitual endurance of which my husband bore his share for seventeen years, made me go on so long with Mr. Johnson ; but the perpetual confinement I will own to have been terrifying in the first years of our friendship, and irksome in the last, nor would I pretend to support it when my coadjutor was no more." Previous to her marriage with the Italian musick-master, Johnson sent her a severe remonstrance, on her intimation of her intentions, which she answered by an indignant vindication of her conduct.

From this time the malady with which Johnson had been afflicted throughout his life, came upon him with redoubled violence, and his strength daily declined. In June 1783, he was afflicted with a parylitick stroke, which deprived him at first of his speech, but which he gradually recovered, so that in July he was able to pay a visit to Mr. Langton, at Rochester. He afterwards went to Mr. Bowles, at Hale, in Wiltshire, and during his visit Miss Williams expired. This, as he was ever agitated with the dread of his own dissolution, gave his mind a considerable shock ; and he declared that his prospect of death was terrible.

In November 1783, he was attacked by a dropsy, in consequence of which he was swelled from head to foot : from this complaint however, he was relieved, and began to entertain hopes that his constitution was not entirely decayed. At Midsummer, 1784, he seemed in a state of convalescence, and went into Derby-

shire to recover his strength by a change of air. During his absence he conceived that his life might be prolonged by his removal to a warmer climate, and the Lord Chancellor undertook to recommend his case, with a view to obtain an addition to his pension, but he was unsuccessful, and though he offered to advance 500*l.* towards his travelling expenses, from his own private purse, and Dr. Brocklesby also offered him an annuity of 100*l.* the Doctor thought proper to reject both these liberal proposals, and returned to London in November, seriously afflicted with an asthma and the dropsy.

He now felt his end approaching ; and the strength of religion prevailed over the infirmity of nature. He no longer dreaded the sentence of divine justice, but maintained a humble and pious hope of mercy. On the evening of Monday, December the 13th, 1784, he expired without a groan : and on the 20th his remains were deposited in Westminster Abbey, near the foot of Shakspeare's monument, and contiguous to the grave of Garrick. His schoolfellow and friend, Dr. Taylor, read the funeral service, and agreeably to his desire, a large blue flag stone was placed over his grave, with the following inscription :

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

Obiit XIII Decembris,

Anno Domini

M.DCC.LXXXIV.

Ætatis suæ LXXV.

A monument has since been erected to his memory in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul. He left the bulk of his property, amounting to about 1500*l.* to his faithful black servant, Francis Barber, and appointed Sir John Hawkins and Sir William Scott, his executors.

The death of Dr. Johnson excited the attention of the publick in an extraordinary degree, and the press teemed with literary effusions to his memory, in the form of Sermons, Elegies, Memoirs, Lives, Essays and Anecdotes. Those most distinguish-

ed were the *Essay*, by Samuel Hobhouse, Esq. and the "Political and Literary Review of Dr. Johnson's Character," by John Courtenay, Esq. M. P. but particularly the instructing and interesting *Life of Johnson*, by James Boswell, Esq. which appeared in two quarto volumes, in the year 1791.

The person of Dr. Johnson was large and unwieldy; the disease of the scrophula affected his nerves, and his head and frame were subject to involuntary motions. He manifested on all occasions an independent spirit, which rendered him incessantly irritable, and carried his haughty temper beyond all bounds; while the habit of pronouncing decisions to friends and visitors, caused him to adopt a dictatorial manner, which was much enforced by a voice naturally loud and strong. His favourite topics of discussion were, metaphysicks, moral and religious systems, literary anecdotes, but particularly biographical accounts of learned men. He however had an aversion from general history and antiquities, and would even be rude to the person who introduced those subjects in conversation.

There is no doubt that the great trait in Johnson's mind was gigantick vigour. He was born a logician, and loved argumentation, while he argued with such profound investigation, that a fallacy was sure to be refuted by his strength of reasoning. It is also certain that with great powers of mind he possessed a considerable share of wit and humour; though he does not seem to have been able in conversation to command his passions.

In his political principles he was a staunch Tory, and was inimical to all men of Whig opinions, though the shades of his character have been greatly misrepresented by party writers. His humanity, generosity, and

general philanthropy were unbounded; and it has been justly observed, that in his house the lame, the blind and the sorrowful found a sure retreat. He always considered a strict adherence to truth as a sacred obligation, and in relating the most trivial anecdote he would not allow himself the smallest addition in the way of embellishment. In short, his veracity was so rigid that Mr. Tyers, who was well acquainted with his manner, was accustomed to observe that he conversed as if he was talking upon oath.

Dr. Johnson's failings, when contrasted with his virtues, sink into insignificance, and may be compared to specks on the sun. His piety and goodness of heart form a noble subject for imitation, his works will always remain a monument of genius and erudition; and by a diligent attention to them every mind may advance in virtue.

We shall conclude this sketch by a quotation from Horace, which may be considered as Johnson's picture in miniature.

*"Iracundior est paulo minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum, rideri possit eo
quod
Rusticius tonso toga defluit, et male laxus
In pede calceus hæret. At est, bonus ut
melior vir
Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus, at
ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore..."*

MERRIMENT.

M. de la Farre had long possessed an affection for Madame de la Sabre. Visiting her one morning, and fixing his eyes steadily on her countenance, he suddenly exclaimed, "Bless me, what is the matter with your right eye?" "Ah! la Farre," replied she, "you no longer love me, I have had the same defect my whole life, but passion blinded you too much to discover it till this day."

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(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. Philadelphia, Saturday, December 10, 1808. No. 24.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LVII.

PARIS, February 21, 1806.

I AM at length, my ———, able to write to you from Paris, where we have passed three months, which have been pretty well filled up. I have, as usual, kept a regular journal of every thing we have seen and done, and have it open upon the table before me—but before I speak of Paris, I must give you some idea of our journey from Geneva. It was, I forget what day, in the last week of October, that we left Secheron, with heavy hearts at the thought of quitting F. ———, but yielding to the necessity of turning our faces homewards, and not sorry that Paris lay in our way. There was a melancholy group to pass through on our way to the carriage—it consisted of our

faithful housekeeper, who had been also our cook; of the chairman who used to rub our floors; of the blanchisseuse, you will allow it to be a much prettier name than washer-woman; of the little sempstress that had worked for us; of the gardener and the gardener's wife—they were, all of them, I really believe, sorry to part with us, and the women showed it in their eyes: we left them, however, the sort of consolation which, as Cervantes says, was so efficacious in allaying the grief of Don Quixote's family, and the probability is, that they were not inconsolable. As it was late when we set out, we went no farther than Nion, of which I have more than once given you some account, I believe, in my excursions through La Cote—it was once a Roman station, and while the waters of the lake protected the right flank of the garrison, their left was defended by a wall, which extended to the foot of Mount Jura: some remains of this, I am told, might be still traced; but I am surprised how any one can ever have mistaken them for the vestiges of the work which Cæsar threw

up to prevent the incursions of the Helvetii. He himself tells us, that the contest took place partly on the water, which could not have been the case in an attack upon the wall between Nion and the Jura, nor would Cæsar have ordered the bridge of Geneva to be destroyed had it been in his rear. Travellers are too frequently satisfied with relating what others have related before them. I am convinced that I have seen twenty books of travels, in which it is asserted, that the waters of the Rhone remain distinct from those of the lake of Geneva, though nothing can be more remote from the truth—had it been true, I could not have wished a better emblem of the union with France. At Nion, the road to Paris turns suddenly to the north-east, crosses the Jura by the village of St. Sergne, after a long, but not very rapid ascent, and passes by Morée and Poligny, towards Dijon. You may easily conceive how frequently I stopt as I was ascending towards St. Sergne, and looked back upon the beautiful country which I was never again to behold after that day, and upon the lake, with Geneva at the extremity of it, and upon the Alps surrounded by Mont Blanc. At a small distance from St. Sergne, we entered the country formerly known by the name of Franche Comté, which now together with a portion of ancient Burgundy, forms the modern department of Jura; a country of lofty mountains, and of immense forests, poor to appearance, but rich in inexhaustible mines of iron ore; in quarries of stone; in salt springs; in lime; in rapid streams, so easily rendered subservient to the purposes of art, and beyond all, in the temperance and activity, and well-understood industry of its inhabitants.—You will see in Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV how easily this country was taken from the king of Spain, to whom it had descended from Charles V; he had inherited it from his grandfather Maximilian, who received it in marriage with the heiress of the house of Burgundy.

The village of Morée, where we stopt for an hour or two, may be considered as the commercial metropolis of these mountains—it is situated in a deep valley, the bare and perpendicular sides of which rise to the height of 1200 feet, leaving only room enough at bottom for two rows of houses and a narrow street, which is the high road to Paris—but the animating genius of Industry, guided by Ingenuity, resides in this apparently sequestered spot; the little stream which in former times covered the valley, is now restrained to a narrow channel, and is rendered useful in twenty different ways: it sets a variety of mills in motion, and is the principal instrument of plenty, and even of opulence to a district that could not otherwise perhaps, have maintained its inhabitants for four days in a year. Poligny, which is the last town the traveller passes through on his way to Dijon, is at the termination of the mountainous part of Jura, and at the foot of a very high hill, not less perhaps than 1000 or 1200 feet, and presents a very singular appearance. We arrived on the eminence which overhangs the town, about sunset; the fogs had already covered the plains below, and they exhibited what might have seemed an immense ocean, and such they really were in all probability, some centuries ago, if we may judge at least by the marine fossils which appear in the side of the winding terrace that leads down to Poligny. On the other side, and of a clear day, the traveller might suppose himself on the Italian side of the Alps—every species of vegetation in the highest cultivation, with here and there a canal, and rows or clusters of poplar, with one never-ending plain, present a perfect resemblance of Lombardy, while the bilious countenances of the peasantry bespeak the price they pay for the advantages which nature has bestowed upon them; I should prefer the solitude and almost eternal winter of the mountains, or even the laborious life of the middle country, where wine

is made in some places at an expense of manual labour that our negroes in South Carolina would certainly sink under ; for manure, and frequently the soil itself, is to be carried up several hundred feet on the shoulders of the cultivator. Figure to yourself a peasant setting out from his native village in the valley, of a winter's morning, to get fuel for his family, and making up a parcel of it, which he confines in a sort of rude sledge, on the brink of some neighbouring mountain ; he then takes his station on the load, so that he can touch the ground at pleasure with his feet, and committing himself to a narrow, winding, slippery path, and frequently of beaten snow, and generally bordered from place to place by precipices, he gets back to his family with almost aerial velocity. Others again live in villages, on the top of some naked hill, and are obliged to repair to the forest on the neighbouring mountain, in quest of wood, this they throw down some precipice and afterwards carry home upon their shoulders. The proverb of the country is, that wood warms a man twice. Their winter in those parts of Jura are very long, and the snow frequently accumulates in such a manner that they have no means of egress from their houses, but by the chimney, from which they may be seen sallying upon occasion, with snow shoes, to prevent their sinking. People so situated pay, I presume, no idle visits, and their fare is not such as would tempt one to ask hospitality : it consists of bread baked at the setting in of the winter, very ordinary cheese, and a little smoked beef for particular and very great occasions ; their drink is of the same humble description, and when best, is but a sort of cider, made of wild apples, mixed with all the various sorts of berries which the woods afford : surely our negroes are better off. Of this interesting country, its lakes and mountains, its streams and forests, its towns, castles, and ancient convents, and of all that can engage the attention of the natural philosopher

and the agriculturist, Mr. Lequinio, whose name I have frequently mentioned to you, has composed two interesting volumes ; and it were to be wished, that his talents of observation could now be as well directed to the neighbourhood of Edgefield Court House, in South Carolina, where he has found repose after the tumults of a life long agitated by the storms and horrors of the French revolution. I remember travelling through this very country of Franche Comté thirty-two years ago, and having been tired of hills and valleys, and of what appeared an uninteresting uniformity ; had I possessed as good a guide as Mr. Lequinio, and that little degree of knowledge which I have since been able to acquire, and which is essentially necessary in order to understand in some measure, and to admire the wonders of nature and the works of art, I might have employed some weeks to great advantage and very agreeably ; I would have visited their mines and salt works, and their various manufactories, from the forge to the watch-maker's shop ; have observed their improvements in agriculture and irrigation, and have inquired into their modes of life and domestick comforts, from the cluster of families who reside under one common roof with their cattle, in the pure air of the mountains, to the manufacturer in the village, who gives to iron and to steel all the forms they admit of, or the wants of mankind require, and even to the solitary miller at the source of the Seille, who never, even for a moment, in the longest days of summer, can enjoy the vivifying rays of the sun, or scarcely ever behold from his deep recess, any of the celestial bodies but the north star. The summer of the lofty mountains, though short, is sufficient for a crop of barley, oats and potatoes, some hay is also made, and the natural herbage affords pasturage to great numbers of cows, who are driven up from the vallies—80 cows give 50 lb. of cheese a day when the grass is at its best, besides which the milking of the evening is made to

produce 5 lb. of butter—at the commencement and at the end of the season, the produce is much less. A considerable revenue is derived from ponds, and their management of the fish is such as our industry and attention in America, will hardly attain in a century—the young fish produced from a certain number of carp, which have been placed in a primary pond for that purpose, as deer are in a park, are taken out at a certain age and transferred to a second pond, in order to attain a sufficient size, and to prevent their being straitened for provisions, or embarrassed with the care of a family, one pike is put in at the same time for every ten carp; he grows up with them, if I may use the expression, without having it in his power, or perhaps in his inclination to injure them, but he shows no pity for their offspring; from the second pond the carp are moved at a certain period into a third, where they are regularly fed and prepared for market.

Even the dogs in this industrious country, are rendered useful; they learn to work in a wheel, as well as a horse or an ass, and are made to set the bellows in motion in the greater part of the forges and blacksmiths' shops. The people, without much information, are in general sagacious and sensible; and I cannot, perhaps, finish my account better than by giving from Mr. Lequinio a proof of those qualities in a blind beggar. He had for many years held his station on the side of the high road, at some distance from his native village, and had exercised his powers of oratory so successfully, or told so piteous a tale, that he had been able to lay by a sum of 100 hundred crowns; as it was in the time of the revolution, he did not know but that some domiciliary visit in search of emigrants, or the fraternal embrace of some passing soldier, might lead to the discovery of his treasure if he kept it at home, and therefore buried it beneath a large stone at the foot of a tree, resolving to indulge himself as seldom as possible, in the delight

of feeling it, and never to pay the accustomed visit but at night: 100 crowns was a sum unheard of in the annals of mendicity; it promised him a comfortable retreat in his old age, and could not be too carefully concealed. At length, one fatal night, he found the stone removed, the hole empty, and the treasure fled. To have torn his hair, or beaten his breast would have answered no good purpose; he did better, he revolved in his mind all he had learnt in the neighbourhood for sometime past that could be any way connected with his misfortune, and he remembered that the landlord of the little inn, in the village, was said to rise frequently of a night, and to go the rounds of his field and garden in order to keep off marauders. The landlord, therefore, might have seen him on a visit to his treasure, and might have followed him; but how was he to ascertain the truth of his suspicion, or how was he to recover his money? I defy you to guess, unless you have very lately read a fable of Lafontaine, and not to admire his ingenuity. Retiring as usual, from his stand, he called as he had sometimes done, for a cup of wine at the door of the little inn, and begged to speak a word with the landlord in private. I am come, sir, said the beggar, to solicit your advice, for the world is loud in your praises, and to request you would direct me where I could best place out of the reach of all discovery, in these dangerous times, a sum that Heaven has been pleased to crown my exertions with—I have 200 crowns in two separate bags, one of them is buried in a place known only to myself, and which I never visit, and the other I have at home; if I put them together, the whole may be lost in one moment; and if I separate them there are two chances to one of my losing at least the half, for people have an idea of money being concealed by emigrants, and are frequently on the search. My honest friend, said the landlord, I am glad to learn that you are so well off, and thank you for the confidence you

place in me—you have found a place, you say, known only to yourself, where one of your bags has been long safe; take my word for it, such places are not often to be procured, and so the best thing you can do is to put your second bag there. I will, said the beggar, without fail, if I live till tomorrow night; he then retired, with many thanks to the landlord; and rising as usual, before day the next morning, repaired to the well-known tree, where we may conceive his delight at finding his dearly-beloved treasure at the bottom of the hole, where he had originally placed it: the landlord, who was really the thief, as the beggar had divined, had lost no time in replacing the first bag, in order to create a confidence which might procure him the second. Though we were now in the highest part of France, which may be presumed from the direction of the various streams we passed; yet the country we travelled through from Poligny, through Dole and Auxonne to Dijon, consisted principally of extensive meadows, in which I saw no appearance of drains or banks; the rise and fall of the river is so great, in all probability, as to render the first unnecessary, and the others useless. The low grounds of the Garonne are very preferable, and afford a much more agreeable prospect. At Auxonne the works were still entire, but there was a silence and solitude within, which contrasted singularly with the external military appearance: it is on the banks of the Saone, and in a country of fine pasturage, and consequently of fever and ague. In rising from the low grounds of the other side, we were still upon a level plain; the meadows of former times no doubt, before the river had made itself so deep a bed, and passed through well-cultivated fields, to Dijon. We rested here a day, and found ourselves in one of the cleanest and best built towns in France, and with the singular accommodation of side pavements. In losing its parliament and its university, Dijon has been deprived of its two principal

sources of prosperity; for though it still possesses manufactories and the advantage of the canal of Burgundy, it is considered as going to decay. The environs, which are diversified by an appearance of gentle hills, were formerly inhabited by people of fortune, who were principally of the robe; nearly all of them were swept away by the torrent of the revolution, and are now deeply regretted by those very peasantry, who were so misled at the time, as to exult in their destruction. Dijon was the capital of Burgundy, one of the most fertile of the ancient provinces of France, and famous for its wine. It had been erected into a duchy by one of the earlier kings of France, and again in the year , by John, in favour of his fourth son, Philip, who had so gallantly shared his fortunes at the battle of Poitiers. It required many years of intestine troubles, and frequent returns of the same disastrous events, before the monarchs of France could be brought to discontinue a practice so fatal to the happiness and prosperity of the nation. The descendants of Philip proved troublesome neighbours to France, and were the principal promoters of those intestine dissensions which so considerably facilitated the success of Henry, of England. They ended at length, I mean the descendants of Philip, in that ill-advised unfortunate Charles the rash, who fell a victim to the arts of Lewis XI, and to the valour of the Swiss: as he left no son, the fief of Burgundy reverted to the crown, and was never afterwards separated from it. For some days past, a rumour of the astonishing events in Germany, had begun to reach us, but it was against the pillar of a church in Dijon, that I first read an authentick account of the affair of Ulm, where a veteran army of sixty thousand men had suffered an enemy to approach by detachments, till he became strong enough to afford them some pretext for capitulating: till now the war had been unpopular, and a great deal had been said of fruitless contests, the off-

spring of unprofitable and headstrong ambition, of increasing taxes, of the youth, the flower of the country consumed by conscription, and of all those evils which war carries in its train. But one bulletin after another, filled with such accounts as had never before gratified the vanity of the vainest of all nations; and the courier passing almost daily with the ornaments and emblems of victory, soon produced a change of language; the war was now just and honourable; nothing could resist France, and the emperor was the greatest man in the world. He certainly is, in many respects, a great man, but he has great advantages in ruling over a people, who as implicitly believe and admire all he says, as a company of children do the fine stories that are related by the master of a raree-show, as they look through the magnifying glass of his box; the one exhibits to his simple audience, an exact representation of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, or of the Court of Constantinople; and the other tells the nation of an avowal with respect to the origin of the war made by the Emperor of Austria, and of a capitulation granted to the sovereign of Russia; and they believe him, as they did afterwards, that a few vessels only had been lost at Trafalgar, and in consequence of a gale of wind. Their conduct with respect to the present campaign, reminded me of a pack of hounds going out sluggishly and limping along of a cold morning, with two or three whippers in at their heels, who are all fire and uproar as soon as the game is started, and they hear the shout of the huntsmen. My intention had been to go from Dijon to Troyes, but we were told that the roads were bad and hilly, though turnpikes are every where established, and were advised to pass through — and Auxonne, as the nearest and best road to Paris. I should have liked to go by Troyes, it would have done me good to have seen what remained of the castle where Henry V of England, was acknowledged regent of France, and

where he was married to the fair Catharine, the beauty of her time. I do not believe that the conversation which passed between the lovers, was by any means such as Shakspeare has related it; Henry was even less polished than the poet makes him, and would never submit to any sort of constraint: upon the Duke of Burgundy's adverting, with all due submission, to some step which he thought the monarch should take, and particularly, if he wished to be allied by marriage to the royal family of France; I will have the girl, good cousin, was the conqueror's reply: I will have the girl, and if I meet with the least opposition, I will drive you and your king of France together, out of the kingdom. The hero of modern times would have made to the full as decided, though perhaps a somewhat more civil speech. The weather became so bad, as we were leaving Dijon, and it rained so incessantly, that it would be idle in me to think of giving you any description from notes made at the time. We passed through Burgundy, and a part of Champagne, to as little purpose almost, as if we had been travelling through the wilds of North or South Carolina; with this difference, that the houses were every where tight and the accommodations good. I have been frequently at a loss, to conceive what the bad reputation of French inns in general, was owing to; they are frequently dirty indeed, and the doors and windows shut badly; and the *fille*, when she does appear, is not always pretty, but the people of the house are civil, the beds are good, and there is every where an abundance of excellent provisions, and particularly of good wine. The conversation I was able to have with the peasantry, convinced me, that they were universally better off than before the revolution; they are better clothed and fed, and have generally increased their little portion of property, by some fragment of a great estate, which has been sold in their neighbourhood. Every article they make

for sale, commands a higher price than formerly; nor are they burthened as they used to be, with the payment of tithes, or with feudal tenures, or oppressed by the holders of Capitaincies, whose game used to wander at pleasure, over the whole country. Arthur Young will give you a proper idea of this scourge, and of the evils that arose from it. It would seem, however, that with all the experience of past ages, the progress of improvement is but slow. The law which enjoins the division of a father's estate, in equal portions among his children, will keep the peasantry too poor, too ignorant of agriculture to bear the increasing weight of taxes; the second and third generations will lose the advantage obtained by the first, and the wretchedness of former times again come back. They appear universally to live in villages; we frequently saw what appeared the houses of country gentlemen; and sometimes passed a castle, which was generally in ruins: but there was nothing like those neat and comfortable farm houses, which I remember in England, and which are to be found in the eastern states of America. Ignorance and poverty will always expose the lower orders of society to the arts of designing men, and in France particularly, where the number of persons who answer to that description, is so great in proportion to the rest of the community; but as their minds will never have been sharpened by either Seigneurial or Ecclesiastical oppression, as the law will have protected them from every tyranny but that of the government, they may become once more, instruments of a revolution; but it is not probable, that any thing like the horrors of the *Jaquerie*, or like the atrocities which disgraced the cause of liberty in the late contest, will ever take place again. In passing through *Montereau*, we halted for a moment, on that part of the bridge where the Duke of Burgundy was assassinated, in the 15th century, by some gentlemen of the *Armagnac* faction, who had mingled in the Dau-

phin's train: every precaution had been taken for the safety of the two princes; but suspicion is vain, and precaution is useless, among those whom neither laws can restrain, nor honour bind. The Duke's own doctrine of assassination, which he had gilded with the happier term of *Tyrannicide*, was retorted upon him, and he fell a victim to his own bad example. We were now frequently on the banks of the *Seine*, and saw several large, clumsy barks, as long as ships of the line, descending, loaded with charcoal and provisions. I saw neither handsome country houses nor the villas of opulent merchants, nor the boxes of rich tradesmen, fast by the road, for the benefit of country air, nor travellers, nor equipage, nor any thing in short, which bespoke the approach of a capital; the environs of New-York and Philadelphia, and particularly of Boston have a great deal more of that appearance: at length, the towers of *Notre Dame* and domes of the *Pantheon* of the Invalids, presented themselves, intermixed with the spires of churches, and we shortly after entered the city, by the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*, through mean and dirty streets, but over the ground which was so obstinately disputed by *Turenne* and *Condé*, in the war of *Fronde*; we passed close by the spot where the *Bastile* once stood, (and which might as well have remained, for any thing the nation has gained by pulling it down) and inclining to the right, proceeded by the *Boulevards*, to the street of *la Ferme des Mathurins*, where a small ready furnished house had been provided for us, with a cook, and a coachman, a person to the full as necessary as a cook, and to the full as expensive. The *Boulevards* compose a road leading originally round that part of *Paris*, which is to the north of the river, and on which was the intended line of defence, when the successes of *Henry the 8th*, in *Picardy*, threatened *Paris* with a siege—the city has for many years gone far beyond it, but the space has been judiciously left,

and is shaded with rows of lofty trees, which afford an agreeable walk or ride, while shops of every sort, and the smaller theatres, and traiteurs, and coffee-house keepers, and persons of all descriptions amuse, and sometimes, perhaps, mislead the passing stranger.

POLITE LITERATURE.

ON THE POETRY

OF DR. GOLDSMITH.

(Continued from page 344.)

It has already been observed, that Goldsmith's language is remarkable for its general simplicity, and the direct and proper use of words. It has ornaments, but these are not far-fetched. The epithets employed are usually qualities strictly belonging to the subject, and the true colouring of the simple figure. They are frequently contrived to express a necessary circumstance in the description, and thus avoid the usual imputation of being expletive. Of this kind are, "*rattling* terrors of the *vengeful* snake;" "*indurated* heart;" "*shed intolerable* day;" "*matted* woods;" "*ventrous* ploughshare;" "*equinoctial* fervours." The examples are not few of that indisputable mark of true poetick language, where a single word conveys an image; as in these instances: "*resignation* gently *slopes* the way;" "*scoops* out an empire;" "*the vessel* idly waiting *flaps* with ev'ry gale;" "*to winnow* fragrance;" "*murmurs fluctuate* in the gale." All metaphor, indeed, does this in some degree; but where the accessory idea is either indistinct or incongruous, as frequently happens when it is introduced as an artifice to force language up to poetry, the effect is only a gaudy obscurity.

The end and purpose to which description is directed is what distinguishes a well-planned piece from a loose effusion; for though a vivid representation of striking objects will ever afford some pleasure, yet if aim and design be wanting, to give it a basis, and stamp it with the dignity of

meaning, it will in a long performance prove flat and tiresome. But this is a want which cannot be charged on Goldsmith; for both the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village* have a great moral in view, to which the whole of the description is made to tend. I do not now inquire into the legitimacy of the conclusions he has drawn from his premises; it is enough to justify his plans, that such a purpose is included in them.

The versification of Goldsmith is formed on the general model that has been adopted since the refinement of English poetry, and especially since the time of Pope. To manage rhyme couplets so as to produce a pleasing effect upon the ear, has since that period been so common an attainment, that it merits no particular admiration. Goldsmith may, I think, be said to have come up to the usual standard of proficiency in this respect, without having much surpassed it. A musical ear, and a familiarity with the best examples, have enabled him, without much apparent study, almost always to avoid defect, and very often to produce excellence. It is no censure of this poet to say that his versification presses less on the attention than his matter. In fact, he has none of those peculiarities of versifying, whether improvements or not, that some who aim at distinction in this point have adopted. He generally suspends or closes the sense at the end of the line or of the couplet; and therefore does not often give examples of that greater compass and variety of melody which is obtained by longer clauses, or by breaking the coincidences of the cadence of sound and meaning. He also studiously rejects triplets and alexandrines. But allowing for the want of these sources of variety; he has sufficiently avoided monotony; and in the usual flow of his measure, he has gratified the ear with as much change, as judiciously shifting the line-pauses can produce.

Having made these general observations on the nature of Goldsmith's poetry, I proceed to a survey of his principal pieces.

The Traveller, or Prospect of Society, was first sketched out by the authour during a tour in Europe, great part of which he performed on foot, and in circumstances which afforded him the fullest means of becoming acquainted with the most numerous class in society, peculiarly termed *the people*. The date of the first edition is 1765. It begins in the gloomy mood natural to genius in distress, when wandering alone,
 "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

After an affectionate and regretful glance to the peaceful seat of fraternal kindness, and some expressions of self-pity, the Poet sits down amid Alpine solitudes to spend a pensive hour in meditating on the state of mankind. He finds that the natives of every land regard their own with preference; whence he is led to this proposition,—that if we impartially compare the advantages belonging to different countries, we shall conclude that an equal portion of good is dealt to all the human race. He further supposes, that every nation, having in view one peculiar species of happiness, models life to that alone; whence this favourite kind, pushed to an extreme, becomes a source of peculiar evils. To exemplify this by instances, is the business of the subsequent descriptive part of the piece.

Italy is the first country that comes under review. Its general landscape is painted by a few characteristick strokes, and the felicity of its climate is displayed in appropriate imagery. The revival of arts and commerce in Italy, and their subsequent decline, are next touched upon; and hence is derived the present disposition of the people—easily pleased with splendid trifles, the wrecks of their former grandeur; and sunk into an enfeebled moral and intellectual character, reducing them to the level of children.

From these he turns with a sort of disdain, to view a nobler race, hardened by a rigorous climate, and by the necessity of unabating toil. These are the *Swiss*, who find, in the equality of their condition, and their ignorance of other modes of life, a source

of content which remedies the natural evils of their lot. There cannot be a more delightful picture than the Poet has drawn of the Swiss peasant, going forth to his morning's labour, and returning at night to the bosom of domestick happiness. It sufficiently accounts for that *patriot passion* for which they have ever been so celebrated, and which is here described in lines that reach the heart, and is illustrated by a beautiful simile. But this state of life has also its disadvantages. The sources of enjoyment being few, a vacant listlessness is apt to creep upon the breast; and if nature urges to throw this off by occasional bursts of pleasure, no stimulus can reach the purpose but gross sensual debauch. Their morals, too, like their enjoyments, are of a coarse texture. Some sterner virtues hold high dominion in their breast, but all the gentler and more refined qualities of the heart, which soften and sweeten life, are exiled to milder climates.

To the more genial climate of *France* the Traveller next repairs, and in a very pleasing rural picture he introduces himself in the capacity of musician to a village party of dancers beside the murmuring Loire. The leading feature of this nation he represents as being the love of praise; which passion, while it inspires sentiments of honour, and a desire of pleasing, also affords a free course to folly, and nourishes vanity and ostentation. The soul, accustomed to depend for its happiness on foreign applause, shifts its principles with the change of fashion, and is a stranger to the value of self-approbation.

The strong contrast to this national character is sought in *Holland*; a most graphical description of the scenery presented by that singular country introduces the moral portrait of the people. From the necessity of unceasing labour, induced by their peculiar circumstances, a habit of industry has been formed, of which the natural consequence is a love of gain. The possession of exuberant wealth has given rise to the arts and conveniences of life; but at the same time

has introduced a crafty, cold, and mercenary temper, which sets every thing, even liberty itself, at a price. How different, exclaims the poet, from their Belgian ancestors; how different from the present race of Britain!

To Britain, then, he turns, and begins with a slight sketch of the country, in which, he says, the mildest charms of creation are combined, 'Extremes are only in the master's mind.'

He then draws a very striking picture of a stern, thoughtful, independent freeman, a creature of reason, unfashioned by the common forms of life, and loose from all its ties;—and this he gives as the representative of the English character. A society formed by such unyielding self-dependent beings, will naturally be a scene of violent political contests, and ever in a ferment with party. And a still worse fate awaits it; for the ties of nature, duty, and love failing, the fictitious bonds of wealth and law must be employed to hold together such a reluctant association; whence the time may come, that valour, learning, and patriotism may all lie levelled in one sink of avarice. These are the ills of freedom; but the poet, who would only repress to secure, goes on to deliver his ideas of the cause of such mischiefs, which he seems to place in the usurpations of aristocratical upon regal authority; and with great energy he expresses his indignation at the oppressions the poor suffer from their petty tyrants. This leads him to a kind of anticipation of the subject of his *Deserted Village*, where, laying aside the politician, and resuming the poet, he describes, by a few highly pathetick touches, the depopulated fields, the ruined village, and the poor forlorn inhabitants driven from their beloved home, and exposed to all the perils of the transatlantick wilderness. It is by no means my intention to enter into a discussion of GOLDSMITH's political opinions, which bear evident marks of confused notions and a heated imagination. I shall confine myself to

a remark upon the English national character, which will apply to him in common with various other writers, native and foreign.

This country has long been in the possession of more unrestrained freedom of thinking and acting, than any other perhaps that ever existed, a consequence of which has been, that all those peculiarities of character, which in other nations remain concealed in the general mass, have here stood forth prominent and conspicuous; and these, being from their nature calculated to draw attention, have by superficial observers been mistaken for the general character of the people. This has been particularly the case with political distinction. From the publicity of all proceedings in the legislative part of our constitution, and the independence with which many act, all party differences are strongly marked, and publick men take their side with openness and confidence. Publick topics, too, are discussed by all ranks; and whatever seeds there are in any part of the society of spirit and activity, have full opportunity of germinating. But to imagine that these busy and high-spirited characters compose a majority of the community, or perhaps a much greater proportion than in other countries, is a delusion. This nation, as a body, is, like all others, characterised by circumstances of its situation; and a rich commercial people, long trained to society, inhabiting a climate where many things are necessary to the comfort of life, and under a government abounding with splendid distinctions, cannot possibly be a knot of philosophers and patriots.

To return from this digression. Though it is probable that few of GOLDSMITH's readers will be convinced, even from the instances he has himself produced, that the happiness of mankind is every where equal; yet all will feel the force of the truly philosophical sentiment which concludes the piece—that man's chief bliss is ever seated in his mind; and that a small part of real felicity con-

sists in what human governments can either bestow or withhold.

The *Deserted Village*, first printed in 1769, is the companion-piece of the Traveller, formed, like it, upon a plan which unites description with sentiment, and employs both in inculcating a political moral. It is a view of the prosperous and ruined state of a country village, with reflections on the causes of both. Such it may be defined in prose; but the disposition, management, and colouring of the piece, are all calculated for poetical effect. It begins with a delightful picture of *Auburn* when inhabited by a happy people. The view of the village itself, and the rural occupations and pastimes of its simple natives, is in the best style of painting by a selection of characteristic circumstances. It is immediately contrasted by a similar bold sketch of its ruined and desolated condition. Then succeeds an imaginary state of England, in a kind of golden age of equality; with its contrast likewise. The apostrophe that follows, the personal complaint of the poet, and the portrait of a sage in retirement, are sweetly sentimental touches, that break the continuity of description.

He returns to *Auburn*, and having premised another masterly sketch of its two states, in which the images are chiefly drawn from sounds, he proceeds to what may be called the interior history of the village. In his first figure he has tried his strength with Dryden. The *parish-priest* of that great poet, improved from Chaucer, is a portrait full of beauty, but drawn in a loose, unequal manner, with the flowing vein of digressive thought and imagery that stamps his style. The subject of the draught, too, is considerably different from that of GOLDSMITH, having more of the ascetic and mortified cast, in conformity to the saintly model of the Roman Catholick priesthood. The pastor of *Auburn* is more human, but is not on that account a less venerable and interesting figure; though I know not whether all will be pleased

with his familiarity with vicious characters, which goes beyond the purpose of mere reformation. The description of him in his professional character is truly amiable; and the similes of the bird instructing his young to fly, and the tall cliff rising above the storm, have been universally applauded. The first, I believe, is original;—the second is not so, though it has probably never been so well drawn and applied. The subsequent sketches of the village school-master and alehouse, are close imitations of nature in low life, like the pictures of Teniers and Hogarth. Yet even these humorous scenes slide imperceptibly into sentiment and pathos; and the comparison of the simple pleasures of the poor, with the splendid festivities of the opulent, rises to the highest style of moral poetry. Who has not felt the force of that reflection,

“The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?”

The writer then falls into a strain of reasoning against luxury and superfluous wealth, in which the sober inquirer will find much serious truth, though mixed with poetical exaggeration. The description of the contrasted scenes of magnificence and misery in a great metropolis, closed by the pathetic figure of the forlorn ruined female, is not to be surpassed.

Were not the subjects of GOLDSMITH's description so skilfully varied, the uniformity of manner, consisting in an enumeration of single circumstances, generally depicted in single lines, might tire; but where is the reader who can avoid being hurried along by the swift current of imagery, when to such a passage as the last succeeds a landscape fraught with all the sublime terrors of the torrid zone;—and then, an exquisitely tender history-piece of the departure of the villagers; concluded with a group (slightly touched indeed) of allegorical personages? A noble address to the genius of poetry, in which is compressed the moral of the whole, gives a dignified finishing to the work.

If we compare these two principal

poems of GOLDSMITH, we may say, that the *Traveller* is formed upon a more regular plan, has a higher purpose in view, more abounds in thought, and in the expression of moral and philosophical ideas; the *Deserted Village* has more imagery, more variety, more pathos, more of the peculiar character of poetry. In the first, the moral and natural descriptions are more general and elevated; in the second, they are more particular and interesting. Both are truly original productions; but the *Deserted Village* has less peculiarity, and indeed has given rise to imitations which may stand in some parallel with it; while the *Traveller* remains a *unique*.

With regard to GOLDSMITH's other poems, a few remarks will suffice. The *Hermit*, printed in the same year with the *Traveller*, has been a very popular piece, as might be expected of a tender tale prettily told. It is called a *Ballad*, but I think with no correct application of that term, which properly means a story related in language either naturally or affectingly rude and simple. It has been a sort of fashion to admire these productions; yet in the really ancient ballads, for one stroke of beauty, there are pages of insipidity and vulgarity; and the imitations have been pleasing in proportion as they approached more finished compositions. In GOLDSMITH's *Hermit*, the language is always polished and often ornamented. The best things in it are some neat turns of moral and pathetic sentiment, given with a simple conciseness that fits them for being retained in the memory. As to the story, it has little fancy or contrivance to recommend it.

We have already seen that GOLDSMITH possessed humour; and, exclusively of his comedies, pieces professedly humorous form a part of his poetical remains. His imitations of Swift are happy, but they are imitations. His tale of the *Double Transformation* may vie with those of Prior. His own natural vein of easy humour flows freely in his *Haunch of Venison*

and *Retaliation*; the first, an admirable specimen of a very ludicrous story made out of a common incident by the help of conversation and character; the other, an original thought, in which his talent at drawing portraits, with a mixture of the serious and the comick, is most happily displayed.

For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Chapman's popular work, "Select Speeches, Forensic and Parliamentary," is now before the publick. This useful and elegant compilation has been more than once described in this Journal; but the nature and objects of this liberal undertaking are so copiously detailed by the compiler, that we shall probably render him some service by publishing his preface entire. It is a mere act of justice to him, and to his subscribers, to state that it is the only complete work of the kind in the language.

PREFACE.

Of all the studies which can engage Industry, or allure Genius, perhaps that of eloquence is the most enchanting. To this delightful occupation the Editor has devoted some of his time, and all his zeal. The result of his labours is now laid before the publick, and though he may receive but limited applause for the execution, yet, he hopes that the design may escape censure. He presumes, but not vainly, that he has not been forestalled in this literary undertaking. Notwithstanding the choice and variety of materials, the enterprise and judgment of booksellers, and the liberal curiosity of enlightened readers; notwithstanding national pride and individual vanity, no ample specimen of forensic and parliamentary eloquence has ever appeared even in the metropolis of the British Empire.

Distinguished as Ireland certainly is, by glorious efforts of

the most impassioned oratory she has been supinely negligent of her fairest fame, and the busy curiosity of Dublin, and the more judicious inquisitiveness of her University, have been satisfied with the garbled and meagre reports of the speeches of Malone, of Flood, of Burgh, and of Grattan.

Scotland, a region abounding with acute and eloquent speakers, and conspicuous alike for her Faculty of Advocates, and her General Assembly, has also been careless to preserve the monuments of her eloquence.

Even in France, so memorable for the vivacity and copiousness of her rhetorick, we might inquire in vain for some of the most brilliant effusions of her Parliament and her Convention.

In short, though in many sections of Europe, single speeches in fugitive pamphlets, may have been accidentally, gratuitously, or venally preserved, nothing like a collection has hitherto been compiled by Industry, or selected by Taste.

The Editor, trusting to diligence alone, hopes, not without anxiety, that by the publication of this work he is rendering an acceptable service to the republick of letters. With the volumes now presented to the publick, he completes that portion of the work which is appropriated to the eloquence of Europe. He may, at a future period, not too remote, add to the collection, a volume of American speeches; and if he receive adequate encouragement, he will cheerfully, at proper intervals, continue the series. Eager to vindicate the insulted genius of his native land, he is sensible that in no way can it be done more successfully than by *exhibiting its eloquence*. For, if our writers form but a small

company, the regiment of our *speakers* is full. It may be safely affirmed, that since the Athenian democracy, with no people has the talent of publick speaking so generally prevailed. Eloquence of the highest order, and the purest species, we may not have attained. But though we have not emulated those lofty strains and brilliant effusions which the ancient specimens display, or are to be seen in some of the spirited harangues that the momentous events of modern Europe have inspired, yet in that style of oratory which shines without dazzling, and charms rather than excites astonishment or kindles enthusiasm, we are extensively gifted and eminently excel. There have been, perhaps, brighter luminaries, but not a greater constellation. Collectively, we are entitled to boast of as much eloquence as has been exhibited in any age or country.

A well-grounded conviction of the value of a compilation like the present, induced the Editor to take a wide survey of the Rhetorick of Europe. His researches, though sometimes baffled, have, on the whole, been rewarded with a success very disproportioned to the moderate expectations with which he commenced his task. From the cabinets of the curious, and from the hoards of "literary misers," he drew indeed such a profusion of materials as to have ultimately imposed upon him rather the perplexity of selection than the toil of gleaning. But, still, some speeches which he studiously endeavoured to procure, have eluded his inquiries, and he fears are irretrievably lost.* Nevertheless

* Although the Editor has omitted no practicable mode of research; though he has availed himself of the very valuable as-

less, the Editor pronounces with some degree of confidence, that his collection will be found to contain not a few of the noblest specimens of eloquence which at the bar, or in the senate, have delighted, roused, defended, or governed mankind.

The volumes now published, embrace the whole of the *revised speeches* of Burke which are contained in the recent edition of his works; more than has before appeared of Chatham's; many of the speeches of Fox and Pitt; several of Mansfield's; the two *memorable speeches* of Sheridan on the trial of Hastings; *all of the pleadings* of Erskine and of Curran which are *faithfully* reported; the best speeches on the *slave trade*; *Mr Intosh's* celebrated *defence of Peltier*, besides a large selection of *Irish eloquence*, and some speeches of the "olden time."

This catalogue, so rich and so various, surely requires only to be exhibited to give a pledge, at once, of the value of the work, and of the care and exertion with which it has been prepared.

In the collation of the contents of these volumes, the editor, rejecting vague reports, and newspaper authority, has been particularly solicitous to select such orations and pleadings, as have undergone the revision, or been published under the superintendence of the author. He has been sedulous to follow with fidelity the text, nor ever presumed foolishly, if not fla-

sistance of one of the most diligent inquirers among the Literati of Great Britain, and publicly advertised, and privately written for the necessary documents, he has been disappointed in his attempts to obtain the speeches of Lord Lyttleton the younger, the famous Harangue of William Gerard Hamilton; the speeches of Charles Townsend; the pleadings of Murray, Thurlow, Wedderburne, Dunning, and Anthony Malone!

gitiously, to interpolate the copy; a practice, which of late, has become a sort of fashion in America, to the confusion of authours, and to the prejudice of learning.

He has made indisputable evidence of the genuineness of every speech, the criterion of his choice, and has admitted no one into the work, which is not distinguished either by importance of matter or brilliancy of diction.

Without hazarding a decision of his own, on the question of the superiority of ancient or modern eloquence, he trusts that this compilation will not be thought to weaken the opinion that, were a collection of the best specimens of the latter to be formed, it might fearlessly challenge a comparison with the celebrated exhibitions of Grecian and Roman oratory.

Of the pretensions of the work to public favour, the Editor conceives little more need be said.

It is an attempt, and the only one, to perpetuate Modern Eloquence.

What direct memorial, says a late writer,* would remote posterity have received, even of the existence of the talent, were not a few of Mr. Burke's Orations incorporated with his works? But, gorgeous as is certainly the rhetoric of Edmund Burke, will his speeches alone convey an adequate representation of the extent, variety, and richness of the eloquence of modern times?

It presents at one view to the Lawyer and the Statesman, a map of learned and lucid discussions of politicks and jurisprudence, which must be eminently subsidiary to his investigations, and which, as hitherto dispersed, were always difficult of access, and in many instances not to be procured.

* Dr. Parr.

It will exhibit correct models for the study of Elocution to the rising genius of the country.

Whether we have regard to reputation or to utility, whether we wish to shine in private conversation or public speaking, the study of the *finest models* is vital to success. These are the guides by which genius must be directed, and without which the strongest intellect may be fruitlessly or deviously employed. It has been no less justly, than elegantly asserted by an admirable instructor* of the most correct and delicate taste in the liberal arts, and who rigorously observed his own maxims, "that an implicit obedience to the rules of art, as established by the great masters, should be exacted from the juvenile student. When genius has received its utmost improvement, rules may possibly be dispensed with. But let us not destroy the scaffold, until we have raised the building."

These are precepts which seem no less applicable to the study of eloquence. They are, at least the precepts which are enjoined by the highest authority of antiquity. Both Cicero and Quintilian exhort their pupils to adhere to the *established models* lest they fall into a wild licentiousness of taste.

"*Poeta nascitur, Orator fit.*" The orator is the creature of education.

By a system of rhetorical discipline, Bolingbroke and Pultney, Murray and Pitt, Lyttleton and Burke, Townshend and Fox, attained their glorious preeminence, and alternately at the desk or the toilet, in conversation or in council, were able to convince, to persuade, to dazzle, and to delight.

The student, who with a mixture of enthusiasm and industry

shall "*med tate*" the contents of this work can hardly fail to acquire the habit of *conversing* and *speaking* with elegance and energy.

Whatever tends to improve or widen the dominion of speech cannot be, to a free people, an object of indifference. Eloquence has always been admired and studied, but never with more ardour and success than by republicans. It engages particularly their attention, because it opens to them the widest avenue to distinction. Compared to it, the influence of the other attributes which elevate to rank, or confer authority is feeble and insignificant. In Greece and Rome it rose by assiduous culture to the loftiest pitch of refinement, and the history of those Commonwealths confirms, by innumerable proofs, the truth that "Eloquence is power."

But nowhere has a condition of things prevailed holding out stronger incitements to its acquirement, or more auspicious opportunities for its profitable exertions than in the United States. In the peculiar construction of our political institutions, there are advantages to the orator which did not belong even to the ancient democracies. The complex fabrick of our federative system, has multiplied beyond the example of any government, legislative assemblies and judiciary establishments: each of which is not only a school of eloquence, but a field yielding an abundant harvest of fame and emolument. It is, indeed, in our Republic a never-failing source both of honour and of riches. Without the charming power of fluent speech, no man, however ambitious, can expect very ample or lucrative practice at the bar, or an elevated situation in the senate. The road to political preferment is

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

nearly impassable to all but the rhetorical adventurer. A silent lawyer has but few fees, and narrow is the congregation of a hesitating divine. Eloquence, in the language of a favourite friend, may truly be considered, in every country where the *freedom of speech* is indulged, as synonymous with civic honours, wealth, dignity, and might. In the last particular its potency is that of a magician. "It wields at will our *ferce Democratie*." "It shakes the arsenals" and thunders to the utmost verge of our political sky, as Demosthenes

" — Fulminated over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

The editor, in preparing this compilation for the press, felt none of the incitements of literary ambition, nor does he now arrogate any of the pretensions of authorship. The motives, which led him to undertake it, were of a very different kind. He contemplated it as an enterprise, certainly of a useful, splendid, and honourable nature, peculiarly calculated to recreate his leisure, and to deceive the burthens of an anxious and arduous profession.

Having thus, incidentally, alluded to his walk in life, he hopes that neither his medical brethren, nor the publick at large, will deem him a *reprehensible* wanderer, though, in the *intervals* of professional duty, he has excursed to the Bar or the Senate to make no inaccurate report of the dexterity of wit, and the dictates of wisdom, the sagacity of statesmen, and the eloquence of oratours.

By the mythology of the ancients, which has often a fine, though not always an obvious moral, we are instructed that the study and practice of physick was most conspicuously connected with the love of the liberal arts, and of polite literature.

In a mood of no censurable enthusiasm may the Editor exclaim, as to an Apollo, the tutelary god not only of the disciples of Esculapius, but of the votaries of the Muses,

" Phœbe fave, novus ingreditur tua templa
sacerdos."

The Editor trusts, perhaps too sanguinely, that though the contents of this compilation may not equal extravagant expectation, yet, at least, that the industry it displays may deserve publick favour. A splendid specimen of oratory, like one of the Cartoons of Raphael, or one of the Landscapes of Claude, is a beautiful picture that will affect us, however it *be disposed*. Materials such as form the basis of this work must have their value under the hand of the humblest workman. Here, as we alternately mark the pure style, and purer doctrines of Pitt, the rapid elocution of Fox, the variegated imagery of Burke, the meteor scintillations of Curran, the pungent sarcasms of Sheridan, and the benignant sentiments of Wilberforce, we discover now the vigour of Hercules, and now the frolick of a Bacchant, with all the delightful shapes of mental grace and beauty.

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(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LVIII.

THERE have been so many descriptions of Paris, that a good account of the city and its curiosities, might be written by one who had never been there; I am not certain but that it would be by far the most exact; but you may at least be satisfied in reading these letters, that you have a plain and unaffected account of all I saw and all I felt; you must allow me, therefore, to go on as I have done, transmitting the impressions of the moment, from my commonplace book, mixing anecdotes of ancient or modern history, as I see proper, and availing myself of the experience and observations of others, without the formality of quotation. Any history of France will tell you the origin and progress of this overgrown capital, which has contributed

so much to the revolution: it was for many years confined to the island still known by the name of the city, extending by very slow degrees over the low grounds and marshes on both sides of the river, and up the slopes of the neighbouring hills. During the second race of kings, it rather declined, for the princes of that dynasty, were either engaged in distant wars, or were weak and indolent, and alike incapable of rendering themselves formidable abroad or respectable at home. The inroads of the Normans, meanwhile extended to the very brink of the river, and the city must at length have become their prey, had it not been saved by the valour and abilities and great resources of Count Hugh, in whose domain it was situated; such important services, and the extreme degradation of the royal family, rendered it easy for the Count to add the title of King to the power he had so long exercised: it was customary in those days, to distinguish persons of eminence by some sobriquet, in the nature of a surname, and Hugh was surnamed Capet, from his custom of appearing frequently abroad, with a

hood. It has gratified the hatred of the republican party, to apply the same appellation to their last king, in the hope of rendering him ridiculous; but there surely was no more propriety in their doing so, than there would have been in the English calling the unfortunate Edward the 2d, by the name of long legs, or any of the sons of Henry the 2d, by that of Beauclerc. Men become corrupt, perhaps, from being brought together in great numbers, and from various circumstances which attend the neighbourhood of a court; surely the Parisians could not otherwise have so far degenerated from the character which Julian gives their ancestors, as to deserve that Voltaire should call them a compound of the monkey and the tyger, or have differed so much from the rest of France, as to be at all times conspicuous for their mean submission, or their spirit of revolt. In looking over the history of France, you will see them seize and insult the person of their Prince, in the 15th century; put his faithful servants to death in his presence, and bursting open the prisons, indiscriminately destroy all who were confined there: in the next century they became the humble tools of the court, and distinguished themselves by their alacrity in carrying into execution the perfidious and destructive views of Catharine of Medici: their inveterate opposition to Henry IV, may have been confounded in such minds with a sense of their religious duties, but they have no excuse for devouring the body of Concini, or lending themselves to the ambition of a few factious individuals, in the war of the Fronde; nor is it possible to reconcile their adulation of Louis XIV, and their joy so extravagantly expressed at the recovery of his successor, with their insolent, unfeeling triumph over all the distress of their last monarch and his unfortunate family. But, whatever character the inhabitants may have supported, their city is certainly, and in every sense, one of the first in the world; it contains all that can gratify the most liberal curiosity,

and all that can amuse or can embellish life. I must now beg you to spread a plan of Paris upon the table, and to follow us in our excursions, if you wish to be interested in them, and to bestow upon me the only reward I am ambitious of for the trouble I have had in keeping notes, and in giving them the form of a narration. Our first excursion was in the evening, we passed by the church of the Madelaine, where the mutilated remains of the king and queen lie interred, amid the victims of the fatal confusion which took place on the day their nuptials were celebrated, through the street which was the scene of confusion upon that occasion, into the handsome square that separates the garden of the Thuilleries from the publick walk, which, with no little exaggeration, has been named the Elysian fields: it was in this square that the cursed instrument was placed which shed so much blood during the revolution, and it is singular that the spot should never since have been paved, so that, to the rattling of carriages from every direction across the square, there succeeds a moment of silence in the centre. A lawgiver who had been desirous of reminding every one that traversed this fatal spot, of the sad scenes which had been acted there, could not have contrived a better expedient. The garden of the Thuilleries is formality itself, with statues at regular distances, like soldiers upon guard, and two or three circular ponds; but the shade of the trees in summer, must be delightful; the palace which presents itself at one extremity, seems suitable to the residence of a great monarch—it was here that, two days before the St. Barthelimi, Catharine of Medici gave a splendid entertainment, at which she received the greater part of those who were already singled out for assassination, amusing herself in the masque which was performed, and which was of her own invention, with an allegorical representation of the scene that was soon to follow: it was here also, that the faithful Swiss de-

fended the last hours of Louis 16th, when the National Assembly were waiting for the event of the contest, that they might declare themselves accordingly: it was there that the monarch ought to have died; but, unfortunately for him, though he could bear death, he could not encounter the approach of it; his courage was not that of activity, but of patience; it was that of a martyr, who folds his arms and blesses his assailants. The French are such a walking nation, that great numbers are to be seen here whenever the weather will permit; some are strolling along the terrace which goes round the garden, and others are in groups, discussing the newspaper of the day, for want of better information; but I observed that no one, however inferior or even singular his dress, or general appearance might be, ever excited attention; I do not believe that they would turn round to look at a man dressed in sheep skin. Of the interior of the palace I know nothing; the part inhabited by the Imperial Family is on the left of the gateway, to one who approaches from the square of the Carousal, and cannot, from the size of the windows and the distance between the different stories, contain very magnificent apartments: Voltaire, in his age of Louis XIV, will make you acquainted with the Carousal, which has been enlarged and beautified since those days, and is as superior to the carousal of Louis XIV, as the martial parade days of the Emperour are to the idle pomp and magnificence of that ostentatious monarch. In front of the palace, and on the side I am now describing, is a handsome railing, which is diversified by different emblems and ornaments, but particularly by the four horses of Bronze, which were brought from Venice: Heavens, what a mass of interesting information might be had, if one of these animals could be inspired as the horse of Achilles, or the ass of Balaam was; we are not certain of their origin, but we know that they are from Greece, that they formed a part of the ornaments of

Nero's golden house, that they afterwards belonged to Constantine, and that they attracted the admiration of the French and Venetians, upwards of eight hundred years ago. It was on his way to the palace of the Thuilleries, that Buonaparte, when first consul, so narrowly escaped the danger of the infernal machine: a cart had been provided not unlike one of our drays of the largest dimensions; its only load was a hogshead, which seemed to contain wine, but which in reality concealed a smaller cask, filled with powder; in the interior part of this was a gun-lock, with a string leading from the trigger to some part of the body or the shafts of the cart, so as to be pulled at pleasure by the conductor, who walked along side, and it was contrived that he should have time to save himself; this seeming cart had been driven by a poor unconscious boy, provided for the occasion, to a narrow part of the street, and he was ordered to turn it, just as the consul's carriage was heard behind; it was intended that the passage between the extremity of the cart and the wall, should be so impeded as to delay the carriage at least a minute, and a minute would have been sufficient; but the coachman, who had drank a bottle more than usual that afternoon, would be stopped by nothing, he rushed on at the risk of breaking the carriage, and the consul was already out of danger when the explosion took place. It was fatal to the poor boy, and to forty or fifty persons who were passing, or were in the neighbouring houses—and surely no one can regret, that the inventors of such a truly infernal contrivance, should have been detected and should have suffered for it. The southern exit from the Thuilleries leads in a few steps to the Port Royal, now known by another name; suppose yourself there for a moment, and admire the prospect as you look up the stream: on the left is the gallery of the Thuilleries, built by Louis XIV, to join that of the Louvre, which is now the receptacle of almost all the most distinguished specimens

of sculpture and painting to be found in Europe, and then succeeds the Palace of the Louvre, so long the residence of the kings of France. The present possessor seems determined to complete what appears to have been the original design, and to render every part of the building worthy of the celebrated facade, of which we read so much in Voltaire and others : I am only surprised that he should have given into the littleness of making the letter N the principal ornament ; it supplies the place of the ancient *fleur de lis*, and everywhere stares one in the face. A little above the Port Royal, is the Port des Arts, which exhibits a very light appearance ; it is intended for foot passengers only, and is made of iron, it crosses from nearly under the windows of the Louvre where Charles the 9th was placed when he fired upon his Protestant subjects : the conduct of this prince, during the little while he reigned, is a sad proof of the evils which may be produced by pernicious counsellors and bad domestic example : he was naturally of a good disposition, and fully sensible, when it was too late, of the ignominy he had brought down upon himself ; and we cannot be surprised that he should, and particularly in those days, have attributed the singular disorder which afflicted him, to the particular interference of Providence. To the Port des Arts, succeeds the Pont Neuf, it joins the two sides of the river to what was once a little marshy island, separated by a narrow channel from the city : on this spot stood the statue of Henry the 4th, which for many years excited the sensibility of all good Frenchmen, but which was destroyed, with every other vestige of royalty, in the madness of the revolution ; it was here also that the scaffold was erected, on which the Knights Templars perished, in the reign of Philip the fair, who in his eagerness after money, could break through every restraint of justice and humanity. I have always admired the noble firmness of those gallant gentlemen, who preferred death in

one of its most painful forms to the confession of a crime they felt themselves innocent of. On the opposite side of the river to the Louvre and the Palace and Gallery of the Thuilleries, are several handsome hotels, and a line of lofty houses, and what would, perhaps, principally excite your attention, the college built by Cardinal Mazarin, for a description of which, I must refer you to some printed account. Both sides of the river are handsomely cased with stone, and there are flights of steps at regular intervals, for the convenience of loading and unloading the enormous barges, in which the trade of the city is carried on with the country ; the only appearances of navigation in addition to these unwieldy barges, are the floating sheds for washerwomen, and the bathing machines, some of which, with all their various accommodations for the reception of two or three hundred persons at a time, remind one of the description of Noah's Ark ; the stream itself is too turbid to be an object of admiration ; it becomes, besides, very shallow in summer, and is then disfigured by sand banks ; the most admired of the bridges, is the one which crosses from the square of Louis XVI, or of the Revolution, or of Concord, as it is now called, to within a few yards of the Palace of the Legislative Body, once known by the name of the Palais Bourbon, and built by Louis XIV, for his beautiful daughter, Mademoiselle de Blois, whom you see mentioned in the letters of Madame de Sevigné. After having placed you in imagination, on the Pont Royal or Pont des Thuilleries, and desired you to look up the stream, to suppose yourself upon some elevated spot, upon one of the towers of Notre Dame for instance, and to be looking down upon the city, with the assistance of such a friend as Don Cleofas had, would be the best manner of describing it ; but neither my knowledge nor your patience, would be equal to the task. There are several other bridges, connecting the islands to each other, or to either side of the

river, some of which are remarkable to a stranger, for being still covered with lofty houses, and for the events in ancient or modern history, of which they have been the scene : it was at the extremity of the Pont de Charge, where there is now an open space, that the famous tower stood, which was the great bulwark of Paris, against the Normans ; and on the next bridge, which is called the Pont de Notre Dame itself, that the Legate was reviewing a regiment of monks at the time of the league, when they handled their arms so awkwardly as to shoot his secretary by his side, and to alarm him for his own safety in the midst of his benedictines. The bridge highest up the river, is the one which connects the quater of the Arsenal with the Garden of Plants ; it is of iron, and intended, like the Pont des Arts, for the passage of persons on foot only ; it has been but lately finished, and is probably what M. de Champagne, the minister of the interior alludes to, when in a language which Pope would have called prose run mad, he tells the world that the Seine, as it enters Paris, is lost in worder at the works which have been erected by the hero of France. I should not be surprised, if he told us in his next exposition of the empire, that the monsters of the deep had made their way up to Paris, to admire the improvements at the Louvre ; and the fact is, that a porpoise was actually seen in the river the other day. The style of Burke and of Mirabeau was of another sort, but perhaps freedom, or the act of struggling for the recovery of it, is essential to eloquence: the oratour upon this occasion, is a man of great and distinguished abilities, and cannot in the application of so much hyperbole and exaggeration, but do a painful violence to his own better judgment ; even the Emperour must be ashamed of such senseless flattery, but he and his ministers treat the nation as a nurse does a child, when she tells him a story in order to keep him still, of Blue beard, and of Jack the giant-killer.

LETTER LIX.

The facade of the Louvre is, as I have mentioned, worthy of all that has been said of it ; it is a handsome front, in which every ornament is connected with some apparent utility ; the columns seem such as the weight to be supported required, and the whole is a compound of uniform and regular simplicity. It is singular, that every art should in its utmost improvement, approach so near in some respects, in appearance at least, to the point at which improvement began—it is so certainly, with musick, which never, I have often had occasion to observe, commands such universal attention, as when, like Rosseau's, for instance, it belongs to that species of simple melody which one may suppose to have been the musick of nature. The same observation might perhaps, be applied to the manners of private life ; the utmost refinement of which is to place every one at their ease, and yet such probably was the case in every assembly of savages, before improvement commenced. In poetry too, the most difficult of all arts, one principal requisite of perfection, is an apparent facility, which seems the inspiration of nature itself—Racine and Pope, the two most elegant and correct of the English and French poets, wrote verse in all probability, with great mental exertion, and yet what can be more natural than the language of Iphegenie and of Eloisa ? their sentiments are precisely such, we feel, as persons in their situation, might be supposed to experience ; their language seems the plain and natural expression of the mind, and if the words at the ends of the lines rhyme, it is because no other words would have so well conveyed the meaning intended. The object of the artist, therefore, ought to be, while he adorns, never to lose sight of nature—this is one of the secrets of good acting also, though too seldom attended to on the stage. You remember, no doubt, Fielding's elegant compliment to Garrick on that

head, in his *Tom Jones*—Partridge, who thought that art must be something very remote from nature, cannot conceive what there is to admire in Garrick's acting; would any man, he asks, who suspected his mother of such a crime as Hamlet does the Queen, or who had seen his father's ghost, look, and hold himself otherwise? and where was the merit of doing what every body could do? But let me conclude my digression with a sentence from Addison, who observes, that as nothing can be beautiful which is not just, so nothing can be ornamental which is not useful; the basis of wit is truth, the basis of ornament is utility. If the Emperor perseveres in his plan of embellishing Paris, he will, no doubt, disengage the handsome front of this ancient palace, from the buildings which destroy the effect of it; he will do as he has done in many other places; he will order the buildings to be pulled down, and the proprietors will find their names on the list of national creditors, so as to receive the interest of what the property is valued at. The kings of France had not, for some centuries, resided at the Louvre, when Charles IX, chose it for the place of his residence: it was thence that Henry III, fled before the Duke of Guise; that the melancholy and solitary Louis XIII lived; and that the widow of Charles I was lodged, when she confessed to the Cardinal de Retz, that she had not the means of ordering a fire lighted in her daughter's bed chamber. The object however, which carries strangers to the Louvre, is the gallery, which is connected with that ancient palace—on the one side and with the Thuilleries, on the other and which contains all the pictures and statues that have been sacrificed at different times to the irresistible preponderance of the French arms, or presented with a view of soothing the angry spirit of Buonaparte. The statues are on the ground floor, and they are placed so as to be seen to the utmost advantage; those who are judges of sculpture,

must derive inexhaustible satisfaction from walking among these masterpieces of ancient times—to me they were no further interesting than as they represented the countenances of distinguished individuals: the head of Augustus, or of Julius Cæsar, the gloomy, thoughtful face of Brutus; the mind of Socrates beaming through the mask of a harsh countenance; the appearance and attitude of Cicero, and what may be considered the portraits of so many eminent personages of former days—carry us back to the times they lived in, and add a new interest to history; even the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology, are so familiar to our imagination, that we know their statues at first sight; we are awed at the angry majesty of Apollo, and admire the grace with which Diana seems to join in the amusement she condescends to partake of. A Roman magistrate in his curule chair, or a warrior dying, or even Meleager, who is in some measure a personage from history, seems to deserve that the sculptor should have employed the perfection of his art in transmitting them to posterity; but a man drawing a thorn out of his foot, or the contortions of one struggling within the frightful clasp of an enormous serpent, or a wretched gladiator fainting under the loss of blood, are objects from which we should turn our eyes with horror and disgust; and I cannot conceive how the merit of the execution should have got the better of so natural a sentiment in almost every beholder: there was another sentiment which rendered the view of some of these celebrated works of art, less agreeable to me; I had seen them formerly in Italy, or knew that they had been brought thence, and it grieved me to think, that this additional indignity should have been offered to the majesty of ancient Rome. Mr. Carr thinks that this valuable collection of the Louvre will reestablish the better feelings of human nature in the breasts of those, who have been so long alienated from all that religion teaches, or humanity

inspires ; and there are others who think that it will make Paris the capital of the arts, by putting it into the power of every Frenchman to study the best models at so small an expense ; but Mr. Carr writes like a very young man, and I much question whether the idea last mentioned is more likely to be realised. Men very seldom visit, they very seldom, at least, do justice to what is at their own doors, and the effort which was formerly made to pass the Alps, and the air of Italy and the sight of Rome had all their effect upon the mind of the young artist—he felt too, when at a distance from home, that it was now too late to choose another profession ; he was elated to enjoy advantages which were not common to every one, and he easily imbibed that enthusiasm which is so essential to success. As to the various statues of Venus, from that of Medici, to the other celebrated one, whose name I forget, they certainly are very admirable specimens of human art, and I should not be surprised, if they sometimes called to the mind of the spectator in favour of the artist, the very prophane idea of a King of Portugal, who used to say, that if the Almighty had consulted him at the creation, he could have given some very good hints. Whatever effect this exhibition of sculpture may have had upon the arts, its influence upon the dress of modern times is very apparent : the long stiff stays and enormous petticoat, which looked like a fortification, and the load of gauze and lace upon the head, and the mass of hair supported by a cushion ; and in young persons, flowing half way down the back, have given way to the dress of the Grecian ladies, to a loose robe, collected by a cincture, forming a knot of ribbons at the side. The hair is become as it should be, the best ornament of the head—its native colour is undisguised by powder, the forehead is slightly covered by curls, but the rest of the hair is put up in such a way as to restore the throat, and the back of the neck, and the temples, to their right of admi-

ration. The eyes of a statue being of the same colour as the head, renders it impossible that the face should have much expression ; it seems also, that the ancients were desirous in their representations of ideal beauty, that the mind of the beholder should be impressed with respect, and that his admiration should be chastened by a sentiment of religious awe ; the bosom too, where modest, unostentatious beauty is represented in the person of a matron or her daughter, is made to attain but to a gentle elevation at most, and is scrupulously covered ; nor is the dignified gravity of the countenance ever diversified by more than a smile—some good ideas of education, therefore, as well as of dress, might be derived perhaps, from an attentive consideration of those ancient statues. The upper floor of this palace of the Arts, as it is not improperly called, contains the finest productions of the French, the Flemish, and Italian schools of painting ; they succeed each other in regular order, along the walls of a noble room, which is well lighted and warmed, and is upwards of twelve hundred feet in length. Violence and rapine have enriched this collection as well as that of sculpture, but as the artists of the country have also contributed to it, and as I had no individual knowledge of any particular piece, as in the case of the Laocoon, the Venus of Medici, or the Apollo, I should have derived a great deal more satisfaction from a view of the works it contains, than from those of the room below, had I possessed the principles of the art. There is something, however, in painting to gratify the taste of the most unlearned, and there is an endless variety : landscapes set off with that mixture of light and shade, which the eye of the artist alone could seize, and with all the original mixture and variety of colours ; the remains of ancient theatres or temples ; the view of some well-known town, seen at a distance ; of a sea-port, or of a field of battle, and views of rural life, and the representation of animals, of fruits and

of flowers, may have charms even for those who know nothing of painting: our imagination too, is easily led by such artists as Raphael or Michael Angelo, to adopt their representation of the ancient philosophers, and even of the apostles, as exact; but none of their figures carry in any degree with them, I think, the impression of divinity—I cannot represent to myself, the Great Father of us all, the Almighty Ruler of the universe, under a human form. There are circumstances too in the history of our Saviour, better left to the imagination of the Christian, than represented so exactly—the events of his infancy, or even of the flight into Egypt, are rendered interesting, though they bring the Divine Personage too much upon a level with the rest of mankind; but the punishments inflicted by the Jews, inspire a sentiment not sufficiently dignified for the occasion, and the celebrated descent from the cross is horrible to look at. It is here or in sculpture, the merit of the execution is supposed to be altogether independent of the subject, and we are called upon to admire the representation of scenes, at the perpetration of which, we would not for the universe be present. A pious hermit, let down by pulleys, into a cauldron of boiling oil; or the body of a beautiful female Saint, torn by pincers; or that abominable Judith, with the head of Holophernes, even though from the pencil of Raphael, cannot but inspire horror. The same may be said of the Flemish and Dutch schools, where low and disagreeable objects and scenes, drawn from the vulgar amusements of the coarsest peasants, are represented with disgusting fidelity—there is an excellent criticism upon this style of painting, in Peregrine Pickle, and I could not help thinking of that gay youth upon many occasions, as I passed through Paris, and of the raptures of his friend Pallet, whenever I saw a Dutch picture. I saw with pleasure, the portraits of many distinguished individuals, both of ancient and modern times; there is one of Charles the I,

of England, which is like life itself; it has the defect, however, I think, of representing him as if he stood to be painted; there are several of Louis XIV, one of those represents him on horseback, as entering some town in Flanders; there is the pride of personal beauty expressed in his whole figure, from the plumes on his hat and the plaits in his cravat, to the manner of holding his foot in the stirrup. One of the many inexplicable circumstances in the arrangement of human affairs, is that such a monarch as this, who considered the property of his subjects as his patrimony, who lavished millions on his pleasures, and in the prosecution of unnecessary wars, should have concluded his days in peace, at an advanced old age, and that Louis XVI should have been dragged to execution. The miniatures of Madame de Sevigné and her daughter, and of Madame de Maintenon, of the celebrated Ninon de L'Enclos, with those of many other well-known persons, who lived in those times, are in a case together, and draw our attention very forcibly. Neither the features of Madame de Sevigné nor of her daughter, are such as I had expected; we look in vain for the spritely air of one, or the dazzling beauty of the other; Madame de Maintenon appears to have been graceful, and to have dressed to great advantage; the miniature of the celebrated Ninon, is that which has suffered least from time, and tradition says that the likeness is good. The account which Plutarch gives of some distinguished ladies of ancient Greece, would suit this singular personage, whose good sense, embellished by all the graces of conversation, might have drawn numbers about her, though she wanted the recommendation of beauty; she was in many respects, what you would call a horrid creature; and if you enter into the feelings of Madame de Sevigné, you must dislike her extremely; but she was disinterested in her attachment, faithful in friendship at least, and had all those virtues which the world

commonly supposes, when they speak of an honourable and accomplished man. My account of this great receptacle of the works of art and of genius, will have appeared a very imperfect one; but a catalogue of the pieces alone, without any description whatever, would have filled a book, and though in the course of the several walks I have taken in the Gallery, I might have benefited by the observations of others, so as to repeat the common opinion on the merit of a great many of them; yet I thought it best to refer you, as I have frequently done, for any further information, to books of travels—where you find the whole very accurately described. There are some sea-pieces by Vernet, which attract universal admiration; Louis XV was so struck with their merit, that they drew from him an idea which seems to have been dictated by the spirit of prophecy; I foresee, said the lazy monarch, I foresee that the time will come, when we shall have no other marine in France, but that of Vernet.

BIOGRAPHY.

JOHN RADCLIFFE, M. D.

Dr. Radcliffe was a native of Wakefield in Yorkshire, and observed by the neighbouring gentry to be a boy of excellent capacity; this circumstance, together with the numerous family of his parents, induced them to educate him at their own expense: when 15 years of age he was sent to University College, where his mother (then a widow) assisted him in obtaining a thorough knowledge of Botany, Chymistry, and Anatomy. He afterwards became a fellow of Lincoln college, and commenced physician with a sovereign contempt for the works of medical writers: "There," said he, "is Radcliffe's library," pointing to a few books on a window seat. The faculty in revenge called his cures "*Guesswork*," and he retorted by terming them "*Old Nurses*."

His abhorrence of the absurd practice of consulting the water of patients is well known. Nature was his guide, and she led him to adopt a cool regimen in the small-pox, which has saved numbers of lives, preserved the smoothness and beauty of many faces. Several circumstances conspired to render his residence at Oxford unpleasant; he therefore went to London, where his practice became general, and he was equally celebrated for his wit and his prescriptions; the former blazed forth with native frankness without respect to place or persons: he told king William "I would not have your *two* legs for your *three* kingdoms," and queen Anne, by a messenger who had been sent for him, that "Her majesty was as well as any woman in England, if she would think so."

Dr. Radcliffe was a firm friend, and his lamentations on the death of the duke of Beaufort and lord Craven do honour to his feelings; he has however been accused of parsimony, and neglect of his family; the latter charge he endeavoured to obviate by leaving liberal annuities to his two sisters, two nephews and a niece, and rewarding his servants; several acts are recorded of his benevolence, and he not *only* forgave, but provided for a criminal who had robbed him, and exulted in restoring a servant whom he suspected and had dismissed. He was once informed of a considerable loss he had sustained by the capture of a ship, in which some of his property had been embarked, and answered the usual compliments of condolence, with a smile and "put round the bottle, my lord, I have only to go up 250 pair of stairs to make myself whole again."

It is believed that he distributed large sums in private charity to the non-juring clergy of England, and the deprived Episcopal clergy of Scotland; and he is known to have been very liberal to the society for promoting Christian Knowledge; and to his friend Dr. Walker, a Roman Catho-

lick, to whom he gave a handsome competence, and a respectable funeral after his decease ; it has been suspected that he gave his purse with his friendship to Dr. Sacheverell.

His constitution was strong, and he had a turn for conviviality, but when he entertained Prince Eugene, he gave him plain beef and pudding, for which the prince returned him thanks, as having considered him "not as a courtier, but as a soldier."

He was to have married a lady with 15,000*l.* fortune, who endeavoured to conceal her pregnancy by a favoured rival ; far from resenting her conduct after the discovery, he pleaded to her father for forgiveness, and advised him to marry her to the man of her choice, that he might give her property *legally* to the young "*Hans-en Kelder*."

Dr. Radcliffe died Nov. 1, 1714, and was buried at St. Mary's church, Oxford, with a solemnity commensurate to his munificence to that University. His death is supposed to have been accelerated by the vexation he experienced for not having attended queen Anne during her last moments, as ordered by the privy council.

His property (exclusive of the legacies mentioned above) he bequeathed to the University of Oxford where his library is a sufficient monument to his memory ; and to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

The account of Prior's earliest life is involved in obscurity and contradiction ; whether by accident or design in himself, it is now fruitless to inquire. The time of his birth is certain, July 21, 1664 : the place of it has been contested. Tradition fixes it at Wimborn-Minster, in Dorsetshire* ; his own account assigns it to

* As his parents are allowed to have been Dissenters, no assistance can be had from parochial register towards clearing up

the county of Middlesex. The register-books of St. John's College, Cambridge, which record his admission and preferment there, describe him at different periods of each county. What is most singular in this respect is, that the members of his college, who one would think were the most interested in knowing the truth, did not exact it of him, when they conferred their favours upon him, in his election to a fellowship among them. But whatever was his reason for preferring Middlesex to Dorsetshire, certain it is, that he adhered to his first choice, as his own narrative describes him of that county, and the son of a citizen and joiner of London. But whether cradled in a cottage or a shop, he raised himself above his condition, and became at length, by his own talents and exertions, the representative of his sovereigns at different courts, and a favourite with their rival monarch.

As his father is little noticed, it may be presumed he died while his son was very young, when the care of him devolved upon his uncle, a vintner at Charing-cross, who placed him at Westminster school, where the celebrated Busby was then head master. How far the abilities of the future poet and statesman then displayed themselves, has not been told ; but the discernment of the master was such, that we may be sure that any eminence in the scholar would not be overlooked ; and if, according to a story that has not been contradicted, he was capable of expounding a difficult passage in Horace, to the satisfaction of lord Dorset, and such men as he associated with, it must be allowed that he had made good use of his opportunities, and was worthy of the patronage which that nobleman afforded him. It is

this point ; but the following lines in his epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd certainly countenance the opinion of his early institution in the country.

So in the barn of loud Non-con,
Where with my grannam I have gone.

reasonable to suppose that the earl would require some further testimony of the youth's capacity and good behaviour, before he would engage in the charge, whether wholly or in part of his education at the University; and as he was actually entered of St. John's College, Cambridge in his 18th year, it must be inferred that his character was answerable to the opinion that had been formed of him and that he was declared to be worthy of his lordship's protection.

Of his first years at Cambridge no particulars are known: but that he was guilty of irregularities of some kind, for which he was *discommoded*, to speak in the language of a college, is evident, from a Latin epistle, and a copy of verses in the same language, addressed to the master, Dr. Gower, deprecating the continuance of punishment, and promising good conduct in future, which were first published with his posthumous pieces, and have been since printed in a modern edition of his works.

It appears that he was in earnest when he promised amendment; for, during his residence at Cambridge, he wrote his Ode to the Deity, and jointly with Mr. Montague, the poem of the City Mouse and the Country Mouse, and some others. He took his degrees at the regular time, and was chosen fellow of his college; and this was all that the university could do for him. His future life, with the history of his publick employments, elevation, and his misfortunes, and his character as a politician and an authour, being well known, from the full account given of him in the "Biographia Britannica," and since, in Johnson's elegant narrative, in his characters of the English Poets, render it unnecessary to enlarge upon them here.

He quitted Cambridge and came to London, where the road to fame and fortune was open to him; and he found friends to put him in the right way.

It is probable that several of his early poems were printed singly, but

they occur very rarely now in that state. Such as he thought fit were collected into a thin octavo volume, which was first printed in 1709; and there was a second edition of them in the same year. It was not till after his disgrace, and the loss of his place, that they were arranged in the manner we now see them in the magnificent fol. of 1718; then they were published by a large subscription for his benefit, and produced a considerable sum of money; since which time they have gone through many editions; and such is his general acceptance as a poet, that there is hardly a closet-full of books to be seen any where, without a PRIOR, in some form or other, on the shelves.

Prior died at Wimpole, near Cambridge, the seat of his great friend and patron, Edward, earl of Oxford, Sept. 18, 1721, and was buried in Westminster-abbey. One would think he might safely have trusted his fame to posterity when Pope acknowledged *he* should have been satisfied to have written his "*Alma*." But he thought it safer to provide for it himself, and accordingly left 500*l.* by his will for erecting a monument to his memory in that noble repository of departed greatness and genius, where—

—his bust

"Is mixt with heroes, and with kings his dust."

But his anxiety for posthumous renown went still further; for whether doubtful of their abilities or their candour, he would not even trust his brother wits with his epitaph, making it an express article in his will, that it should be provided by Dr. Robert Friend. It is amusing to trace the variations of the human mind:—When the poet wrote his own epitaph, in his well known epigram, "*Nobles and Heralds by your leave,*" or in the *serious inscription for his own tombstone*, he probably expressed his real sentiments at the time, and would have been content to have had either of them put over his grave; but these humble ideas were totally absorbed

in the recollection of diplomattick consequence, and the splendour of an ambassadour.

Prior left behind him, in manuscript, several pieces, which were in the possession of the late duchess dowager of Portland, who inherited them from her noble father, the earl of Oxford. Dr. Warton, who had seen them by permission of her grace, speaks greatly in their commendation. They consist principally of essays and dialogues, interspersed here and there with poetry. The doctor enumerates their titles in the first Appendix to his "Essay on the 'Writings and Genius of Pope.'" The following extract from the Dialogue between sir Thomas More and the vicar of Bray, cannot but be acceptable to the readers of these volumes; and it is to be lamented that the whole work is not communicated to the publick, as it would show the authour to the world in a new light, as a prose writer of no common excellence. The vicar speaks thus to the chancellor:

"For conscience, like a fiery horse,
"Will stumble, if you check his course;
"But ride him with an easy rein,
"And rub him down with worldly gain,
"He'll carry you through thick and thin.
"Safe, although dirty, to your inn."

Whether already satiated with the honours and troubles of a publick life, or mindful of the uncertainty of state-employments, Prior at one time appears to have entertained thoughts of securing to himself a permanent establishment, by procuring the provostship of Eaton College, a situation of learned leisure and dignified repose, which Wootton enjoyed, and Waller had solicited in vain. The authority for this is the following passage in a letter of Addison to Mr. Stepney, written about 1706—"I am told that Mr. Prior has bin (been) making an interest privately for the headship of Eton, in case Dr. Godolphin goes off in this removal of bishops." If such was his view, we know he did not succeed in it; but though he could not obtain a *mastership*, it is as notorious, that in his

greatest elevation, he never lost sight of his *bread and cheese*, but kept fast hold of his *fellowship* at St. John's to his dying day.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

A clergyman's salary at Sheppey being small, and the service performed only once a month, some of the parishoners were desirous of more frequent opportunities for publick worship, and conversed on the subject with their minister; he offered, and I think not unreasonably, that if the parish would add ten pounds a-year to his income, to preach and pray once a fortnight.

A meeting was held to discuss the business; but the proposal of the clergyman was not acceded to. A profane rogue, whose wit sometimes runs away with his discretion, informed the divine, "that if he would abate ten pounds a-year in their tithes, they would excuse his coming at all."

Attachment of authours to the productions of their own pens.

Heliodorus, a Christian bishop in the fourth century, chose rather to be deprived of his ecclesiastical preferment, than burn, or even disavow, a romance he had written, called *Æthiopica*; had he indeed consented to make the sacrifice, it would have been shutting the door after the steed was stolen, as the book was written in his youth, but he was not made a bishop till considerably advanced in life.

Yet, however incongruous it may seem for a Prelate to write novels, his production appears to have been composed of materials far less in-

flammatory than the modern furniture of a circulating library; for in that part of his romance which tells of the loves of Theagenes and Chariclea, the heroine is warmly rebuked by her lover, for bestowing on him, in a frolicsome moment, an innocent kiss.

With respect to literary sacrifices, the present hour exhibits an instance highly injurious to the cause of science; the chymical pursuits of an excellent, an exemplary and highly endowed bishop have been thought, *by his brethren*, incompatible with episcopal dignity; reluctantly yielding to their suggestions, he burnt his papers and quitted the elaboratory with a sigh; while the coy nymph, who frowns on so many, but whose smiles and favours *he* had so peculiarly enjoyed, laments that the early object of his tender vows is forsaken; that the calls of religion and the allurements of clerical honour and emolument, have gained an inglorious victory over an attachment once so ardent.

Those who may praise the Grecian, at the expense of the English bishop, must make some allowance for superiority of temptation: a spiritual peerage, with two or three valuable commendams, and a *fore-shortened* prospect of Winchester, Durham, York, or Canterbury, must have operated far more powerfully on the feelings and imagination of an aspiring churchman, than the obscure and unproductive diocese of Tricala in Thessaly.

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN THE SPRING.

Returning Spring, with gladsome ray,
Adorns the earth, and smooths the deep;
All nature smiles serene and gay,
It smiles, but yet, alas, I weep!
But why, why flows th' unbidden tear?
When Fate such precious boons hath lent?
The lives of those who life endear,
And tho' scarce competence—content.

Sure when no other bliss was mine,
But that which still kind Heav'n bestows;

Yet then could Peace and Hope combine,
To promise joy, and give repose:
Then have I wander'd thro' the plain,
And bless'd each flower that met my view;
Thought Fancy's power would ever reign,
And nature's charms be ever new.

I fondly thought where Virtue dwelt
That happy bosom knew no ill;
That those who scorn'd me Time would melt,
And those I love be faultless still:
Enchanting dreams! kind was your art,
That bliss bestow'd without alloy;
Or if soft sadness claim'd a part,
'Twas sadness sweeter far than joy.

Ah! whence the change, that now alarms,
Fills this sad heart and tearful eye;
And conquers the once powerful charms,
Of Youth, of Hope, of Novelty?
'Tis harsh Experience! fatal power,
That clouds the gay, illumin'd sky;
That darkens life's meridian hour;
And bids each fairy vision fly.

She paints the scene, how different far,
From that which youthful Fancy drew;
Shows Joy and Prudence oft at war,
Our woes increas'd, our comforts few;
See in her train cold Foresight move,
Shunning the *rose* to 'scape the *thorn*,
And prudence every fear approve,
And Pity harden into scorn.

The glowing tints of Fancy fade,
Life's distant prospects charm no more.
Alas! are all my hopes betray'd?
Ah! what can now my bliss restore?
Relentless pow'r! at length be just,
Thy better skill alone impart;
Give caution—but withhold distrust,
And guard—but harden not my heart.

ABSENCE.

I have a nest of callow young:
What nestlings half so sweet as they!—
And yet I pour the joyless song,
And pant and flutter far away.

I have a mate of anxious breast,
That throbs to hear the warbled lay;
And yet I quit the widow'd nest,
And pant and flutter far away.

Oh! gentle mate of anxious breast!
Oh! chirping brood of callow young;
Why must I quit the kindred nest,
And pour in alien ears my song?

I. T.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY JOHN GREENSHIELDS, ESQ.

Dear to my soul, oh early lost !
Affection's arm was weak to save,
And Friendship's pride, and Virtue's boast,
Have sunk to an untimely grave.

Clos'd, ever clos'd, those speaking eyes,
Where sweetness beam'd, where candour
shone !

And silent that heart-thrilling voice,
Which Musick lov'd and call'd her own.

That gentle bosom now is cold,
Where Feeling's vestal splendours glow'd ;
And crumbling down to common mould,
That heart where love and truth abode.

Yet I behold the smile unfeign'd,
Which doubt dispelled and kindness won ;
Yet the soft diffidence, that gain'd
The triumph it appear'd to shun.

Delusion all—forbear my heart,
These unavailing throbs restrain ;
Destruction has perform'd his part,
And Death proclaims thy pangs are vain.

Vain tho' they be this heart must swell
With grief that time shall ne'er efface ;
And still with bitter pleasure dwell,
On every virtue, every grace.

Forever lost ! I vainly deem'd,
That Heaven my early friend would spare ;
And darker as the prospect seem'd,
The more I struggled with Despair.

I said—yet a presaging tear
Unhidden rose, and spoke more true—
She still shall live—the unfolding year
Shall banish pain, and health renew.

She yet shall tread the flowery field,
And catch the opening roses' breath ;
To watchful Love Disease shall yield,
And Friendship ward the shafts of Death.

Alas ! before the violet bloom'd,
Before the snows of winter fled,
Too certain Fate my hopes consum'd,
And she was numbered with the dead.

She died—deserving to be mourn'd,
While parted worth a pang can give :
She died—by Heaven's best gifts adorn'd,
While Folly, Falsehood, Baseness, live,

Long in their vileness live secure
The noxious weed, and wounding thorn ;
While snatch'd by violence ere mature,
The lily from her stem is torn.

Flower worthy Heaven—and Heaven alone,
Thee, good and pure, deserved to share—
On earth a stranger, only shown
To teach what angel natures are.

Yet, who shall blame the heart that feels,
When Heaven resumes the good it gave !
Yet, who shall scorn the tear that steals
From Friendship's eye at Virtue's grave !

Friend, Parent, Sister, tenderest names,
May I, as pale at Memory's shrine
Ye pour the tribute anguish claims,
Approach, unbalm'd, and mingle mine !

Long on the joys of vanish'd years,
The glance of sadness shall be cast ;
Long, long, the emphatick speech of tears
Shall mourn their bloom forever past.

And Thou ! who from the orient day
Return'st, with Hope's gay dreams elate,
Falsely secure, and vainly gay,
Unconscious of the stroke of Fate,

What awaits thee ? not the approving smile
Of faithful love that chases care ;
Not the fond glance, o'erpaying toil—
But cold and comfortless despair.

Despair ! I see the phantom rove,
By *Cart's* green banks, no longer bright,
And fiercely grasp the torch of Love,
And plunge it in sepulchral night.

Farewell, sweet Maiden ! to thy tomb
My soul in sadness oft shall stray,
More dear to me the hallowed gloom,
Than life's broad glare or Fortune's day.

And oft, as Fancy points thy bier,
And mournful eyes thy lonely bed,
The secret sigh shall rise—the tear,
That shuns observance shall be shed.

Nor shall the thought of Thee depart,
Nor shall my soul regret resign,
Till memory perish—till this heart
Be cold and motionless as thine.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following translation is offered to you with extreme diffidence. The pathetick original was accidentally heard by the translator, a few months since, and its effect was then, in a great degree, attributed to the melodious tones, the eloquence and the sensibility of the person who ut-

tered it. But its appearance in The Port Folio strongly renewed the former impression, and again charmed with its beauty, I have endeavoured to dress it in an English garb, though conscious, that by the exchange, it has lost much of its striking elegance and affecting simplicity.

MANTO.

ON THE DEATH OF MARIA ROSS.

Maria, from the earth removed,
Maria, lovely and beloved,
Has hastened to the realms of air,
To pay an angel worship there.

Ah, she has fled! and never more
Shall time the gentle maid restore,
No more these eyes again discern
The dear companion's kind return,

For she to Death's cold arms has fled,
Maria, sweetest maid is dead!
Oh thou! who for a transient space,
Wert once our plains' transcendant grace,

Nor can our steps approach, with thee,
The holy fanes of Deity,
Nor, on that high and heavenly shore,
Can we with lifted hands adore.

How oft, and oh! how high in fame
Is breathed the lost Maria's name,
Of manners, gentle and benign,
With soul of piety divine.

Let then funereal honours rise,
The gifts we bring, are tears and sighs,
The reasoning, answering Echo hears,
But finds us speechless in our tears.

Seen thus to weep along the way,
We, who this mournful service pay,
View the dear cause with bursting sighs—
Maria, our Maria dies!

To the cold urn we then intrust
These relics of the fair and just,
And now our trembling voices swell
Thrice raised—*Maria dear, farewell!*

Yet, still to earth preserved by Fame,
Long shall endure thy honoured name,
Thy brilliant praise, thy virtues rare,
And all that grace, so heavenly fair.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I know not whether you will recognise the Wanderer's signature with

pleasure or disgust. But the attention you once showed a few lines from the same pen, induces me to inclose you the following; and to confess that it will give me pleasure should they meet with the same reception. Though the "*feuille morte*" is not a favourite colour with you, the garb of real sorrow certainly deserves an indulgence, which is, with propriety, denied to the flaunting weeds of factitious affliction.

A PROSPECT OF FUTURITY.

Tormenta nulla territant,
Quae finiuntur annis.

Soon the fatal hour is coming,
When I leave this mortal life;
Soon I quit my restless roaming,
In this idle scene of strife.

Long, too long, my spirits failing,
Have I borne envenomed pain,
All my efforts unavailing,
Misery's empire to restrain.

From my early youth infested,
With a pang beyond relief,
Scarce an hour my heart has rested,
From the panting throbs of grief.

Now a frenzied fever burning,
In each wide distended vein,
Swells the purple tide returning
To the throne of life again.

Now a deathlike coldness chilling,
Shivers in my bosom deep,
Through each tortured nerve instilling,
Pangs which break my troubled sleep.

Thus, her efforts grief redoubling,
Speeds me to those mansions bless'd
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary take their rest."

LURCANIO.

THE KISS.—To ———.

When soft thy yielding hand I press'd,
And strove to wake one tender feeling,
When friendship's softest joys confess'd
My every beating pulse revealing:

The kiss I breath'd upon thy cheek,
Was pure as that by angels given,
When disembodied spirits seek,
In ecstasy their native heaven.

Why then, ah cruel, did'st thou chill,
The streams of bliss around me flowing,
Why, with a frown indignant kill
The raptures in my bosom glowing?

Ah why, unfeeling fair, disdain
To share those transports pure and holy ;
To chace the life destroying pain,
Of sad desponding melancholy ?

O could'st thou once perceive the joy,
Of calming such a troubled ocean,
Thy heart would hail the sweet employ,
And fondly share such bless'd emotion.
LURCANIO.

THE FAREWELL.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Jani cari capitis. Horace.

Too cruel Laura, whence this harsh command !
Thine eye averted, why this mandate stern,
To dash the plaintive pencil from my hand,
And the soft solace of thy presence shun ?

Ah what my crime ? that I have dar'd to love,
Yes, with a brother's love, a sacred flame,
Thy guardian angel smiling would approve,
Nor virtue's self could blush to own the claim.

Thou could'st not think, I ever basely sought,
To rob thy bosom's lord, or vainly strove,
In thy chaste mind to raise one impious thought.
Which darkly pointed to illicit love.

No, thy pure soul could never stoop so low,
Could ne'er descend, suspicions false to frame.
Nor could thy piercing mind have failed to know,
A tender friendship was my only aim.

Yet thus, sweet fancy's airy visions fled,
Are friendship's beaming rays obscured in gloom,
Now must I bow to earth a frenzied head,
And unlamented seek the silent tomb.

Then be it so ; too long I've sought in vain
To cheer with friends the mournful hour of care,
And ill my haughty spirit brooks disdain,
Or fond affection slighted by the fair.

Be thy stern mandate to the full obey'd,
That I have prized your virtues is too true ;

And since thy friendship's but a fleeting shade,
Adieu, fond, flattering, dear-bought dreams adieu.

Yet will I often breathe an ardent prayer,
That every blessing may encompass you,
And though I sink oppress'd by dark despair,
May all your hours be tinged with roseate hue.

LURCANIO.

MERRIMENT.

Mr. G. examining a witness, asked him what his business was ? he answered, "A dealer in old iron." "Then," said the council, "you must of course be a thief." "I don't see," replied the witness, "why a dealer in iron must necessarily be a thief, more than a dealer in brass."

A lady going into Drury-Lane Theatre, one evening that Garrick played, was so roughly jostled by the crowd, that her ruffles were torn off. She entered her box in a perfect fury, which was not a little increased by Mr. W. complimenting her, that notwithstanding the rude usage she had met with, she was *unruffled*.

Mr. Hare, formerly the envoy to Poland, had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and, like his friend Charles, had frequent visits from bailiffs. One morning, as he was looking out of his window he observed two of them at the door :—"Pray, gentlemen," says he, "are you Fox hunting, or Hare hunting this morning ?"

A tanner having invited a supervisor to dine with him, after pushing the bottle about pretty freely, the supervisor took leave, but in crossing the tan-yard, he unfortunately fell into a vat, and called loudly for the tanner's assistance to take him out, but to no purpose : "For," says the tanner, "if I draw a hide without giving twelve hours notice, I shall be exchequered ; but I will go and inform the excise-man."

A physician being one day rallied on the inefficacy of his prescriptions, said, he defied any of his patients to find fault with him. "That," answered his friend, "is exactly what Jack Ketch says."

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.



Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. VI. Philadelphia, Saturday, December 24, 1808. No. 26.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LX.

IF you cast your eyes on the plan of Paris, you will easily find in the north-west corner of it, the street of the Ferme des Mathurins; suppose me setting out thence, and passing by the streets des Mathurins and Caumartin, as far as the Boulevards, crossing them, and proceeding by the street des Capucines, as far as the opening of the Place Vendôme: on the right is the Place Vendôme, from which a street leads into the street St. Honori, on the other side of which a passage has been made through the ruins of the Capuchin Church and Convent, to a door which opens into the Gardens of the Thuilleries—near this door, was the extremity of the riding school, where the Convention sat when Louis XVI took shelter on the 10th of August, with his family; and it was

here that he was afterwards so unjustly condemned to death. Another opening has been made to the left, from the spot I supposed myself arrived at, in the street des Capucines, which communicates with the Boulevards, over the place which was formerly covered by the Convent and Garden of the Capucine Nuns—they went barefooted, lived upon vegetables, and had no reliance but on the charity of the pious. At the suppression of the religious houses, a part of their Convent was converted into a manufactory of assignats, and millions continued to flow thence, until a pound sterling was equivalent to 18,000 livres; the other parts were let out for taverns and retail stores, for puppet shows and panoramas, and for the Amphitheatre of Franconi, while the idle boys of the neighbourhood, found amusement in what remained of the gardens—a few steps along the Rue des Capucines (I wish you would allow me, for the future, to say Rue, though as an Englishman in one of Foote's plays observes, it is a very strange way of calling a street) a few steps then, along the Rue des Capucines, would bring one

into the Rue des Petits Champs, and a few more, to the corner of the Rue d'Antin, to the spot where the fatal duel took place in the minority of Louis XIV, between the two brothers, the Dukes of Nemours and of Beaufort—the first, who would listen to no terms of accommodation, was, as it should seem it ought to have been, the one killed. You must now follow me in imagination, through the Place Vendome, into the Rue St. Honori, so distinguished for elegant shops of every sort, and proceed as far as the Church of St. Roch—this spot was originally a small circular hill, at a little distance from the walls of Paris, in which it was not included till the time of Henry IV, or Louis XIII. It was here, that in the year 1429, the celebrated Maid of Orleans stood, and pointed a cannon against the town, then in the hands of the English; it was for many years occupied by a windmill, but a handsome church was at length erected there, and it was from the steps of this church, that a glazier's wife, passing early on a winter's morning, took the poor little infant, not a day old, who was afterwards known in the world by the name of D'Alembert—he was a profound and distinguished géometician, an elegant writer on subjects of lighter literature, and a good-humoured, humane and generous man: one of his parents, Madame de Tencin, who had never lost sight of him, wished at length, to have acknowledged him publicly as her son, but he chose that the celebrity which he had now acquired, should shed all its lustre upon the good woman who protected his helpless infancy; he would never quit his lodgings at her house, or have any other mother, was his expression, but the glazier's wife. She survived him, and her old age was rendered comfortable, by the little fortune which it was in his power to leave her. This Church of St. Roch, is also remarkable for another event, of which it bears evident memorials upon the whole of its front: it was early in 1795, that the remains of the Ja-

cobin party, who had a large majority of the citizens in their favour, and who were strengthened by a large accession of concealed royalists, began to recover from their defeat of the 9th Thermidor, of the year before, and to avail themselves of the fluctuating pusillanimous conduct of the Convention, whom they insulted in every manner, and at length attacked with an armed force. Menou had been sent against them, and Barras was next appointed general; but he had the good sense to let the command devolve upon a young man, lately made a brigadier of artillery, who had distinguished himself at Toulon, and who was known not to be too tender-hearted for a similar employment; this was Buonaparte, who approaching the Church of St. Roch by the narrow passage of the Rue de Dauphin, drove the opposite party from it with his artillery, and cannonaded them without mercy, in every part of the city, wherever they ventured to show themselves: several thousands of the citizens lost their lives upon the occasion. The Parisians are said never to have forgiven the execution of this day, which is called in the History of the Revolution, the 13th Vendemiaire. It was along the Rue St. Honori, that the unfortunate Queen of France was conducted to the guillotine, in 1793. I have seen a letter from a young Genevan to his father, in which was the following paragraph: "I was standing with many others, upon the steps of St. Roch, when the cart came by; it was a common cart, such as is made use of for carrying criminals to execution: the Queen was seated in it, with her hands tied behind her; her eyes were swelled, from the tears which probably she had shed the night before, but her air was composed, and her looks erect; she was decently dressed in white, and had on a close cap; a confessor was seated beside her, but she did not appear to have any conversation with him." The world is in some measure, at length undeceived with respect to this unfortunate princess—she had

defended herself with the courage of innocence, before the infamous tribunal, but was prepared to meet her fate—the amusement of her few last days, was to knit a purse from the yarn of the tapestry that lined her chamber; she herself, ironed the gown she was to wear, and expressed no fear, but that the hatred of the people would not suffer her to reach the scaffold. If I were once to give way to what rises in my mind, upon this subject, my description of Paris would never be finished. Suppose yourself now to have proceeded along the Rue St. Honori, as far as the Palais Royal; this Palace was built by Cardinal Richelieu, and afterwards presented to the King; and it was hence that Anne of Austria, was driven with her children, at the time of those commotions which were excited by the Cardinal de Retz; it was given to the family of Orleans by Louis XIV; and it was the last duke of that name, one of the most unprincipled, and yet most timid; the most avaricious, and yet the most expensive of men, who gave to the building, and to the garden, their present form. The garden is about 250 yards long, and about 100 broad, with triple avenues of young trees on each side, and an open space along the middle, and is enclosed on three sides with a row of lofty and uniform buildings; there is an open portico on the ground floor, and the whole is let out to a variety of people, who all contribute in their way, to the enjoyments of the Capital: watchmakers, jewellers, painters, booksellers, milliners, auctioneers, changers and lenders of money, sellers of every article of dress, from cheap shoes, to the most beautiful artificial flowers, venders of all sorts of fruits and undrest eatables, restaurateurs and confectioners succeed each other, and there are toy-shops and gaming houses, cabinets of natural philosophy, curious pieces of mechanism, and preparations in wax, to engage the attention of a stranger. When the whole is lighted up at night, with 180 large reflecting lamps, and the crowds of those

who come to see and be seen, are collected, it must appear like the games of Flora in ancient Rome, or like some great and pompous sacrifice to the united divinities of Venus and Bacchus, and of half a dozen other deities, who have names, though I cannot recollect them, in the fables of Heathen Mythology; I presume the ancients had a God of Gluttony upon their list, and he certainly would have had his altar here, for it is impossible to conceive any article of luxury in the whole science of eating, which is not to be procured. Almost all the commotions which have taken place in Paris, originated, it is said, in the recesses of the Palais Royal: it was in this garden that Fabu D'Eglantine, placing himself upon a chair, that he might be the better seen and heard, raised a spirit in the minds of his audience, which vented itself in the destruction of the Bastile. The eloquence of Antony, at the funeral of Cæsar, was not more powerful or more destructive: he was a man of abilities, and became very shortly after, a victim of the revolution, which, ultimately destroying almost every one whom it had called into notice, has been well compared to Saturn, who the poets pretended, devoured his own children.

A part of the Palace has been appropriated to the Tribunal, who meet in a very pretty room, where they have very little to do, though their powers, as they appear in print, might induce one to suppose that their time would be precious; I was present on one occasion, and could not but admire the elegance of the hall, which is in the form best adapted to a theatre; it is nearly half circular; the president being placed in what might be the centre of a small stage, while the members are ranged on benches, which take the form of the building, and a handsome gallery runs along above, for the reception of strangers; it is here, as in the other publick assemblies of France, the person who is to speak, mounts into an elevated place below the president, upon whom he turns his back

while he addresses his brother tribunes. It seemed to me like a parish clerk going to set a psalm, and one may assert, that any psalm, even of Sternhold and Hopkins' translation, and sung in any manner whatever, would have been better than the tiresome adulatory propositions which were made by different members; it was on the return of the Emperor from the battle of Austerlitz; one was for erecting a pillar like that of Trajan, and another for a triumphal arch, under which people were not to pass but on the anniversary of that great victory, and all were running the race of flattery. Continuing along the Rue St. Honori, we leave the Louvre and the avenue which leads to the Pont Neuf, on the right, and arrive where the street being considerably widened, takes the name of La Fevourerie; it was here, while the space was occupied by two narrow streets, that Henry IV, was assassinated by. Ravaillac, who had followed him with that intention, all the way from the Louvre. You will be struck in the memoirs of Sully, with the little secondary causes that led to this catastrophe: Henry IV, had certainly many great qualities, but the horrid termination of his life worked upon by the enthusiasm of the nation, and the comparisons they have since had occasion to make, has contributed not a little to magnify his virtues. The Queen does not appear to have regretted him extremely; and can you very much blame her; would any wife in Carolina or Virginia, have lived with such a husband? He was always, as you perceive in Sully, engaged in some love intrigue or other, and even at last, it was doubtful whether the intended march of his army was to humble Philip II, or to bring back a lady whose husband had very naturally removed her from within his power. You will observe upon the plan of Paris, that two streets going from north to south, and for the whole breadth of the city, cross the direction of the Rue St. Honori, in this neighbourhood, nearly at right angles; one of them leads down to

the Pont au Change, and the other to that of Notre Dame; if we were to continue our way forward, we should, after turning two corners, be in the Rue de la Verrierie, and reassuming our former course nearly west, would soon be on the ground where the Bastille stood, which is now a timber yard; but let us rather turn north-eastwardly, to the Halles, and then find our way as we can to the Temple. I never was in a place where there appeared such a profusion of eatables for sale, as in Paris; there are markets which occupy the whole length of different streets; there are butcher's stalls where sheep are suspended by the half dozen; there are shops where game of every sort is for sale, and the Halles alone would seem sufficient to the wants of any place on earth—it has more the appearance of a dirty, disorderly encampment, than a market; meat and fruit, and flowers and sea-fish, and vegetables of every sort, seem promiscuously mixed, and are offered for sale by those whom Mr. Burke, alluding to their conduct during the revolution, styles, in his emphatick way, the fiends of hell, in the abused forms of the worst of women—Mr. Burke may say what he will, but some of the likeliest faces I saw, were among the younger females of this order. The streets of Paris are narrow and badly paved, and have no side-ways for foot passengers, owing no doubt, to the number of large hotels, which are generally built at the farther extremity of a court, and have no communication with the street, but by a carriage way; they are extremely thronged too, by carriages of various sorts, carts, hackney carriages, gentlemen's coaches and cabriolets; these last, are one horse chairs, with tops, they are a very favourite vehicle, and are generally driven very fast—in general, the horses to the private carriages are good, and no coachmen upon earth drive so well, or with so much good humour; I hardly ever remember seeing a coachman or a carter in Geneva or France, beat his horses in

that cruel way, which is too often the case in England and America, or ever saw two coachmen quarrel. The Temple, formerly the residence of the Knights Templars, is now a gloomy state-prison; it was here that the royal family of France was confined, after the tenth of August—the interesting work of Clery, will have drawn tears from your eyes, and I hardly think that there is so ferocious a democrat in America, as not to feel for the cruelty and injustice which this fallen family was made to suffer; one is still at a loss to find a name for the sentiment which impelled those who acted a principal part in this tragedy: it must surely have been fear, the fear of not being thought a patriot; or the fear of death could alone have rendered a man so insensible to the feelings of common humanity; but even that explanation cannot always satisfy our mind. It might be necessary, in the mistaken opinions of many, to put the King to death; it might be necessary to destroy the Queen, and to confine their children; but the cruelty practised upon the Dauphin, can come within no description of policy, no supposition of fear, or of any other motive; it must have arisen from the inspiration of some infernal spirit, permitted to roam at large, for the torment of mankind—the unfortunate child was humbled, by being put to work with a shoemaker, and had been degraded by being taught all the little dirty practices which the ingenuity of the monster who watched over him, could devise, while a member of the Convention thought it necessary to justify himself from a charge of giving him any education—I can punish tyrants, was his expression, and I am not likely to be very attentive how I bring up their children. It was upon a bed that was never made, in the corner of a naked room that was never cleaned, that the descendant of Henry IV passed the last year of his existence—figure to yourself now, any child of ten years of age, thus cut off from all improvement; from all resources of the mind or body,

from the common benefits of air and exercise, and made to present himself at the grating of his chamber door every two hours, during a long winter's night; and figure to yourself too, that this took place in the centre of a city which calls itself the seat of science and of the arts, and where ten years before, the very name of Henry IV, would have brought tears into the eyes of almost every individual. When the government of the Stadtholder was set aside in Holland, it was the care of Dewit to give an excellent education to the Prince of Orange; and on the death of Charles I, of England, we perceive his children sent to their relations abroad: even Algernon Sydney, whom no man will accuse of having been partial to royalty, exerted himself to save from danger the person of the Prince, who was afterwards Charles II. The entrance of the Temple is by a large gate into a spacious court, but the porter would not suffer me to take even a transient view of the building. I could not but be diverted while he was uttering his prohibition in rather uncivil terms, to observe the terror of an American citizen, who was with me; he was a Frenchman by birth, and had thought nothing wrong which Frenchmen could do, while he was on the other side of the water; but having indulged himself in some observations on the marriage of the Emperor's brother with an American lady, and having in some little degree appeared as the agent of her friends, the door of his chamber had been burst open at three o'clock in the morning, and he had been conducted with very little ceremony to the Conciergerie; after remaining there two days, and undergoing an examination as to his views in life, his means of subsistence, and the business that had brought him to France, and still kept him there, he was dismissed with the wholesome advice of being more circumspect for the future. It is impossible to approach the Temple without thinking of Sir Sydney Smith, whose escape does so much honour

to the courage and ingenuity of his friends; you will see a relation of it in Mr. Carr; it is taken from an account which is said to have been given by Sir Sydney himself; but what Mr. Carr has not mentioned, is perhaps no less singular; it was customary with the goaler, who appears to have done his duty faithfully towards his employers, to come to terms with his prisoner, and to accept most cheerfully of his parole, whenever he could be prevailed upon to give it, that he would not during a certain time, avail himself of any opportunity to make his escape; he would then say to him, now commodore my doors are open, and I may go to sleep; and would sometimes propose a walk in the Boulevards—Sir Sydney Smith, is certainly a very distinguished character, and Buonaparte is too much of a great man himself, not to think so; he sent Sir Sydney after the peace of Amiens, a very handsome pair of pistols; and never, I am told, speaks of his gallant adversary, but in terms of respect.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

ODE ON SPRING.—Gray.

4. *The busy murmuring lows.*—

‘A vivid expression, like the *legiones classem opus FERVERE* of Lucretius and Virgil. Mr. Thomson has some delicious passages like this before us.

Here their delicious task the fervent bees,
In swarming millions, tend: around, a-
thwart,

Through the soft air the busy nations fly.
Spring, 506.

————— now ’tis nought
But restless hurry through the *busy air*,
Beat by unnumber’d wings.

Ver. 649.

Which last is from Milton.

————— the air
Flotes as they pass, fann’d by unnumber’d
plumes.

Par. Lost. v. 431.

5. *Honied Spring*—

While the bee with *honied* thigh.

Il. Pen.

That on the green turf suck the *honied*
flow’rs.

Lycidas.

The bait of *honied* words.

Samson Agon.

6. *Venus*’—

which is somewhat harsh, indeed, but unavoidable in words of such a termination.

7. *To Contemplation’s sober eye.*

‘I will venture to affirm, that this stanza furnishes the most curious specimen of a *continued metaphor*, the happiest intermixture of the *simile* and *subject*—that the whole compass of poetry, ancient and modern can produce:

To Contemplation’s sober eye,

Such is the race of man:

And they that *creep*, and they that *fly*,
Shall end where they began.

Alike the *busy* and the *gay*,

But *flutter* through life’s *little day*,

In Fortune’s *varying colours* drest:

Brush’d by the hand of rough *Mischance*;

Or *chill’d* by age, their *airy* dance

They leave, in dust to rest.

‘*Life’s little day*—the *ephemeræ* of the naturalists.

‘*Varying colours*’—‘*Spartiaque coloribus alas.*’ *Virg.* ‘*Variantesque colores.*’ *Lucret.*

‘It is, however, an act of justice to Mr. Thomson to acknowledge that Mr. Gray is indebted to him on this occasion; though the original, grand and beautiful as it is, must, in my opinion, yield to the imitation. Where Mr. Gray condescends to imitate, he recovers his level at least by some new thoughts, some dignity of verse, or some luminous embellishments of diction.

Think on yon *stream of light*, a thousand
ways,

Upward and downward, thwarting and
convolv’d,

The *quivering* nations sport, till tempest-
wing’d

Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face
of day.

Even to luxurious men, unheeding, pass

An idle *Summer-life* in Fortune’s shine,

A *season’s glitter*! thus they flutter on

From toy to toy, from vanity to vice!

Till *blown away* by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the book of
life.

Summer, 332.

‘After so particular an illustration of the beauties of this Ode, it will not be amiss to take some notice of Dr. Johnson’s animadversions on it. If a vigorous understanding, a comprehensive knowledge, and a capacity of sound judgment, were sufficient qualifications for a work of genuine criticism, no man was ever better furnished than he for such an undertaking. But a certain inelégance of taste, a frigid churlishness of temper, unsubdued and unqualified by that melting sensibility, that divine enthusiasm of soul, which are essential to a hearty relish of poetical composition; and, above all, an invidious depravity of mind, warped by the most unmanly prejudices, and operating in an unrelenting antipathy to contemporary merit, too often counteracted and corrupted the other virtues of his intellect. Nor am I under apprehension of being charged with an unjustifiable partiality in this opinion of him, when I make no scruple to declare, that, notwithstanding some very exceptionable passages, infinitely disgraceful both to his understanding and his heart, I esteem his *Lives of the English Poets* to be the noblest specimen of entertaining and solid criticism that modern times have produced; well worthy of ranking on the same shelf with the most distinguished of the ancients, *Aristotle* and *Quintilian*.

“His Ode to Spring,” says our contemptuous critick, “has *something* poetical, both in the language and the thought; but the language is too luxuriant, and the thoughts have nothing new.”

‘One hardly knows which to admire most in this concise decision; the parsimonious commendation, *something poetical*, or the jealousy that immediately qualifies the involuntary and precipitate liberality of his concession.—We can only appeal to the Ode itself, and to the taste and discernment of those who, as Milton speaks, have *ears to rapture*: for general and indiscriminating censure will admit of no confutation.

“There has of late,” continues our biographer, “arisen a practice of giving to adjectives, derived from substantives, the termination of the participles; such as the *cultured* plain; the *daisy* bank: but I was sorry to see in the *lines* of a scholar like Gray, the *honied* Spring.”

‘My note upon the verse in question will show, that this mode of expression is no such *novelty* as our critick would insinuate; and that no admirer of a scholar like Gray has any occasion to sympathise in the benevolent sorrows of Dr. Johnson for the error and unskilfulness of his favourite authour. Every language is enriched and improved by the introduction of words of so easy a derivation as that in dispute; and such a coinage, by the unanimous concurrence of criticks of all ages, will readily pass current with the stamp of poetry upon it. The *Latin* word *melitus*, for example, seems to be exactly similar: an *adjective* derived from a *substantive*, with the signification and the termination of a *participle*.’

Mr. Wakefield, in another place, resumes this defence.

And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dun religious light.

Dr. Johnson, as I observed before, objects to Mr. Gray’s *honied spring*. In these verses of Milton we have an instance of a similar formation of words, and a very happy instance too, *STORIED windows*; adopted by Mr. Pope, in one of the sublimest passages of the *Essay on Man*:

The *trophied* arches, *storied* halls invade
And this derivation of words, so far from being new or rare, occurs in every page of our best poets: and it is very fortunate that the language will admit of this improvement with so much ease

There are in this ode some avowed imitations, as, *float amid the liquid noon, Nare per æstatem liquidam*, (Virgil, Georg. lib. iv;) but the most considerable is that of Green, in the poem of the *Grotto*.

Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,
 For virtue as for learning known :
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise
 Deep *thoughts*, the *genii* of the place ;
 To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
 Their silence speaks, and shade gives light;
 While insects, from the threshold peach,
 And minds dispos'd to musing teach :
 Proud of strong limbs, and painted hues,
 They perish by the slightest bruise,
 Or maladies begun within
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine :
 From maggot-youth, through change of
 state,

They feel, like us, the turns of fate,
 Some born to creep, and some to fly,
 And change earth's cells for dwellings
 high :

And some that did their six wings keep,
 Before they died, been forc'd to weep :
 They politicks like ours profess ;
 The greater prey upon the less ;
 Some strain on foot huge loads to bring,
 Some tire incessant on the wing ;
 And in their different ways explore,
 With sense of want, by future store ;
 Nor from their vig'rous schemes desist,
 Till death, and then they're never miss'd :
 Some frolick, toil, marry, increase,
 Are sick and well, have war and peace ;
 And broke with age, in half a day,
 Yield to successours, and away.

In this passage, in all the works of
 Green, we observe a lively originality,
 but which is conveyed in language
 often deficient in elegance,
 and always in splendour, qualities
 which set Gray, even when he copies,
 so far above him. He is inventive,
 but bald: *The six wings* is a neat
 allusion to a *coach and six*, and
 satire was never more arch than on
 the subject of insect politicks :

They politicks like ours profess ;

The greater prey upon the less.

How low, how indigent the Proud,
 How little are the Great.

Thus, says Mr. Mason, it stood
 in Dodsley's miscellany, where it
 was first published. The authour
 corrected it on account of the point
 of *little and great*. It certainly had
 too much the appearance of a con-
 cetto, though it expressed his mean-
 ing rather better than the present
 reading.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Having derived much pleasure from
 the perusal of the following valedictory let-

ters of two very young Ladies, I take the
 liberty of sending them for publication in
 The Port Folio.

JUVENIS.

The same wise Providence which
 has made it the privilege of some to
 possess favours, has also made it the
 privilege of others, at least, to talk
 about them, and admire or condemn
 what they cannot enjoy. On this
 ground, it is your privilege and mine,
 to talk a little about that object of
 universal desire, beauty. And what
 is it? It is a little clay elegantly
 moulded and fashioned, by the hand
 of an exquisite artist, and wrought
 into something of symmetry and or-
 der. It is a glow in the cheeks, a small
 mixture of the rose and the carnation.
 Indeed! and is this all? Yes, this
 is all—all the mighty difference that
 lies between the most beautiful and
 the most ordinary face; for the ma-
 terials, the clay, the roses and carna-
 tions are pretty much the same in
 both, only that in one they are placed
 to better advantage than in the other.
 This a very few fleeting years, the
 corroding hand of grief, a merciless
 disease, or insatiate death, will verify
 to every observer. Then let us not
 be envious of the beautiful, for ere
 long our roses and carnations, our
 symmetry and form, shall be as come-
 ly as theirs. But, Maria, admitting
 beauty to be as durable as life, in its
 most protracted period, is there really
 anything in it that should render it
 so desirable as almost all seem to
 think it? And though there are, it is
 readily admitted, some advantages
 attending it, are there not at least as
 many and as great disadvantages?
 Let us inquire first, its advantages—
 what are they? Why they are these:
 she who is beautiful, has the advan-
 tage of being much admired, both
 by herself and others. This, it must
 be confessed, is an important prerogative.
 Oh, the dear delight of be-
 ing in love with oneself, and able
 to give pleasure all around, by only
 allowing them to look at one's face!
 A second advantage which beauty
 gives its possessor, is that of being
 much known and talked of. Every
 tongue becomes eloquent in her

praise, and imagination labours to do justice to her charms. Again, another advantage attending beauty, is that it possesses every beholder (except invidious competitor) in its favour—disposes them to treat it with attention and civility; to put the most favourable construction upon all its words, actions, &c. But last, (and best of all) beauty gives to its possessor, if she be (as it is supposed most females are) disposed to marry, the utmost latitude in the choice of a husband. And who ever heard of a beautiful woman getting a bad husband? Poor homespun girls must take such as they can get, or go without; but, Miss Beautiful may smile or frown in triumph, on whom she will. She may pick and choose, encourage or reject at pleasure, until she has found the one of a thousand whom she can condescend to make happy. But, on the other hand, it is said that there are some disadvantages attending beauty. One writer, and of considerable eminence too, has even gone so far as to say, that he sincerely pities every girl whom he sees gifted by nature with a pretty face. What are his reasons? Because, says he, she seems thereby to be marked out for peculiar trials and temptations; temptations probably, beyond her strength to resist; for most of the unfortunate ladies I have known, continues he, have been celebrated for their beauty. This has gathered round them a train of the most trifling and worthless beings in existence, whose object has been to flatter, deceive and ruin. Not but that persons of merit may and do admire beauty as much as the most frivolous, but unfortunately it so happens, that those who possess it, are, for the most part, so fond of being told of it, that they most freely admit to their society those who are most ready to gratify them in this respect; and men of sense and worth cannot condescend to be competitors with such for the smiles of beauty. Miss Beauty is, therefore, often left to choose only the best of the bad: another disadvantage attending beau-

ty is, that it often excites a spirit of jealousy, and lets loose upon itself the tongue of detraction. She who is beautiful, is also apt to be vain; and if vain then disagreeable. Elated by the flattery and unmeaning compliments of those, who, like the insect tribe, swarm around, eager to sip the fragrance of the equally fair and fading rose, she who possesses beauty, is too often led to rest upon that alone to recommend her to notice, and of course to neglect the cultivation of her mind, and the government of her temper: she is, therefore, generally as bad tempered and as ignorant as she is pretty. Thus much for the ads and disads of a pretty face. I leave you to strike the balance, and say to which it belongs. But be beauty a good, or be it an evil, so it is, that all admire and all desire it; and neither the pen of the moralist, the spleen of the satyr, nor the envy of such as want it, have ever been able to bring it into contempt or neglect. Accordingly, we find all, male and female, in one way or another pursuing it. Those who possess, endeavour to increase, and those who want, try to create it; and it is really diverting, to observe the various and opposite schemes adopted for this purpose by different persons, ages and sexes at the same time, and by the same persons, ages and sexes at different times. Formerly, ladies, married or single, imagined they either created charms, or wonderfully increased what they possessed, by a towering head-dress, a small waist, and the suspension of a swelling hoop. Now beauty lies in, or is greatly improved by the adoption of shrinks in place of hoops, and having no waists at all. Some curl, and others frizzle their hair, mingling it with showy ornaments, for the sake of looking pretty; while others again, comb it down with a mouse-like slickness, under the neatest border of filmy gauze. Formerly, girls of our age heightened their native beauty very much by turning their hair back in tresses and flowing ringlets. Now they have found

out, that they are much handsomer, with a good portion of it tickling their noses, while the residue is twisted in a knot on the back of the head, so tightly, as considerably to increase the dimension of their mouth and eyes. The young gentlemen too, (for I cannot now speak of the old ones) were formerly handsome in proportion to the respectability of their queue or club; now every lad that holds the least pretensions to being pretty, is shorn skin close abaft, as the sailors say, while his top is taught to rise in an elegant cone on his crown, and his locks and whiskers to play bo-peep across the projection of his nose and chin. If my letter was not already growing long, and your patience getting short, I could go on to tell you that the standards of beauty are almost as different in different parts of the world, as the modes of producing or increasing it. I could tell you, that in one place a lady, in order to be handsome, must have a set of great yellow teeth, somewhat like those of a tobacco chewer, but of a deeper tinge; in another place, she who has the largest face, the least eyes, the fattest person, and the smallest feet, bears the palm; while in a third region, a jetty skin, a woolly head, thick lips, elevated cheeks, and a flat nose, are the essential constituents of real loveliness. But I forbear, and shall conclude my very interesting letter, with this comfortable reflection, that though beauty, according to the Philadelphia standards, is a very captivating flower, yet those who want it, may find a very excellent substitute in adorning themselves with modesty, virtue, good sense, good nature, prudence, and the like. And I suspect, that if we should require of every observing person we meet, a list of the ladies and gentlemen he or she most respects, we should not receive a catalogue of beauties. That the beauties of an improved understanding, a virtuous heart, graceful manners, and an obliging benevolent disposition, may ever adorn my esteem-

ed friend and her classmate, is the cordial wish of my heart.

DEAR ANNA,

The tear of sorrow swells in the eye of Margaretta while she is seated, and because she is seated for the last time to address you as a classmate, and an inhabitant of Union Hall. The pleasing remembrance of the happiness I have enjoyed in your society here, is accompanied with a sigh, and my cheek moistened with the pearl of regret, whenever I reflect that it is soon, alas! very soon, to be no more. Like the musick of Caryl, the memory of those past delights those scenes of youthful gayety and innocence, will ever be pleasant and mournful in the bosom of your friend.

I am inclined to believe, my dear Ann, that those attachments or friendships which are formed in youth, provided they be well formed, are the most sincere, lively, and lasting; and I think mine for you, are so founded, as that no time or circumstances can ever diminish its ardency. Yet alas! we are frail creatures, and the gentlemen say, as fickle as fashion. I think I shall prove, that there is at least one exception to this rule. It is probable that I shall, ere long, be removed from this place, and all the dear friends it contains; but, though continents may stretch, mountains rise, rivers flow, and oceans roll between me and the friends of my early days, the spark of undissembled love shall live and kindle affection for them in my bosom. Other companions and associates, I must necessarily find, or be a recluse from the world; but so entirely have the dear companions of my school-day joys, engrossed my esteem and confidence, that I shall find it difficult to transfer them in any degree to others. The feelings of some of our classmates appear, however, to be very different from mine on the subject of our separation: some of them, though

capable I believe, of the most refined friendship. have about them such a flow of spirits, such natural vivacity, and even volatility of disposition, as makes them forget troubles, and renders a change and variety of associates agreeable. I have sometimes felt a disposition to envy those easy creatures their happiness, and yet a happiness which results from want of thought or reflection, seems indeed to be no happiness.

How happy and how seasonably, my dear Ann, have the instructions and admonitions of our kind preceptor, been interposed to repress this volatility in some, and impress a sense of virtue and propriety upon all, and remind us of indecorums, of which at the time we were unconscious? and I hope they have had their desired effect upon some of us, at least; and that they will prove the guardians of our youth, and the directories of our more advanced years. Oh, how salutary are such instructions, conveyed in such a way! not with the dogmatick air of supercilious wisdom, but in the accents of condescension, and with the soothing kindness of an affectionate parent, anxiously concerned for the best interests of his children. What can we ever render to him for his care and kindness? I believe the most acceptable return we can make, will be to practice and improve what he has taught us.

I was lately in company with the beautiful Miss V. and I was not a little diverted to observe the officious gallantry employed by several young gentlemen there, to engage her notice and approbation. And indeed, the futile arts and fine-drawn speeches of these pretty officious fellows, were enough to discompose the muscles of the gravest face in Christendom.

But, what surprised me more than all, and indeed what mortified me too, was the complacency with which she seemed to receive it all. Our sex you know, are censured as being fond of flattery; and for once, I blushed to find, that there was an instance to countenance or warrant this illiberal charge: all I can say is, that I

pity the girl, who, having beauty, enough to invite the breath of flattery, has not discernment enough to see that it is flattery, and to spurn it as such. Females are also, often railed, on their volubility; and in this particular too, the beautiful Miss V. of whom I have been speaking, furnishes full ground for the remark. But I am myself, so averse to taciturnity, and so highly prize the sweets of social chat, that I can readily tolerate it in others, and had much rather plead guilty to the charge than relinquish the pleasure of talking. You perceive, dear Anna, that this spirit is beginning to show itself in my letter; and as I believe you are not quite so much disposed to toleration here, as I am, it will be prudent in me to say good night.

FROM THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

"In ancient times, when maids in thoughts were pure,
When eyes were artless, and the look demure;
Then the wide ruff the well-turned neck enclos'd,
And heaving breasts within the stays reposit'd!
The bosom now its panting beauties shows;
The experienced eye resistless glances throws!"
GAY.

"*Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus,*" was the sentiment of Cicero, as expressed in his book "De Officiis; and Milton has declared, in his "Paradise Lost," that "Solitude is sometimes best society." I have long professed all possible deference both for the philosophy of Cicero and the poetry of Milton; and on the opinion here cited from these illustrious writers, as well as on many other points, I am free to declare that they have my deliberate concurrence.

I recently mustered up resolution enough to emerge from *The Retreat* in which, for divers and important reasons, I had long immured myself. Such, indeed, has been the inscrutableness of my retirement, so completely did I contrive to elude the vigilance of inquiry, that I am ac-

cused of having decamped even from my friends, with an alacrity as earnest as though I had been hunted out only by enemies. But "*nunquam minus solus quam cum solus*"—never less alone than when alone! If I have been unusually estranged from others I have become better acquainted with myself; if I have missed some opportunities for observing the shifting scenery of life, and the actors on this stage of existence, it may at least be supposed, that, having all this while tasked and examined myself, I am qualified more justly to appreciate the events of which I shall be a spectator, and the persons with whom I chance to consociate. This is the advantage that I imagine myself to have acquired by seclusion and meditation.

The recluse is always peculiarly sensible to a change or revolution in manners. Accustomed to the investigation of past times, and frequently abstracting himself from all contemporary considerations, he comes occasionally into a new world, where he contemplates, with more anxiety than men of a different character would suppose, the alterations that have taken place since his voluntary banishment from public avocations and amusements. To him, at this his reappearance on the great theatre of human action, every object seems to demand his notice. He perceives the slightest deviation from the order of things to which he was accustomed; and, when the first attraction of novelty has passed away, some time must elapse before he can reconcile himself to all he hears and all he beholds.

It was in a temper of the kind I have just described, that, sallying from my obscurity, I again mingled with the busy, the indolent, and the gay. Always passionately attached to my fair country women, these very naturally first caught my attention. Ah! it was now that I felicitated myself on having once more arrived at the promenade of social life. How, I was panting to exclaim in the enthusiastick language of poetry—

"How are the sex improv'd in amorous arts!

What new-found lures they show, what dangerous parts!"

For mere featural fascination, I never could be persuaded to avow any admiration. To me, who dwell with most complacency on what the French term the *physionomie* of beauty, or a countenance expressive of character, and who prefer a fine form, gracefully attired, and moving with effect, as the perfection of personal charm in a woman; could a vision more enchanting have appeared, than the Sylphiad figures that continually floated before my eyes, as I paced the splendid ranks of female display? Some cynical tongues, indeed, ventured peevishly to mutter their disapprobation of the prevailing manners and modes. "Instead of waiting," said these, "as formerly, to be courted by men, women are become the suitors of that sex from whom they ought to experience nothing but the most respectful homage. Can any thing be so unbecoming as the present race of half-undressed ladies?—any thing more repulsive than their bold and unauthorized advances towards the men, whom they seem determined to carry, as it were, by assault? What wise man," they continued "would wish to find himself the proprietor of that of which every man seems invited to become the possessor? Where the natural offences of delicacy are removed, the soil itself must soon be exposed to every trespasser."

I confess, that this conversation startled me from my dream of enjoyment. Beginning, however, to review the matter, my apprehensions gradually subsided: I even formed, at least to myself, many excuses, if not apologies, for the fair ones whose conduct I had heard so severely arraigned. Man (thought I) is but man; and why from woman is to be exacted, more than woman perhaps can perform? Yes, poor human nature is still poor human nature!—Besides, if men have declined to solicit the favours of women, is there not an unavoidable necessity that wo-

man should demand the attentions of man ; that she should insist on the due fulfilment of her rights ? One of the parties must advance. When the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet felt it no disgrace to proceed to the mountain.

The ladies will, at any rate, find some compensation in this arrangement of the intercourse of the sexes. Being at liberty to make the first overtures towards love, they may exercise the privilege—it is no trivial one!—of choosing partners for themselves. They can now elect whom they please ; and, unless extremely unfortunate in the object of their choice, they must generally prove successful. The other sex will, at the same time, be effectually emancipated from the insufferable fatigue formerly attending on long courtships. Both sexes, indeed, on this system, cannot fail of soon coming to a good understanding with each other.

Maids, therefore, may again be, *if ever they were so*, as “pure in thought,” as they please ; but, for my part, I must depreciate any attempt to impose, even upon maids, the task of feigning either “artless eyes” or “demure looks.” Not for me, be the “neck by ruff enclosed,” nor “the breast reposing in stays.” For me—while

Experienc'd eyes resistless glances throw,
Let bosoms still their panting beauties show !

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow ;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIABLES with the veering wind :
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy ?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all ! but do not stay,
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy ?

THE SHIELD.

BY MRS. JACKSON.

With bending bow and conquering air
When Cupid aim'd a threatening dart,
Forewarn'd, the timid, trembling fair,
An icy shield spread o'er her heart.

Prudence, who disciplin'd the maid,
Bestow'd it in a cautious hour ?
And now the charm is first essay'd
To guard her from the traitor's power.

His blunted arrows back recoil ;
The baffled God in madness raves ;
She mocks his angry fruitless toil,
The chilling spell her bosom saves.

Indignant he regains the bower,
Which wantonly he lately fled ;
Disgrac'd he holds each future hour,
And hides in Venus' breast his head.

The mother seeks his grief to learn,
Then soothes him with her sweetest smiles ;

Bids him no longer weep and mourn,
For stubborn hearts will yield to wiles.

His flushing cheek and wrathful look,
Assume a soft and gentle glow,
As he her ready lesson took,
To quit his darts—to hide his bow.

Now soft and tender is he seen,
And gently are his words express'd ;
With subtle art, and alter'd mien,
He robes him in a borrow'd vest.

In Friendship's guise the fair he meets,
In Friendship's voice he whispers mild,
As Friendship, she deceit admits,
And nurs'd in Friendship's name the child.

With cautious boldness, by degrees,
He frolicks, plays, and on her breast
Attempts to touch, and then to seize,
The frigid guardian of her rest.

Forbear, in agony, she cries,
That talisman secures my ease ;
But for its power these weeping eyes
Would mourn the loss of rest and peace.

There is a treacherous, tyrant boy,
Ah ! how unlike thy simple truth ;
Who robs fond virgins of their joy,
Their smiles of innocence and youth.

His fiery darts enflame the soul ;
Days lose their peace, and nights their rest :

Once on yon bank he fix'd his goal,
And aim'd his arrows at my breast.

This shield secur'd me from his power,
This shield alone protects me still,
For oft unseen, in careless hour,
The weak are conquer'd by his skill.

Oh, pardon me, the urchin cries,
I little knew my vent'rous deed !

In these sad tears, and burning sighs,
My penitence and sorrow read.

And let me press this guardian spell,
Close, and still closer to thy breast—
He press'd, he sigh'd, his warm tears fell,
Her throbbing heart his power confess'd.

In wonder all her soul is tost,
As she the sudden change revolv'd,
A moment tells her all is lost,
She feels the magic spell dissolv'd.

Wild triumph glads his alter'd eye,
He quits the victim of his power;
Subdued, she scarcely breathes a sigh;
He flies to Venus and her bower.

With pensive thought the lonely maid
Retraces all the paths he trod;
Still lingers where she was betray'd,
Feels all his power, and owns the God.

DEVOTION.

A Frenchman, in a creditable way of life, had a small figure of our Saviour on the cross, of very curious workmanship; he offered it for sale to an English gentleman.—After expatiating on the excellency of the workmanship, he told him that he had long kept this crucifix with the most pious care, that he had always addressed it in his private devotion; and that in return, he had expected some degree of protection and favour; instead of which he had of late been remarkably unfortunate: that all the tickets he had in the lottery had proved blanks; and having a great share in the cargo of a ship, coming from the West Indies, he had recommended it in the most fervent manner in his prayers to the crucifix; and, that he might give no offence by any appearance of want of faith, he had not insured the goods— notwithstanding all which, the vessel had been shipwrecked, and the cargo totally lost, though the sailors in whose preservation he had no concern, had been all saved.—*Enfin*, Monsieur, cried he, with an accent of indignation, mingled with regret; and raising his shoulders above his ears, *Enfin, Monsieur, il m'a manqué, et je vends mon Christ.* [Burke.

TO —.

'Twas not the quick and dazzling glance,
That fires and overpowers the soul,
And wraps it in delirious trance,
That bowed me to thy sweet control.

No! 'twas from eyes of heavenly blue,
A languid, tender, timid ray,
Stealing through lids of darkest hue,
That won me from myself away.

'Twas not the firm, commanding voice,
Whose rapid eloquence o'erflows,
And seems at homage to rejoice,
That roused my breast from dull repose.

No! 'twas the soft and melting tones,
Like nectar dropping from thy tongue,
By which my heart thy empire owns;
—Its every chord to Passion strung.

And while that winning voice I hear,
And while those beaming eyes I see,
Than light, or life, to me more dear,
My bosom's sovereign thou must be!

POST-MASTER.

A French post-master, who had something more precise and formal in his manner than is usual with Frenchmen, because he had formerly been a schoolmaster, gave me, on my way to Paris, a proof of his power of reasoning: on his putting only two horses to a chaise instead of three, he advertised us that he expected to be paid for three. I hinted that it did not seem quite reasonable.—"I will have the honour, gentlemen," resumed he, with a solemn air, "of making this as clear as daylight. You must all know that travellers are often detained in the middle of their journey by an accident happening to one of the horses in their carriage; but there is a greater chance of this happening to one of three horses, than of two." His argument was allowed to be irresistible, and he was paid his full demand.—"All that I ever desire of any mortal," continued the post-master, "is that he will only hear me, and listen to the voice of reason."

THE SWISS EMIGRANT.

Farewell, farewell, my native land,
A long farewell to joy and thee!
On thy last rock I lingering stand,
Thy last rude rock how dear to me!

Once more I view thy vallies fair,
But dimly view thy tearful eye;
Once more I breathe thy healthful air,
But breathe it in how deep a sigh!

Ye vales with downy verdure spread,
Ye groves that drink the sparkling stream,
As bursting from the mountain's head
Its foaming waves in silver gleam;

Ye lakes that catch the golden beam
That floods with fire yon peak of snow,
As evening vapours blueely steam
And stilly roll their volumes slow;—

Scenes, on this bursting heart impress'd
By ev'ry thrill of joy, of wo;
The bliss of childhood's vacant breast,
Of warmer youth's empassion'd glow;

The tears by filial duty shed
Upon the low, the peaceful tomb;
Where sleep too blest, the reverend dead,
Unconscious of their country's doom;

Say, can Helvetia's patriot child,
A wretched exile bear to roam,
Nor sink upon the lonely wild,
Nor die to leave his native home?

His native home! no home has he—
He scorns in servile yoke to bow,
He scorns the land no longer free,
Alas—he has no country now!

Ye snow-clad Alps whose mighty mound,
Great Nature's adamant wall,
In vain oppos'd your awful bound
To check the prone-descending Gaul;

What Hunter now with daring leaps
Shall chase the Ibex o'er your rocks,
Who clothe with vines your craggy steepes,
Who guard from wolves your rambling
flocks?

While low the free-born sons of toil
Lie sunk amid the slaughter'd brave,
To Freedom true, the stubborn soil
Shall pine and starve the puny slave.

Spoilers, who pour'd your ravening bands
To gorge on Latium's fertile plains,
And fill'd your gold-rapacious hands
From regal domes and sculptured fanes.

What seek ye here? Our niggard earth,
Nor gold, nor sculptured trophies owns;
Our wealth was peace, and guileless mirth.
Our trophies are our tyrants' bones!

Burst not my heart, as dimly swell
MORAT's proud glories on my view;
Heroick scenes a long farewell,
I fly from madness and from you!

Beyond the dread Atlantick deep,
One gleam of comfort shines for me;
There shall these bones untroubled sleep,
And press the earth of Liberty.

Wide, wide, that waste of waters rolls,
And sadly smiles that distant land,
Yet there I hail congenial Souls,
And Freemen give the Brother's hand.

COLUMBIA hear the Exile's prayer!
To him thy fostering love impart,
So shall he watch with Patriot care,
So guard thee with a filial heart.

Yet O! forgive, with anguish fraught,
If sometimes start th' unbidden tear,
As tyrant Memory wakes the thought,
“Still, still, I am a stranger here!”

Thou vanquish'd land, once proud and free,
Where first this fleeting breath I drew;
This heart must ever beat for thee,
In absence near—in misery true!

THE VALETUDINARIAN AND HIS PHYSICIAN.

How do you find my pulse, Doctor?

Upon my word, much better than
could have been expected, after what
you have told me.

How does my tongue appear?

Very clean, indeed.

Alas! what renders my cure so
hopeless, is, that there is no symp-
tom to lay hold of, and prescribe for?

I acknowledge that I should be
much at a loss.

Though my whole system is de-
ranged, yet all the particular parts
are in good order; are they not, Doc-
tor?

They really seem so.

What a pity it is, Doctor, that I
never had the gout; that is a disease.
I understand, which removes others
that have resisted every method of
cure.

A fit of the gout, certainly does,
sometimes, remove other complaints.

Cannot you then give me a fit di-
rectly?

Indeed I cannot.

Yours seems to be a very unfor-
tunate profession, Doctor; for, al-
though you deal entirely in diseases,
yet you are neither certain of remo-
ving them from those who have

them, nor of giving them to those who have them not.

What you observe, is very true.

A good many of your profession have had the honour of knighthood conferred on them of late.

A great many, Sir ;—by and by, I suppose no man will presume to practise medicine without it.

As in the days of chivalry, when no man could lawfully kill on the high-way, till he was dubbed a knight. But what do you intend, Doctor, to prescribe for my complaints ; you must be sensible, that there is no time to be lost ?

True, Sir, I shall order you some restorative draughts : but I must assure you, at the same time, that their good effect, will be greatly assisted by your riding on horseback, three or four hours every day before dinner.

You mean, when the weather is fine.

I mean in all weathers.

ENGLISH.

Nothing contributes so much to give an Englishman a renewed relish for his native country, as passing a few years in other countries. Yet with more cause to relish life than any other people, the English are much belied if they do not enjoy it less. This has been imputed to the climate : but that will not explain the matter ; for do you not meet Englishmen in every province of France and Italy, fretting and frowning with all the luxuries of life at their command, while the peasants of the one country, were dancing and singing in rags, and those of the other stretched on the ground, satisfied with the luxuries of sun-shine and chesnuts.

Of what avail is their boasted philosophy to the English, if they are behind other nations in the great science of happiness ? It is pretty generally allowed, even among the English, that they do not make the most of life ; that is, they do not enjoy it with all the satisfaction that other nations do. Many of them are tired of life, before it is half over ; and a greater proportion abridge its duration voluntarily than of any other country. Besides permanent gloom, certain malignant particles, either arising from the soil, or transmitted like the pestilence, from another country, seem, at particular periods, to infect the minds of our countrymen with the spirit of dissension, and impair the happiness that might be expected from the excellence of their constitution, and other advantages which they enjoy over every other people.

EPIGRAM.

By Theophilus Swift Esq.

—“ That soldier so rude, he that swaggers in scarlet,
Put him out of the court—I'll imprison the varlet,
As in judgment he sat, frowning Robinson said.
' A soldier I'm not,' quoth the hero in red,
' No soldier, my Lord, but an officer I,
A captain who carries his sword on his thigh.'
Stern Robinson then, with sarcastical sneer,
Rolled his sharp eagle eye on the vain volunteer,
And “ Tipstaff,” he cried, as the captain grew bolder,
Out, out, with that officer, who is no soldier !

FROM THE FRENCH.

Surrounded by foes 'mid the ashes of Troy,
Eneas preserv'd his Sire's life :
That so noble a deed some reward might enjoy,
Heaven kindly took from him his wife.

The price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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